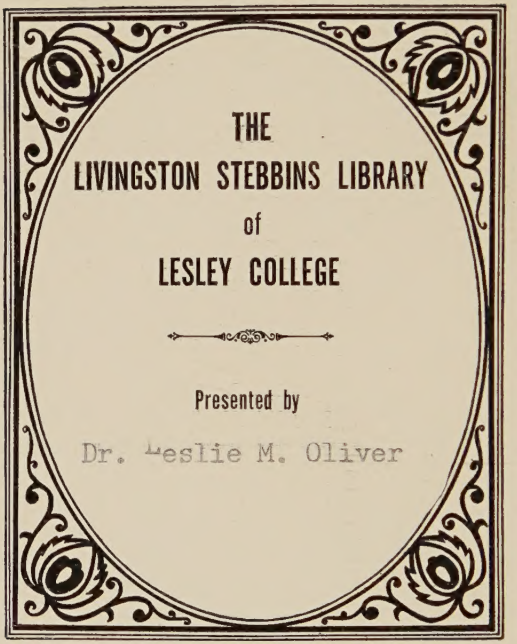
THE
LIVINGSTON STEBBINS LIBRARY
of
LESLEY COLLEGE
Presented by
Dr. Leslie M. Oliver

"All Professors ought to read one another, they hang ~~one so~~ upon another for Assistance." — An Essay against Too Much Reading, 1726.

Hyder E. Rollins

The Pepys Ballads

VOLUME I

LONDON : HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Pepys Ballads

EDITED BY

HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS

VOLUME I

1535–1625 Numbers 1–45

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Cambridge, Massachusetts

1929

PR 1181 .P4 v.1

COPYRIGHT, 1929
BY THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE

PRINTED AT THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U. S. A.

TO MY MASTER

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

IN GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

"Sed longe sequere et vestigia semper adora"

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/pepysballad0001hyde

PREFACE

THE ninety ballads reprinted in the two initial volumes of my edition of Samuel Pepys's collection were chosen from his first volume upon an arbitrary but a logical basis: they include only printed ballads, earlier in date than 1640, which do not appear in the Ballad Society's *Roxburghe Ballads* [1] and *Bagford Ballads* [2] or in my *Pepysian Garland*.[3] Accordingly, texts of all but one of the ballads in Pepys's first volume are now readily accessible in one or another of the three works just mentioned or in these two volumes of *The Pepys Ballads;* though, to be sure, instead of using Pepys's copies the Ballad Society editors often followed exemplars in other collections. Several of the ninety have been reprinted in older ballad-books, but the inexactness of the reprints or the inaccessibility to the average student of the books through which they are scattered seems to warrant another printing here.

Pepys's first volume contains approximately two hundred seventy-seven broadsides. A positive statement is not feasible because Pepys usually cut his sheets into halves, pasting each half on a separate page; and often it is impossible to tell whether a long two-part ballad should count as one sheet or as two, whether two distinct ballads belonged to one broadside or to two broadsides. Three of his ballads are manuscript copies which have already been printed; [4] seventy-three are reprinted

[1] 3 vols., ed. William Chappell, 1871–1880; 6 vols., ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1883–1897.

[2] 2 vols., ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1878.

[3] Cambridge University Press, 1922.

[4] These are "The Nut-brown Maid" (Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, ed. Wheatley, II [1876], 31–47; *Bishop Percy's Folio Manu-*

in *A Pepysian Garland;* and one hundred ten are reproduced (usually from other copies than Pepys's) in *The Roxburghe Ballads* and *The Bagford Ballads*. Ninety-one are not reprinted in any of the three works just named: one, however, is a late ballad, "Old Christmas Returned," dating about 1675, which may for the present be ignored; the other ninety were printed before the end of 1640. Obviously it is desirable that every early ballad in the Pepys collection should be available to students. I may add that the ballads in Pepys's four other volumes belong, in the main, to the years from 1675 to 1700, and that I shall reprint many of them later.

The ninety ballads in these first two volumes have less variety of subjects than the seventy-three in my *Pepysian Garland*. Particularly noticeable is the almost total absence of strange and terrible news, of prodigies and warnings from heaven. Nevertheless, the song of Banister (No. 68) deals out horrors and judgments of God in a manner sufficiently uncompromising to please a Gothic-minded reader, and in several of the more romantic stories, like "Alexander and Lodowick" (No. 21), supernatural incidents are embroidered upon the main theme. There are no murders at all; but, apart from murders and prodigies, the range of subjects is not narrow.

Early ballads are naturally more valuable than late ballads, — if for no other reason than because of their comparative scarcity, — just as Elizabethan plays are in general rarer and more interesting than those of the late seventeenth or the eighteenth century. The woodcuts are more picturesque, the printing is usually better,

script, III, 174–186);"Little John Nobody" (Percy's *Reliques*, II, 133–137); "The Ballad of Joy vpon the publication of Q. Mary, Wife of King Philip, her being with child, Anno Domini 15[54]" (Herbert-Ames, *Typographical Antiquities*, III, 1794; C. H. Firth, in *The Scottish Historical Review*, IX [1912], 361–363; Rollins, *Old English Ballads*, 1920, pp. 19–22).

the verse is on the whole prettier, the authors are more talented. The ballads here reproduced give pictures of a many-sided age. Their quaintness and melody and humor should appeal to the general reader, while the historian and the student of literature will find in them value of another sort.

For students of English literature, particularly of the drama, they offer much interesting material. Thus the story of Gernutus and the pound of flesh he demanded from his defaulting debtor (No. 3) is of interest because of its apparent connection with Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is twice alluded to (Nos. 59, 71). "The Two Faithful Friends" (No. 21) not only preserves the plot of the lost play of *Alexander and Lodowick* that was acted in 1597, but is possibly the source of allusions made in dramas by John Webster and Thomas Dekker. No. 16 refers to a character in the play of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton;* No. 45, to Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy;* Nos. 6 and 56, to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. Almost half of No. 29 is borrowed from a poem in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*. Another (No. 24) was suggested by a song of Thomas Campion's. Two of the ballads (Nos. 13, 52) were known by Izaak Walton and are mentioned favorably in his *Complete Angler* (1653). The literary associations of this collection, then, are numerous.

Perhaps many readers will be chiefly interested in the historical, or pseudo-historical, ballads. Thus the first ballad — which has claims to be regarded as the earliest extant English broadside ballad — gives an excellent idea of the attitude of Henry VIII's subjects towards the establishment of the English state-church and the consequent dissolution of the monasteries. The second gives a vivid, if traditional and inaccurate, account of the long-past battle of Agincourt. Americans should enjoy reading "London's Lottery" (No. 4), which tells

of one method adopted by James I to get money for establishing a colony in Virginia. It is a sober, historical document, the value of which has on several occasions been emphasized by distinguished historians. Other ballads deal with the lamented death of Henry Prince of Wales in 1612 (No. 5); with the misfortunes that had befallen James I's daughter, Elizabeth, and her husband, the King of Bohemia, in 1622 (No. 35); and with the treachery of Humphrey (or Ralph) Banister towards the Duke of Buckingham in Richard III's reign and his subsequent misfortunes (No. 68). Incidentally, many other facts important to a historian of the early seventeenth century are brought out. Topographical references abound; and specific descriptions of places and monuments like London, Hyde Park, and Cheapside's Cross, valuable to the antiquarian, occur too frequently to be detailed here.

Several ballads recite lists of trades and professions, with brief descriptive touches. In one (No. 7) there is a striking reproduction of the street-cries that Shakespeare must have heard in the London streets; in another (No. 8) the booth-owners and frequenters of Bartholomew Fair are enumerated in an insistent fashion that may have attracted the attention of Ben Jonson when he was engaged in writing his comedy of that name. Still others tell of the lives and peregrinations of tinkers (No. 16), or of the romantic history of the weavers' guild (No. 73); another (No. 54) gives a picturesque account of an early Stuart barber-shop; while "A Mad Crew" (No. 31) lists various trades from that of a maltman to that of a ballad-singer. Such trades were open to criticism on the score of honesty and plain-dealing, and tirades against their abuses, satires on their dishonesty, are only too common. In one ballad (No. 17) Pity laments for the cruelty of the Jacobean age, and draws in glowing, though untrue, colors a view of a vanished

golden past. Another (No. 22) calls upon an anonymous French Whipper to 'untruss the noted abuse in all sorts of people.' Anonymous native 'whippers' (Nos. 33, 34) ironically characterize the time as the silver or the golden age and hold up London as a horrible example of unrighteous dealing, as a gilded trap where innocent country men are caught like rats. And country fellows who have been fleeced of all their possessions write songs (Nos. 23, 39, 78) to tell of their misfortunes before returning to the strait and narrow path of rectitude and plain living in Cornwall or Essex. That the country is far from perfect, sometimes actually vicious, several ballads (as No. 19) inform us; and London itself finds an ardent apologist in the panegyric of Richard Climsall (No. 83).

Several pretty ditties tell of the delights of country life. There are four good hunting-songs (Nos. 52, 53, 64, 76), one of them, "Master Basse's Career," justly famous. "The Countryman's Chat" (No. 38) reproduces the conversation of farmers and shepherds with much of the realism, though none of the satire, of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. Altogether charming are several of the ballads that describe lads and lassies a-Maying. Others, doleful or satirical, narrate the old story of false lovers and betrayed maidens, sometimes, however, following the latter to London to show how they recouped their fortunes and reputations. A pastoral entirely in Welsh (No. 32) is an important feature of the book.

Marriage, the perennial subject of ballads, often figures, and is presented from widely varied points of view. In one song (No. 43) a wealthy old widow marries a young man who promptly grabs the purse-strings, plunges into riotous living, and by his cruelty brings her in two months' time to death's door. "Anything for a Quiet Life" (No. 49) describes the state of matrimony

in a way unattractive enough to have confirmed all its unmarried male readers in their bachelorhood; and "The Married Woman's Case" (No. 74) is just as striking a warning to maidens to prefer single blessedness. "Rock the Baby, Joan" (No. 82) and "The Constant Wife of Sussex" (No. 85) in highly amusing stanzas show the effect of a husband's infidelity on his relations with his wife. "A Pleasant New Song of a Newcastle Man" (No. 50) treats in something of the Abbé Prévost's vein of a husband's infatuation for a worthless but fascinating mate. For a change, satire is abandoned on several occasions, and some idealized pictures of faithful wives (Nos. 12, 13, 80) are presented.

Romances are well represented. The story of Gernutus and the pound of flesh has already been mentioned. "St. George's Commendation" (No. 6), printed in 1612, summarizes more romances and chap-books than usually swim into the ken of the modern reader. Many of its details are repeated in a later ballad (No. 56), which conveniently enumerates the Nine Worthies, the Seven Champions of Christendom, and various other heroes of romance. Based on the famous story of *Amis and Amiloun*, "Alexander and Lodowick" (No. 21) reproduces the plot of a lost Elizabethan play. Of wholly imaginary romantic stories perhaps the best are those that tell how a Romeo-like lover wins his sweetheart in spite of bars, favored suitors, and hostile relatives (Nos. 45, 80).

Sermons are especially plentiful, for to moralize and to teach was the ballad-writer's constant endeavor. There are tirades against drunkenness and smoking; terrific warnings on the perils of associating with lewd women and on the material injury resulting from dice-play; lessons to maidens to forewarn them against young men who court but say nothing about a marriage-ring; preachments, in turn, to young men who foolishly

desert their rural homes to brave the temptations of the city. Didactic verse is usually dull, but the quaint diction in which these ballads moralize and the tunefulness of the verse make them sermons worth reading.

More numerous than any other type are the ballads that deal, in one way or another, with love, and many of them are altogether pleasing. It is safe to say that so far as poetry is concerned these two volumes have never been surpassed by any similar collection of broadside ballads. Had the collection appeared in the reign of Elizabeth or James I, it would now be mentioned in terms of respect, and its reputation would at least equal that of *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578) or *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584), poetical miscellanies which it resembles in contents and style. Many of the songs, for example Nos. 12, 13, 46, 89, though anonymous, are worthy of real poets.

When the authors and the audience for which the songs were intended are considered, the poetry seems especially good. Frankly writing for money, the balladists nevertheless often had a lyric gift that made their ditties superior to the average American rag-time songs. The words of the most popular "lyrics" of recent days seem all the more contemptible when compared with these ballads, and their music is hardly superior to the ballad tunes. The common people in the seventeenth century who admired ballads had, it appears, better taste than have the mass of people in twentieth-century England and America. Accordingly, it is not hard to understand why they flocked to see and hear the great poetic drama of their time.

Comparatively few of the ballads are signed by their authors — only sixteen of the ninety, to be exact — although the authorship of four or five others is ascertainable. Martin Parker and Laurence Price, the best-known and most talented of the professional balladists,

are represented. Prominent among their rivals were Robert Guy and Richard Climsall, each the author of three ballads in this collection. Not altogether unknown, furthermore, are C. R. and L. M. if these initials are to be interpreted as Charles Records and L. Morgan; and Richard Johnson, a famous romance-writer, is probably the author of No. 5. New to the history of balladry is the name of Thomas Neale, who signed No. 73; of William Hockham, the soldier-poet who wrote Nos. 45, 62, 67; and of R. H. (perhaps Richard Hughes) whose solitary ballad (No. 32) was written in Welsh. These were all probably confirmed ballad-writers. But some real poets are represented in the collection. Though their names are not signed, George Wither, Richard Barnfield, Sir Edward Dyer, and William Basse are the authors of Nos. 9, 30, 37, and 52 respectively; and there is so much other good poetry in the volume that their contributions do not seem at all out of place.

A few of the ballads are marred by a regrettable coarseness of subject and diction, but to omit them for that reason would not, I think, be warranted. It seems to me desirable to reprint all the early ballads in the Pepys collection, and to bowdlerize them is out of the question. Furthermore, their coarseness is frank, open coarseness: there is nothing indecently suggestive or pornographic. Compared with many of the plays of Middleton or Beaumont and Fletcher or Dryden, these ditties appear almost innocent. They are, accordingly, reprinted without further apology. It is a remarkable fact that ballads which most openly border on obscenity are frequently the most musical. A case in point is No. 47.

In all essentials the original texts are here reproduced exactly. No notice is ordinarily given, in either the introductions or the foot-notes, of broken or blurred type, of apostrophes that are turned the wrong way or printed

upside down, of unmistakable misprints like inverted or transposed letters, or of faulty punctuation at the ends of stanzas. Such errors, except in a few unusual cases, are emended silently; but all other typographical blunders, when corrected in the text, are duly indicated in the foot-notes. As a rule, few emendations have actually been made, though a number are suggested in the notes. Letters, words, or lines torn from the original broadsides, or too blurred to be read, or inadvertently dropped by the printers, are restored conjecturally between square brackets; in each case an explanation is given either in the introduction or in a foot-note. Arabic numerals for stanzas are, of course, an editorial insertion; while titles and tunes have been normalized in printing, black-letter type being uniformly employed for the former, italics for the latter. The woodcut illustrations, which reflect the crude, but appealing, art that distinguished the broadside ballad, have been reproduced without change except for an occasional slight reduction in size.

I am greatly indebted to the authorities of Magdalene College, Cambridge, for permission to reprint these ballads and for other gracious courtesies; to the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for enabling me to spend the year 1926–1927 abroad and in that rare leisure time to complete the manuscript of my edition; to the Harvard University Press for the beautiful form in which (with no possibility of material gain) it has printed these volumes; and to Miss Addie F. Rowe, my invaluable assistant and friend, for help in verifying references and in reading the proof-sheets.

H. E. R.

Harvard University
December, 1928

CONTENTS

PREFACE v

1. A BALLAD OF LUTHER THE POPE A CARDINAL AND A HUSBANDMAN (*ca.* 1535) 3

2. A NEW BALLAD ENTITLED THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT IN FRANCE (*ca.* 1610) 8

3. A NEW SONG SHEWING THE CRUELTY OF GERNUTUS A JEW (*ca.* 1610) 16

4. LONDON'S LOTTERY WITH AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE FURTHERANCE THEREOF FOR THE GOOD OF VIRGINIA (1612) 24

5. THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED SON (1612). BY RICHARD JOHNSON? 32

6. SAINT GEORGE'S COMMENDATION TO ALL SOLDIERS (1612) 39

7. A NEW BALLAD ENTITLED I HAVE FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM (*ca.* 1612) 47

8. ROOM FOR COMPANY HERE COMES GOOD FELLOWS (1614) 51

9. A NEW SONG OF A YOUNG MAN'S OPINION OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD WOMEN (*ca.* 1615). BY GEORGE WITHER AND ANOTHER 58

10. A MAIDEN'S LAMENTATION FOR A BEDFELLOW OR I CAN NOR WILL NO LONGER LIE ALONE (*ca.* 1615) 66

11. THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE LOVER OR A PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE GENTLEMAN AND A MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF LONDON (*ca.* 1615) . 72

12. CORYDON'S COMMENDATION IN THE PRAISE OF HIS LOVE THE FAIR PHILLIS (*ca.* 1615) 78

13. THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENTATION (*ca.* 1615) 83

14. A LOVE-SICK MAID'S SONG LATELY BEGUILED (*ca.* 1615) 90

15. THE CUCKOO'S COMMENDATION OR THE CUCKOLDS' CREDIT (*ca.* 1615) 95

16. A Pleasant New Song of a Jovial Tinker (1616) . . 102
17. Pity's Lamentation for the Cruelty of This Age (1616) 109
18. The Drunkard's Dial or Good Sir Your Nose Is Dirty (1617) 117
19. I Would You Never Had Said So (1618) 122
20. A Caveat or Warning for All Sorts of Men to Avoid the Company of Lewd and Wicked Women (*ca.* 1620) 128
21. The Two Faithful Friends Alexander and Lodowick (*ca.* 1620) 133
22. The French Whipper Untrussing Severally the Noted Abuse in All Sorts of People (*ca.* 1620) . . 142
23. A Merry Progress to London to See Fashions by a Young Country Gallant (*ca.* 1620) 148
24. Joan Is as Good as My Lady (*ca.* 1620) 156
25. The Lover's Gift or A Fairing for Maids (*ca.* 1620). 162
26. The Faithful Lover's Resolution Being Forsaken of a Coy and Faithless Dame (*ca.* 1620). 168
27. The Loving Forester (*ca.* 1620) 172
28. The Lover's Lamentation to His Love Nanny (*ca.* 1620) 177
29. The Flattering Lover's Farewell to His Love Nanny (*ca.* 1620) 180
30. A Lover's Newest Coranto or The Lamentation of a Young Man's Folly (*ca.* 1620). By Richard Barnfield 186
31. A Mad Crew or That Shall Be Tried (*ca.* 1620) . . . 190
32. Byd y Bugail (*ca.* 1620). By R. H. (Richard Hughes?) 195
33. The Silver Age or The World Turned Backward (1621) 200
34. The Golden Age or An Age of Plain-dealing (1622) 207
35. The King and Queen of Bohemia (1622) 214
36. A Scourge for the Pope Satirically Scourging the Itching Sides of His Obstinate Brood in England (1624). By Martin Parker 218

37. A Sweet and Pleasant Sonnet Entitled My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is (1624). By Sir Edward Dyer . 225

38. The Countryman's Chat (*ca.* 1625) 232

39. Dice Wine and Women or The Unfortunate Gallant Gulled at London (*ca.* 1625) 237

40. A Merry Ballad of a Rich Maid That Had Eighteen Several Suitors Otherwise Called The Scornful Maid (*ca.* 1625) 242

41. Good Sir You Wrong Your Breeches Pleasantly Discoursed by a Witty Youth and a Wily Wench (*ca.* 1625) 247

42. A Very Pleasant New Ditty (*ca.* 1625) 251

43. A Merry New Song of a Rich Widow's Wooing That Married a Young Man to Her Own Undoing (*ca.* 1625) 257

44. A Warning for All Good Fellows to Take Heed of Punks' Enticements (*ca.* 1625). By Robert Guy . . 262

45. Hockley in the Hole (*ca.* 1625). By W. H. (William Hockham?) 269

The Pepys Ballads

I

Luther, the Pope, a cardinal, a husbandman

1, 16–17, black letter, four columns, one very large and beautiful woodcut depicting in characteristic attitudes the four persons who speak: Luther with a pen is fighting the Pope, who is armed with a sword; Luther is supported by the Husbandman, the Pope by the Cardinal. There is no title on the original broadside.

This ballad was reprinted in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, II [1876], 125–130), with the comment that it "is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer."

John Skelton's poem on Flodden Field, 1513 (see John Ashton's facsimile reprint, London, 1882, and his *Century of Ballads*, 1888, pp. xii ff.), is usually spoken of as the first English broadside ballad, even though it was not issued in broadside-form and was not, apparently, intended to be sung. Likewise, most of the so-called ballads that centered about the execution of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in 1540 (Hazlitt and Huth, *Fugitive Tracts*, 1st series, 1875, nos. 6–12 [marked I–VII]; Kingdon's *Incidents in the Lives of Poyntz and Grafton*, 1895, following p. 84; *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, Henry VIII*, XVI [1862], 212–214), though printed as broadsides (but without woodcuts), were probably not in every case meant for singing and are, indeed, rather libels than ballads.

The present poem, which was printed on a single sheet and ornamented with a woodcut, may be regarded as one of the earliest extant broadside ballads. It is written in the eight-line stanza, rhyming *ababbcbc*, of Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*, and, although no tune is named, the verses may have been sung. The printer was not bold enough to reveal his name in a colophon, but mechanically his workmanship is admirable. The printing is exceptionally good. Because of its early date, the sheet makes use of paragraph-marks but almost ignores punctuation. The meter is rough, yet no rougher than that of the Cromwell "ballads" which it probably antedates. Stanzas 1–3 indi-

cate that they were printed about 1535; that is, after the Reformation Parliament in 1534 had passed the Act of Supremacy giving to Henry VIII the title of "the only Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England." Of the real importance of this broadside in the history of the ballad Percy's brief comment gives no inkling.

[A Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman.]

¶The husbandman.

1 ¶Let vs lyft vp our hartes all
And prayse the lordes magnificence.
whiche hath geuen the wolues a fall
And is become our stronge defence
For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all vs leade
Gettynge from euery man his pence
As satisfactours for the deade.

2 ¶For what we w̃ our flayes coulde get
To kepe our house and seruauntes
That dyd the freers from vs fet
And w̃ our soules played ỹ marchaũtes
And thus they with theyr false warantes
Of our sweate haue easelye lyued
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes
So greatlye haue they vs deceaued

3 ¶They spared not the fatherlesse
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe
They wolde haue somewhat more or lesse
If it aboue the ground dyd growe
But now we husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye and their false caste
For the lorde hath them ouerthrowe
with his swete word nowe at the laste

Doctor Martin Luther.

4 ¶Thou Antichrist w̃ thy thre crownes
Hast vsurped kynges powers
As hauīg power ouer realmes & townes
whom thou oughtest to serue all houres
Thou thinkest by thy iugglyng colours
thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse
As do the deceatfull foulers
Whan they theyr nettes craftelye dresse

5 ¶Thou flatterest euery prince and lord
Thretening poore men w swearde & fyre
All those that do folowe gods worde
To make them cleue to thy desire
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flamīg fire
Cursynge with boke bell, and candell
suche as to reade them haue desyre
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell

6 ¶Thy false power wyl I bryng down
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere
I shall dryue the from cytye and towne
Euen with this pen that thou seyste here
thou fyghtest with swerd shylde & speare
But I wyll fyght with gods worde
which is now so open and cleare
That it shall brynge the vnder the borde

¶The Pope.

7 Though I brought neuer so many to hel
And to vtter dampnacion
Throughe myne ensample and consel
or thorow any abhominacion
Yet doth our lawe excurse [1] my fashion
And thou Luther arte accursed
For blamynge me and my condicion
The holy decres haue the condempned

8 ¶Thou stryuest against my purgatory
Bycause thou findest it not in scripture
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure
Knowest thou not that I haue power
To make and mar in heuen and hell
In erth and euery creature
what so euer I do it must be well.

[1] *Apparently a misprint for* excuse.

9 ¶As for scripture I am aboue it
Am not I gods hye vicare
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it
As the Carpenter his ruler
Nay, nay, heretikes ye are
That wyll not obey my auctoritie
with this sworde I wyll declare
That ye shal al accursed be

The cardinall

10 ¶I am a Cardinall of Rome
sent from christes hye vicary
To graunt pardon to more and sume
That wil Luther resist strongly
He is a greate heretyke treuly
And regardeth to much the scripture
For he thinketh onely therby
To subdue the Popes hie honoure

11 ¶Receiue ye this pardon deuoutely
And loke that ye agaynst hym fight
Plucke vp youre hertes and be manlye
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght
And this be sure that at one flyghte
All though ye be ouercome by chaunce
ye shall to heauen go with great myghte
god can make you no resistaunce

12 But these heretikes for theyr medlynge
shall go down to hel euery one
For they haue not the popes blessynge
Nor regarde his holy pardon
They thinke from all destruction
By christes bloud, to be saued
Fearynge not our excomminicacion
Therfore shall they al be dampned

2

The battle of Agincourt

I, 90–91, black letter, four columns, one woodcut.

Of this extremely popular ballad at least four other distinct versions are known. They are: —

(1) "Agincourte Battell," *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, II, 158–173. This has forty-five stanzas, which include many details and phrases not in the Pepys ballad. Between stanzas 11 and 12 it inserts four new stanzas, between stanzas 19 and 20 seven stanzas; it omits stanzas 15 and 27, but after stanza 26 inserts nine new stanzas. The twenty new stanzas run thus:

And he bad them yeeld [up to him]
themselues & eke their towne,
or else he sware vnto the earth
with cannon to beate them downe.

the great gunn of Caleis was vpsett,
he mounted against those walls;
the strongest steepele in the towne,
he threw downe bells & all.

then those that were the gouernors
their woefull hands did wringe;
thé brought their Keyes in humble sort
vnto our gracious King.

& when the towne was woone and last,
the ffrenchmen out thé threw,
& placed there 300 englishmen
that wold to him be true.

then all the night the frenchman Lyen,
with triumphe, mirth, & Ioy;
the next morning they mad full accomp[t]
our Armye to destroye.

& for our King & all his Lords
at dice thé playd apace,
& for our comon souldiers coates
they set a prize but base,

8 pence for a redd coate,
& a groate was sett to a white;
because they color was soe light,
they sett noe better buy itt.

the cheerfull day at last was come;
our King with Noble hart
did pray his valliant soldiers all
to play a worthye part,

& not to shrinke from fainting foes,
whose fearfull harts in ffeeld
wold by their feirce couragious stroakes
be soone in-forced to yeeld;

"regard not of their multitude,
tho they are more then wee,
for eche of vs well able is
to beate downe ffrenchmen 3;

"yett let euerye man provide himselfe
a strong substantiall stake,
& set it right before himselfe,
the horsmans force to breake."

when they were at the Maine battell there
with all their might & forces, then
a crye came ffrom our English tents
that we were robbed all them;

for the Duke of Orleance, with a band of men,
to our English tents they came;
all our Iewells & treasure that they haue taken,
& many of our boyes haue slaine.

much greeved was King Harry therat, —
this was against the law of armes then, —
comands euerye souldier on paine of death
to slay euerye prisoner then.

200000 ffrenchemen our Englishmen had,
some 2, & some had one;
euerye one was commanded by sound of trumpett
to slay his prisoner then.

& then thé followed vpon the maine battell;
the ffrenchmen thé fled then
towards the citye of Paris
as fast as thé might gone.

but then ther was neuer a peere with-in france
of all those Nobles then,
of all those worthye Disse peeres,
durst come to King Harry then.

but then Katherine, the Kings fayre daughter there,
being proued apparant his heyre,
with her maidens in most sweet attire
to King Harry did repayre;

& when shee came before our King,
shee kneeled vpon her knee,
desiring him that his warres wold cease,
& that he her loue wold bee.

there-vpon our English Lords then agreed
with the Peeres of ffrance then;
soe he Marryed Katherine, the Kings faire daughter,
& was crowned King in Paris then.

(2) "The Battle of Agincourt, between the Englishmen and Frenchmen. The tune is, *Flying Fame*," Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, 1631 (1659 ed., pp. 65–70, Percy Society, 1845). This has the same number of stanzas as the Pepys broadside, although there are numerous variants (none of much importance) in the readings of the two texts.

(3) "The most Famous Ballad of King Henry the 5th; his Victory over the French at Agencourt," with music, D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v (1719), 49–52. This copy has twenty-seven stanzas, with several verbal changes from both the Pepys and the *Crown Garland* texts.

(4) "The Battel of Agincourt, between the French and English. To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*," in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, II (1723), 79–89. This is practically identical with "The Victory of Agincourt" that is reprinted in R. H. Evans's *Old Ballads*, II (1810), 351–355. Both copies omit stanza 24.

Of Agincourt ballads entirely different from the Pepys copy the following may be enumerated: —

(1) "Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!" (beginning "Owre kynge went forth to Normandy"), printed, with the music, from a Pepysian manuscript in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, II, 29–31). Another copy, also with the music, is in a Bodleian manuscript, Arch. Seld. B. 26.

(2) "Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory. To a pleasant new Tune" (beginning "Agincourt, Agincourt, Know ye not Agincourt"), printed in J. P. Collier's *Shakespeare*, III (1858), 538, in

Collier's *Broadside Black-letter Ballads*, 1868, pp. 76–78, and in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, II, 595–597. One stanza of this ballad is sung in Heywood's *Edward IV*, part I.

(3) "King Henry V. his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King; in sending him (instead of the Tribute) a Ton of Tennis Balls" (beginning "As our King lay musing on his bed"), a ballad preserved in the Chetham Library, Manchester (J. O. Halliwell [-Phillipps], *A Catalogue of Proclamations, Broadsides, Ballads, and Poems*, 1851, No. 286), and reprinted in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, II, 597–599, and Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 164.

(4) Michael Drayton's ode "To the Cambro-Britons and their Harp, his Ballad of Agincourt," the meter of which has perpetuated itself in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Other poems and various plays on Agincourt are mentioned in the works cited above and in Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas's *History of the Battle of Agincourt* (1827).

The battle was fought on October 25, 1415. The story of the tennis-balls, though dear to the hearts of ballad-writers, is — as Child (III, 321) remarks — "not mentioned by the French historians, by Walsingham, Titus Livius, or the anonymous biographer of Henry in Cotton MS., Julius E. IV. It occurs, however, in several contemporary writings," as in verses preserved in Harleian MS. 565, in the chronicle of Otterbourne, in the *Chronicle of King Henry the Fifth* preserved in Cotton MS. Claudius A. VIII, and in a poetical pamphlet printed by John Skot with the title, *Here after foloweth ỹ batayll of Egyngecourte.*

S. W. was probably Simon Waterson (the friend of Samuel Daniel), whose publications appeared from 1584 to 1634. The typography of the broadside and the older form of the colophon ("Imprinted at London") suggest an earlier date than 1634; the reference in stanza 27 to "our noble king" makes 1603 the earliest date possible. As a guess, 1610 will do.

The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 198–199.

¶ A new Ballad, intituled, The Battell of *Agen-Court*, in France, betweene the *English-men and Frenchmen*.

To the tune of, *When flying Fame.*

1 A Counsell graue our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That he might truely vnderstand,
that *France* did hold his right.

2 Vnto the King of France therefore,
Imbassadors he sent,
That he might truely vnderstand,
his minde, and whole intent:

3 Desiring him in friendly sort,
his lawfull Right to yeelde:
Or else, he swore by Dent of Sword,
to winne the same in Fielde.

4 The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his message plaine,
Vnto our braue Imbassador,
did answere in disdaine:

5 And said, our King was yet too young,
and of too tender age,
Therefore we weigh not of his warres,
nor feare not his courage.

6 His knowledge is, in feats of Armes,
as yet, but very small:
His tender Ioynts more fitter were,
to tosse a Tenis ball.

7 A Tun of Tenis balles therefore,
in pride and great disdaine,
He sent vnto our noble King,
to recompence his paine.

8 Which answere, when our King did heare,
he waxed wrath in heart,
He said, he would such balles prouide,
should make all Fraunce to smart.

9 And [1] armie then our King did hold,
which was both good and strong.
And from *South-hampton* is our King,
with all his Nauie gone.

10 In France he landed safe and sound,
with all his warlike traine,
Vnto the towne of *Hurflew* next,
he marched vp amaine.

11 But when he had besieg'd the same,
against their fenced walles,
To batter downe their stately Towres,
he sent his English balles.

12 This done, our Noble [2] King,
marcht vp and downe the land.
And not a French man for his life,
durst once his Force withstand.

¶ The second part, Of the battell at Agen-Court.

To the tune of, *When Flying Fame.*

13 VNtill he came to *Agen Court*,
where as it was his chance,
To finde the King in readinesse,
with all his power of France.

14 A mightie Hoste he had prepar'd,
of armed Souldiers then:
Which was no lesse, by iust account,
then fortie thousand men.

[1] *Read* An.

[2] *Read* Noble English.

15 Which sight did much amase our King:
for hee in all his Hoste,
Not passing fyfteene thousand had,
accounted with the most.

16 The king of France, which well did know,
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride vnto our Prince,
did send a Harrold then,

17 To vnderstand what he would giue,
for Ransome of his life,
When they in Field had taken him,
amidst that bloudy strife.

18 But then our King with cheerefull heart,
this answere them did make,
And said, before this comes to passe,
some of your hearts shall shake.

19 And to your proud presumptious Prince,
declare this thing (quoth hee)
Mine owne heart bloud shall pay the price,
none else he gets of mee.

20 With that bespake the Duke of Yorke,
O Noble King, quoth hee,
The leading of this Battell braue,
vouchsafe to giue it me.

21 Godamarcie Cousin Yorke, quoth hee,
I grant thee thy request,
Then march [1] thou on coragiously,
and Wee will lead the rest.

22 Then came the bragging French men downe,
with their cruell force and might:
With whom our Noble King begun,
a hard and cruell fight.

[1] *Text* martch.

23 The Archers they discharg'd their shafts,
so thicke as haile from Skie,
That many a French-man in the Field
that happie day did dye.

24 The Horse-men tumbled on the Stakes,[1]
and so their liues they lost:
And many a French-man there was taken,
for prisoners to their cost.

25 Ten thousand men that day was slaine,
of Enemies in the Field,
And eke as many prisoners,
that day was forst to yeeld.

26 Thus had our King a happie day,
and victory ouer France,
And brought them quickly vnder foote,
that late in pride did prance.

27 The Lord preserue our Noble King,
and grant to him likewise,
The vpper hand, and victorie,
of all his Enemies.

FINIS.

¶ Imprinted at London, for S. W.

[1] See the eleventh of the stanzas quoted above from "Agincourte Battell."

3

The cruelty of Gernutus

I, 144–145, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

On the tune, which is related to *Lord Darley, Paul's steeple*, and *I am the Duke of Norfolk* (cf. *The Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 35), see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 117–120. It appears to involve the singing of two stanzas as one, to say nothing of the addition of a refrain. *Black and yellow*, the tune of the original Lord Darley (Darnley) ballad, dates back perhaps to the year 1567 and certainly to 1586 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1543). It seems to me likely that "The Cruelty of Gernutus" was printed for Thomas Purfoot, Sr. (1562?–1615), somewhere around 1610, but that it was a reprint of a much older ballad dating perhaps from 1567 to 1580. The colophon, "Imprinted at London for T. P.," in itself suggests an early date. Other claimants for the printer's initials are Thomas Purfoot, Jr. (1591–1640), and Thomas Pavier (1600–1625).

There is another copy (from a different edition, "Printed at London by *E. P.* for *I. Wright*, dwelling in Gilt-spur-street") of this famous ballad in the Bodleian Library, Wood 401 (101). Attention was called to it in Thomas Warton's *Observations on the Faerie Queene* (1754, pp. 94–98, notes) as a probable source of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, and it was reprinted — perhaps by Bishop Percy — in *The Connoisseur*, May 16, 1754, pp. 124–127. The Pepys copy was included by Percy in his *Reliques*, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, I, 211–220), whence Furness reproduced it in his variorum edition (pp. 288–292) of *The Merchant of Venice*. A reprint more accurate than Percy's should not be unwelcome. To Furness's long discussion of the relationship of the ballad to the Gerontus story of Robert Wilson's *Three Ladies of London* (1584) and the Shylock story of Shakespeare the reader may be referred.[1] Furness concludes, reasonably

[1] Another parallel version should be noted: "The iudgement of Sultan Soliman the great Seigneur or Emperour of Turks," in *Memorable Conceits of Divers Noble and famous personages of Christendome, of this our moderne time*, 1602, pp. 121–122.

enough, "It seems to be pretty generally conceded . . . that Gernutus preceded Shylock," but "I think we may dismiss all thoughts that this ballad, whatever its date, in any wise contributed to the *Merchant of Venice*." [1]

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps reprinted the ballad in his folio edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, pp. 435–437. He favors (pp. 287–288) the probability of its having been based on Shakespeare's play or on the more ancient drama of the Jew mentioned by Stephen Gosson.

A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Iew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred Crownes, would haue a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appoynted.

To the tune of, *Blacke and Yellow.*

1 IN *Venice* towne not long agoe,
a cruell *Iew* did dwell,
Which liued all on Vsurie,
as *Italian* writers [1] tell.

2 *Gernutus* called was the *Iew*,
which neuer thought to die:
Nor neuer yet did any good,
to them in streetes that lie.

3 His life was like a Barrow-hog,
that liueth many a day:
Yet neuer once doth any good,
vntill men will him slay.

4 Or like a filthy heape of Dung,[2]
that lyeth in a whoard,
Which neuer can doe any good,
till it be spread abroad.[3]

5 So fares it with the Vsurer,
he can not sleepe in rest:
For feare the theefe will him pursue,
to plucke him from his nest.

6 His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
how to deceiue the poore:
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
yet still he gapes for more.

[1] *Text* writes.
[2] Proverbial. Cf. Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*, III. ii.
[3] *Blurred. Apparently* aboad.

7 [H]is Wife must lend a Shilling,
or euery weeke a Penny;
[Y]et bring a pledge that's double worth,
if that you will haue any.

8 And see (likewise) you keepe your day,
or else you loose it all:
This was the liuing of the Wife;
her Cow she did it call.

9 Within that Citie dwelt that time,
a Marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed, in his need
vnto *Gernutus* came,

10 Desiring him to stand his friend,
for twelue month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred Crownes,
and he for it would pay

11 Whatsoeuer he would demaund of him,
and Pledges he should haue.
No (quoth the *Iew* with flearing lookes)
Sir aske what you will haue.

12 No penny for the lone of it,
for one yeare you shall pay:
You may doe me as good a turne,
before my dying day:

13 But we will haue a merry iest,
for to be talked long:
You shall make me a Band (quoth he)
that shall be large and strong.

14 And this shall be the forfeyture,
of your owne Flesh a pound:
If you agree, make you the Band,
and here is a hundred Crownes.[1]

[1] *Read* Crown.

15 With right good-will the Marchant sayd,
and so the Band was made.
When twelue month and a day drew on,
that backe it should be payd,

16 The Marchants Ships were all at Seas,
and Mony came not in:
Which way to take, or what to doe,
to thinke he doth begin.

17 And to *Gernutus* straight he comes,
with cap and bended knee:
And sayd to him, of curtesie,
I pray you beare with mee.

18 My day is come, and I haue not
the Mony for to pay:
And litle good the forfeyture
will doe you, I dare say.

19 With all my heart, *Gernutus* sayd,
commaund it to your minde,
In thinges of bigger waight then this,
you shall me ready finde.

20 He goes his way, the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke,
To get a Sergiant presently,
and clapt him on the backe:

21 And layed him into Prison strong,
and sued his Band withall.
And when the iudgement day was come,
for iudgement he did call.

22 The Marchants friendes came thither fast,
with many a weeping eye:
For other meanes they could not find,
but he that day must die.

The Second part of the Iewes crueltie, setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Iudge towardes the Marchant.

To the tune of *Blacke and yellow.*

23 SOme offered for his hundred Crownes,
fiue hundred for to pay:
And some a thousand, two, or three;
yet still he did denay.

24 And at the last, Ten thousand Crownes
they offered him to saue:
Gernutus sayd, I will no Gold,
my forfeite I will haue.

25 A pound of flesh is my desire,
and that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the Iudge, yet good my friend,
let me of you desire,

26 To take the flesh from such a place,
as yet you let him liue:
Do so, and loe an hundred Crownes,
to thee here will I giue.

27 No, no (quoth he) no iudgement here,
for this it shalbe tride:
For I will haue my pound of flesh
from vnder his right side.

28 It grieued all the companie,
his crueltie to see:
For neither friend nor foe could helpe,
but he must spoyled bee.

29 The bloody *Iew* now ready is,
with whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the blood of Innocent,
by forfeit of his Band.

30 And as he was about to strike
in him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the Iudge) thy crueltie,
I charge thee to do so.

31 Sith needes thou wilt thy forfeit haue,
which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of blood,
nor yet the man confound.

32 For if thou doe, like murderer,
thou here shalt hanged bee:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut,
no more then longes to thee.

33 For if thou take either more or lesse,
to the value of a Mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
as is both law and right.

34 *Gernutus* now waxt franticke mad,
and wotes not what to say:
Quoth he at last, ten thousand Crownes
I will that he shall pay:

35 And so I graunt to set him free.
The Iudge doth answere make,
You shall not haue a penny giuen,
your Forfeyture now take.

36 At the last he doth demaund,
but for to haue his owne.
No quoth the Iudge, doe as you list,
thy Iudgement shalbe showne.

37 Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
or cancell me your Band:
O cruell Iudge, then quoth the *Iew*,
that doth against me stand.

38 And so with griping grieued minde,
he biddeth them [far]ewell:[1]
All the people pray[sd t]he [1] Lord,
that euer this heard tell.

[1] Text blurred. In line 2 the reading may be *then* instead of *them*.

39 Good people that doe heare this song
for trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he,
doth liue now at this day.

40 That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
of many a wealthy man:
And for to trap the Innocent,
deuiseth what they can.

41 From whom, the Lord deliuer me,
and euery Christian too:
And send to them like sentence eke,
that meaneth so to doe.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for T. P.

4

London's lottery

I, 190–191, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Henry Roberts registered "Londons Lottry" on July 30, 1612 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1520), — a date, curiously enough, ten days after the lottery had ended. For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 91–92. This copy is reprinted in Sir Charles H. Firth's *American Garland*, 1915, pp. 17–24.

The ballad exhorts people of all classes to take a chance in the lottery in order to help found a colony in Virginia. It is in the nature of an advertisement, appealing both to cupidity and to patriotism. A prose pamphlet about the lottery was issued in 1612, but has not survived. A broadside relating to a second lottery — "A Declaration for the certaine time of Drawing the Great standing Lottery for Virginia; fixing the same to take place on the 26th of June next. Imprinted at London by Felix Kyngston for VVilliam VVelby the 22 of Februarie, 1615" — is described in Robert Lemon's *Catalogue of a Collection of Printed Broadsides in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries of London*, 1866, No. 151, and is reprinted in Alexander Brown's *Genesis of the United States*, II (1890), 570 f., 760 ff.[1]

The lottery of 1612 is thus described in the 1631 edition of John Stow's *Annals*, p. 1002:

> The Kings Maiesty in speciall fauour for the present plantation of English Collonies in *Virginia*, graunted a liberall Lottery, in which was contained fiue thousand pound in prizes certaine, besides rewardes of casualty, and began to be drawne, in a new built house at the West end of *Pauls*, the 29. of Iune 1612. Out of which Lottery, for want of filling vp the number of lots, there were then taken out and throwne away, threescore thousand blankes, without abating of any one prize: and by the twentieth of Iuly, all was drawne and finished. This Lottery was so plainly carried, and honestly performed, that it gaue full satisfaction to all persons, *Thomas Sharplisse* a Taylor of London, had the chiefe prize, *viz.* foure thousand Crownes in fayre plate, which was sent to his house in very stately manner: during the whole

[1] A royal proclamation for a Virginia lottery, issued on March 8, 1620, is reproduced in facsimile in Maggs Brothers' beautiful "five hundredth catalogue," *A Selection of Books*, etc., 1928, p. 41.

time of the drawing of this lottery, there were alwayes present diuers worshipfull Knights and Esquires, accompanied with sundry graue discreete Citizens.

With the ballad should be compared the ode "To the Virginian Voyage," in which the great Elizabethan patriotic poet Michael Drayton speaks of "Virginia, Earth's only Paradise," and gives a wonderful account of its beauty and its riches.

Londons Lotterie:

With an incouragement to the furtherance thereof, for the good of *Virginia*, and the benefite of this our natiue Countrie; wishing good fortune to all that venture in the same.

To the tune of *Lusty Gallant.*

1 *London*, liue thou famous long,
thou bearst a gallant minde:
Plenty, peace, and pleasures store,
in thee we dayly finde.
The Merchants of *Virginia* now,
hath nobly tooke in hand,
The brauest golden Lottery,
that ere was in this Land.

2 A gallant House well furnisht foorth,
with Gold and Siluer Plate,
There standes prepard with Prizes now,
set foorth in greatest state.
To *London*, worthy Gentlemen,
goe venture there your chaunce:
Good lucke standes now in readinesse,
your fortunes to aduance.

3 It is to plant a Kingdome sure,
where sauadge people dwell:
God will fauour Christians still,
and like the purpose well.
Take courage then with willingnesse,
let hands and hearts agree:
A brauer enterprize then this,
I thinke can neuer bee.

4 Our most royall King and Queene,
in princely forwardnesse,
Hath granted grace and fauours both,
as thousands can expresse.

Sweete natures Iem, Prince *Henry* he,
in loue is not behinde:
The Nobles of the Land likewise,
we all doe forward finde.

5 Well may this famous Lottery,
haue good successe and speede,
When as the States of England thus,
doe such good liking breed.
Come Gallants, come; come noble mindes
come venture now for Gold,
For smiling hope, heere bids you all,
take currage, and be bold.

6 Come Knights, and gallant Gentlemen,
put in your ventures all:
Let nothing daunt your willing mindes,
good fortune may befall:
Mee thinkes I see great numbers flocke,
and bring in fast their Coyne:
And Tradesmen how in louing sort,
their Monyes all doe ioyne:

7 Heere Pryzes are of great account,
not simple, plaine, and poore;
But vnto Thousands doe surmount,
whereof there be some store:
And happely some men there be,
in gayning of the same,
May spend their dayes like Gentlemen,
in credite and good name.

8 As lately heere in *London* was,
some vnto Riches brought;
Where many mended their estates,
when they full litle thought:
Yet heere are greater Pryzes farre,
as easly to be gaind,
And valued to more thousand poundes,
then hath the first containd.

9 You *London* Merchants sending foorth
your fortunes to the Sea,
Heere may you purchase Golden worth,
and Countries loue this way.
It pleaseth God, contentes the King,
in venturing thus your store:
To plant that Land in gouernment,
which neuer was before.

10 Full many a man that liues full bare,
and knowes no ioyes of Gold,
For one small Crowne may get a share,
of twice two Thousand told:
Then what is hee that feares to try
his fortune in this kind,
When lucke & chaunce may make a man,
and thus great Riches find.

11 You Maydes that haue but portions small
to gaine your Mariage friend,
Cast in your Lottes with willing hand,
God may good fortune send.
You Widowes, and you wedded Wiues,
one litle substaunce try:
You may aduance both you and yours,
with wealth that comes thereby.

The Second part of Londons Lotterie.

To the tune of, *Lusty Gallant.*

12 YOu Farmers and you Country men,
whom God hath blest with store,
To this good worke set helping hand,
and God will send you more:
What comes in loue, will prosper well,
and be redoubled backe:
And they that thus for Countrie doth,
can neuer liue in lacke.

13 The King, the Queene, & noble Prince,
giues courage to perswade:
The Peeres and Barrons of the Land,
hath not their loues denayde:
Court and Citie doth the like,
where willingly each man,
To builde vp fast *Virginias* state,
performes the best he can.

14 The Merchants of the Easterne partes,
heere shewes both loue and care;
And ventures Gold with ioyfull heartes,
and thereof makes no spare.
Our gallant *London* Companies,
and Halles of high renowne,
Into *Virginias* Lottery,
sendes freely many a Crowne.

15 For good intent all this is done,
and no man wrongd therein:
Then happy fortune be his dole,
the greatest Prize can win:
And happy fortune be their guides,
that nobly thus maintaines
The planting of this New-found Land,
with cares, with cost, and paines.

16 Let no man thinke that he shall loose,
though he no Prize poscesse:
His substaunce to *Virginia* goes,
which God, no doubt will blesse:
And in short time send from that land,
much rich commoditie;
So shall we thinke all well bestowd,
vpon this Lotterie.[1]

17 Heere profite doth with pleasure ioyne,
and bids each chearefull heart,
To this high praysed enterprise,
performe a Christian part:

[1] *Text* Latterie.

Good Countrymen be forward then,
and with your Tallents small,
Aduenture heere for good luckes sake,
and graunt your loues withall.

18 We ought not liue heere, for our selues,
but for our Countries good:
And Countries good, it is well knowne,
long hath this purpose stood:
For first, when Queene *Elizabeth*
heere liud, so much renownd,
This Land now call'd *Virginia*,
by English-men was found.

19 Sir *Gilbert*, *Drake*, and others more,
gaue vs thereof first sight;
But followed now by noble mindes,
with carefull course aright:
Desiring nothing for their paines,
but Countries loue and fauour:
Then reason calles our liberall aydes,
to this renowned labour.

20 Who knowes not *England* once was like
a Wildernesse [1] and sauage place,
Till gouernment and vse of men,
that wildnesse did deface:
And so *Virginia* may in time,
be made like *England* now;
Where long-loud peace and plenty both,
sits smiling on her brow.

21 Our King, the Lord full long preserue,
the cause of all this pleasure:
The Queene, the Prince, and all his seed,
with dayes of longest measure:

[1] *The reading should be* wild.

And that *Virginia* well may prooue
a Land of rich increase:
And *Englands* gouernment thereof,
good God let neuer cease.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Henry Robards*, and are to be sold at his shop neere to S. *Botulphes* Church without Aldgate. 1612.

5

The good shepherd's sorrow

I, 352–353, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. One of the woodcuts is the portrait of Prince Henry poising a lance (cf. Robert Lemon, *Catalogue of a Collection of Printed Broadsides*, No. 130).

This ballad, — registered on November 19, 1612 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2417), as "the sheppardes Lamentacon," — purports to be King James I's personal expression of grief over the death of Henry Prince of Wales on November 6. To give plausibility to the ballad-lament, Henry Gosson added woodcut portraits of both the King and the Prince. The real author of the ballad, as it here stands, is unknown: he may have been Richard Johnson, in the 1631 and 1659 editions of whose *Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (pp. 6–11, Percy Society, 1845) it appears, though in an inferior text.

Chappell (*Popular Music*, I, 201–202), printing the music for the ballad, remarks that the first four stanzas "were found among the Howard papers in the Heralds' College, in the handwriting of Anne, Countess of Arundel, widow of the Earl who died in confinement in the Tower of London in 1595. . . . Lodge, who printed them in his *Illustrations of British History* (iii. 241, 8vo., 1838), thought they 'were probably composed' by the Countess; and that 'the melancholy exit of her lord was not unlikely to have produced these pathetic effusions.'" I have not seen the copy to which Chappell refers, but he asserts that the Countess could not "have been the *author* of verses, in her transcript of which the rhymes between the first and third lines of every stanza have been overlooked. They were evidently written from memory, and rendered more applicable to her case by a few trifling alterations."

The original date of composition, then, may be earlier than 1612. But in its present form of fourteen stanzas, made up of "The Good Shepherd's Sorrow" and of an answer called "Corydon's Comfort," the ballad dates from 1612 and was probably written by Richard Johnson. To the tune of *In sad and ashy weeds* (the first line of the present ballad) there was written a companion ditty after March 2, 1619, — "A Servant's Sorrow for the Loss of his Late Royal Mistress, Queen Ann, Who Died at Hampton Court," — which is also

included in Johnson's *Crown Garland*, 1631 (1659 edition, ed. Percy Society, 1845, pp. 1–6).

That King James I actually wrote the ballad seems, however, to have been the general belief. For example, in the Richard Jackson manuscript, written about 1623 and preserved in the library of the University of Edinburgh (cf. *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, III, 99; W. R. Morfill, *Ballads from Manuscripts*, II, 292–293), the first six stanzas were copied under the title of "The good Sheepheards sorrow for the death of his sonne P. Henrye." They agree closely with the Pepys text, and were very likely taken from such a ballad-sheet. Another copy of the first seven stanzas, entitled "A Poeme on the death of Prince Henry," will be found in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 160, fols. 26–26^{v} (*ca.* 1630).

The first seven stanzas are printed in *Mercurius Democritus*, February 15–22, 1654 (pp. 477–479), with the following intentionally misleading preamble (cf. Rollins, *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 60): "A sorrowfull, but loving Son of the *Muses*, for the untimely fall of his dear Father, penned this mournful *Dirge* or *Ditty* in the *Antipodes*, which being very pithy, I have here exposed to the view of all those that love their Fathers *Money* better then his *Person* or *Life*."

In John Nichols's *Progresses of James I* the list of funereal verses written for Prince Henry covers nine pages (II, 504–512) and is even then not complete. No other royal death in the seventeenth century caused such genuine grief to the entire kingdom; and it is always interesting, though futile, to speculate about what might have happened had Henry lived to reign instead of Charles I.[1]

[1] For contemporary speculation and for information about elegies on Prince Henry see A. Edward Newton's popular bibliographical work, *The Greatest Book in the World*, 1925, chapter vi.

The good Shepheards sorrow for the death of his beloued Sonne.

To an excellent new tune.

1 IN sad and Ashy weeds,
I sigh, I pine, I grieue, I mourne:
My Oates and yellow reeds,
I now to Iet and Ebon turne.
My vrged eyes like winter skies,
My furrowed cheekes ore-flow,
All heauen knows why men mourne as I
and who can blame my woe?

2 In Sable roabes of night,
My dayes of ioy apparreld bee,
My sorrow sees no light,
my light through sorrowes nothing see,
For now my sonne his date hath runne,
And from his Sphere doth goe,
To endlesse bed of foulded lead,
and who can blame my woe?

3 My flockes I now forsake,
That senceles sheep my griefs may know
And lillies loath to take,
that since his fall presum'd to growe:
I enuy ayre because it dare,
Still breath and he not soe.
Hate earth that doth intombe his youth,
and who can blame my woe?

4 Not I poore Lad aloane,
Aloane, how can such sorrows bee?
Not onely men make moane,
but more then men make mone with me
The Gods of greenes, the mountaine Queenes
The Faries circled Row:
The Muses nine the Nimphs diuine,
and all condole my woe.

5 You awfull Gods of skie,
If Shepheards may you question thus,
What Diety to supply,
tooke you this gentle Starre from vs?
Is *Hermes* fled? is *Cupid* dead?
Doth *Sol* his seate forgoe,
Or *Ioue* his ioy he stoole from Troy,
or who hath fram'd this woe?

6 Did not mine eyes, Oh heauens [1]
Adore your light as well before,
But that amidst your seauen,
you fixed haue one Plannet more:
You well may raise now double dayes,
On this sad earth below,
Your powers haue won from vs a Sonne
and who can blame my woe?

7 At your great hands I aske,
This boone, which you may easily graunt
That till my vtmost maske
of death, I still may moane his want,

[1] *Read* heauen (*with the Crown Garland*).

Since his Diuine parts with you shine
Too bright for vs below:
And earths sad brest entombes the rest
Yet mine entombes his [1] woe.

The Second Part of the good Shepheard, or *Coridons* **Comfort. To the same tune.**

8 PEace Shepheard cease to mone,
in vaine is all this greefe and woe,
For him thats from vs gone,
and can (alack) returne no mo:
And yet indeede,
The Oaten Reede,
and mirth thou late didst know:
I blame thee not,
If now forgot,
for who can blame thy woe?

9 The breath, had once a sound
harmonious, is [2] in sighing spent:
The temples once were bound,
with *Chaplets* of a pleasing sent,
Now *Cypresse* weare,
Thy greefe and care,
to all the world to show:
The pipe so sweet,
Thy lippes nere [3] meet,
and who can blame thy woe?

10 The murmure of the *Brookes*,[4]
hath beene delightfull to thine eare,
Much pleasure hast thou tooke,
sweet *Philomelaes* note to heare,
To see that Quire,
From bush to brier,
leape lightly too and fro:
The Summers Queene,
Attird in greene,
but now tis nothing so.

[1] is all the *C. G.* [2] as *C. G.* [3] so *C. G.* [4] *Read* Brook (*with C. G.*).

11 To see this Queene of flowers,
when hoary *Hyems* part is done,
Deck vp those Summer Bowers,
Defend vs from the parching Sun,
To see the ground,
Embroydered round,
and euery tree to show:
His *Virid' die*,[1]
Hath pleas'd thine eye,
but now tis nothing so.

12 Too well I know thy sheepe,
at randome graze vppon the plaine:
Greefe luls thee now asleepe,
and now thou wakst to grieue againe
Asleepe, awake
For his deere sake,
some signe thy sorrowes show:
No bed of rest,
Can ease thy brest,
and who can blame thy woe?

13 No man, (the man that knew
for whome our fainting bodies were
These robes of sadest hue,
and woes more black imbrested bere)
Can well forbeare,
To shed a teare,
griefes tide will ouerflow:
Pale sorrowes course,
Hath still some force:
then who can blame thy woe?

14 Thy woes I cannot blame,
but in thy sorrowes beare a part,
Yet now to patience frame,
and see the salue cures all our smart:

[1] *Read* virid dye (*with C. G.*).

This bud is dead,
Is gone, is fled,
  but in his place doth grow
A Flower as faire,
As fresh as rare,
  and he cures all our woe.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson.

6

Saint George's commendation

1, 87, black letter, two columns, two woodcuts.

This ballad, dated 1612, was included with many insertions and otherwise unauthorized changes in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, III, 288–293). A partial, inaccurate reprint is in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 780–781, but to all intents the ballad is here reprinted for the first time.

Percy regarded it as a burlesque of the style of the romances, "particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulations of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them." It seems to me a perfectly serious composition, which, conveniently enough, enumerates many of the popular story-heroes and in the refrain reminds one that St. George is equal to any of them. Later imitations, parodies, and modernizations of the ballad are discussed at some length by Ebsworth in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 724–726. Many of its lines, too, reappear in No. 56.

In Part 1 we are informed that King Arthur, Lancelot, and Sir Tristram of Lyonnesse are not the only heroes to boast of, for St. George with his victory over the dragon deserves fame equal to theirs. Other heroes are then enumerated: in stanza 2 Abraham, whose intercession with God saved Lot and his two daughters from the destruction of Sodom, and David, who slew Goliath; in stanza 3 Jephthah (called Jason) and Gideon, conquerors of the Ammonites, with Hercules and Samson; in stanza 4 the historical figures of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus, as well as the hero of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1530) and Romulus and Remus, legendary founders of Rome; in stanza 5 Don Alphonsus,[1] King of Spain, who in the year 1368 (according to a book which Henry Bynneman printed in 1568[2]) founded "an auncient order of knighthoode, called, the order of the

---

[1] Alphonsus IV ruled from 1327 to 1336; Alphonsus V from 1416 to 1458.

[2] Joseph Ames, *Typographical Antiquities*, 1749, p. 327. He calls the translator "Henry D." J. G. Underhill, *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors*, 1899, p. 380, says that the book was translated by "Henry B." from Antonio de Guevara's *Epistolas familiares*, 1539 (epístola xxxvi), through the French of Guttery (or Guterry), 1556.

band . . . to wear a red ribbon of three fingers breadth, and subiect to xxxv rules, the knights whereof were called by the same name."

Later stanzas give further allusions gleaned from a diligent reading primarily of romances and chap-books. In stanza 6 are mentioned Tamburlaine the Great, the Scythian conqueror whose fame had been spread abroad in Christopher Marlowe's two-part play; Roland, hero of the *Chanson de Roland*, and his brother-in-arms, Oliver; St. Goward, of Holland,[1] and Cutlax the Dane.[2] Stanza 7 tells of Sir Bevis of Hampton, hero of the romance so named, who performed prodigies of valor for Josian, slaying the boar that had long terrified the court of her father Ermyn, a Saracen king, and conquering Ascapard, a giant thirty feet tall; of Sir Isumbras, the Job-like hero of a preposterous ecclesiastical romance; of Sir Eglamour of Artois, whose terrific struggle to win the fair Christabel entranced readers for many decades; and of Sir John Mandeville, the reputed author of a fabulous book of travels (published between 1357 and 1371) that is justly placed among the romances.

In stanza 8 we read of Valentine and Orson, nephews of King Pepin and heroes of a well-known romance; of Alfred and Henry, about whom I know nothing; of *The Four Sons of Aymon*, which Caxton had translated and printed; of *Duke Huon of Bordeaux*, which Lord Berners had translated and Wynkyn de Worde had printed about 1534; and of Godfrey of Bouillon, the famous crusader, one of the Nine Worthies, and hero of Tasso's epic, *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Stanza 9 is entirely devoted to the national hero, Guy of Warwick. The giant Brandimore, whom Guy is said to have slain, should be, I suppose, either Colbrand or Amarant. The name is apparently confused with that of Wandomire, the constable of Cologne, whom Guy conquered and imprisoned; or else with Bevis of Hampton's Bradamond, as Drayton gives it in the second song of the *Poly-Olbion*. Guy was as popular in ballads as in romances.[3] "A Pleasant Song of the Valiant Deeds of Chivalry Achieved by that Noble Knight, Sir Guy

---

[1] Possibly Sir Gowther, the "half-brother of Merlin, for one fiend begot them both," who at the age of fifteen bore a "fachon" (the "bill" of the ballad?) that nobody else could carry (see Karl Breul's *Sir Gowther*, 1883, 1886). But that personage came from Austria, not from Holland.

[2] Perhaps there is some connection between this hero and the old play of *Cutlack* that was acted by the Admiral's Men ten times from May 16 to September 28, 1594 (Greg, *Henslowe's Diary*, II, 163).

[3] See R. S. Crane, "The Vogue of Guy of Warwick," *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XXX (1915), 125–194.

of Warwick" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 734–736), first issued in 1592 and constantly reprinted, says of the Dun Cow:

> On *Dunsmore-heath* I also slew a monstrous wild and cruel beast,
> Call'd the *Dun Cow* of *Dunsmore-heath*, which many people had opprest:
> Some of her bones in *Warwick* yet still for a monument do lie;
> Which unto every looker's view as wondrous strange they may espy.

In Richard Lloyd's *A briefe discourse of the most renowned actes and right valiant conquests of those puisant Princes, called the Nine worthies* (1584) Guy summarizes his own feats:

> [I] slew the *Souldans* cousin eke, who had to name *Coldran.*
> And *Eskeldart* a famous knight to death I did pursew.
>
> I slew the Giant *Amerant*, in battell hand to hand:
> And doughtie *Barnard* killed eke, and Duke of *Painie* land.
> And sithens came into *England*, and there with *Colbrand* fought.
>
> In *Windsor* forrest I did kill a *Bore* of passing strength,
> Whose like in *England* neuer was for highnes, breadth, and length.
> Some of his bones in *Warwicke* yet, within the castle lie:
> One of his shields vnto this daie doth hang in *Couentrie.*
> I slew also in *Dunsmore* heath a monsterous wild beast,
> Cald the Dun cow of *Dunsmore*, which manie men oppress:
> Hir bones also in *Warwicke* lie yet, for a monument,
> Which vnto euerie looker on a woonder may present.
> And in *Northumberland* I did a Dragon fell destroie,
> Which did both men and beasts oppresse and country sore annoie.

Stanza 10 takes up another great national hero, King Richard I. The Middle English romance of *Richard Coer de Lion* (Henry Weber, *Metrical Romances*, II [1810], 1–278), part 1, chapter iii, tells how, returning from the Holy Land through Germany, Richard was betrayed and was imprisoned by the German king. In a buffeting-match which is proposed by the king's son, Ardour, Richard strikes him dead. The king then orders a lion turned into the cell to devour his enemy, but Richard is undaunted:

> In at hys throte hys arme he gerte;
> Rent out the herte with hys hand,
> Lungges, and lyvere, and al that he fand.

Hence the name, Richard Coeur de Lion. More detailed accounts are given in Wynkyn de Worde's edition of the romance of *Kynge Rycharde cuer du lyon*, C7–C7^{v}, and in "A Princely song of King *Richard Cordelion* King of England," a ballad included in Richard Johnson's *Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and Delicate Delights*, 1620, A8–B3.

Stanza 11 praises Henry V, whose victory over the French at Agincourt is the subject of No. 2. In the final stanza the patron saints of Wales, Spain, and Ireland are referred to, but the author's comments on St. Patrick and his explanation of the English enslavement of Ireland are hardly such as to appeal to sons of Erin.

Ben Jonson evidently knew this ballad; for in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, II. i, Nightingale says that he has a ballad of "Saint George, that, O! did break the dragon's heart," — an obvious reference to the refrain. For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 286–287.

Saint Georges commendation to all Souldiers: or, S. Georges Alarum to all that professe Martiall discipline, with a memoriall of the Worthies, who haue been borne so high on the winges of Fame for their braue aduentures, as they cannot be buried in the pit of obliuion.

To a pleasant new tune.

1 WHy doe you boast of *Arthur* and his Knightes,
Knowing how many men haue endured fightes,
Besides King *Arthur*, and *Lancelot du Lake*,
Sir *Tristam de Lionel*, that fought for Ladyes sake:
Read old Histories, and then thou shalt see,
Saint *George*, Saint *George* the Dragon made to flee;
S. *George* for *England*, S. *Dennis* is for *France*,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y panse*.

2 Marke our father *Abraham* when first he reschued *Lot*,
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:
Dauid elected a Prophet and a King,
He slew the great *Goliah* with a stone within a sling:
Yet these were not Knightes of the Table round.
S. *George*, S. *George*, the Dragon did confound:
S. *George* for *England*, S. *Dennis* is for *France*,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y panse*.

3 *Iason* and *Gedion* did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the *Amorites*, and put them all to flight,
Hercules his labours on the plaines of *Basse*,[1]
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the iaw-bone of an Asse:
And then he threw a Temple downe, and did a mighty spoyle,
S. *George*, saint *George* the Dragon he did foyle:
S. *George* for *England*, saint *Dennis* is for *France*, *&c.*

[1] Possibly an error for *Trace* (*i. e.*, Thrace).

4 The Warres of the Monarches, they were too long to tell,
And next of all the *Romans*, for they did farre excell,
When that *Hanyball* and *Scipio*, so many fieldes did fight,
Orlando Furioso was a Worthy Knight:
Remus and *Romulus* that *Rome* first did build.
S. *George*, saint *George* the Dragon made to yeeld.
S. *George* for *England*, saint *Dennis*, *&c.*

5 The noble *Alfonso*, which was the spanish King,
The order of the Red-scarffes and Ben-rowles he did bring,
He had a troope of mighty Knightes when first he did begin,
that sought aduentures far & neere, what conquest they might win
The rankes of the *Pagans* he often put to flight,
S. *George*, saint *George* did with the Dragon fight,
S. *George* for *England*, *&c.*

6 Many haue fought with proud *Tamberlaine*,
Cutlax the *Dane*, great Warres he did maintaine.
Rowland of *Breame*, and good saint *Oliuer*
In the Forrest of *Acon* slew both Woolfe and Beare:
Besides that noble *Hollander*, saint *Goward* with the Bill.
S. *George* saint *Gorge* the Dragons blood did spill,
S. *George* for *England*, *&c.*

7 *Beuis* conquer'd *Ascupart*, and after slew the Boore,
And then he crost beyond the seas, to combat with the *Moore*.
Sir *Isonbras*, and *Iglesmore*, they were Knights bold.
And good sir *Iohn Mandeuile* of trauell much hath told:
These were *English* Knights, that *Pagans* did conuert.
S. *George*, saint *George* pluckt out the Dragons heart.
S. *Gorge* for *England*, *&c.*

8 *Valentine* and *Orson* of King *Pipins* blood,
Alfride and *Henry*, they were Knights good:
The foure sonnes of *Amon*, that followed *Charlemaine*,
Hughan of *Burdeax*, and *Godfrey* of *Bullaine:*

These were foure French Knights, that liued in that age.
S. *George*, saint *George* the Dragon did asswage:
S. *George* for *England*, *&c.*

9 The noble Earle of *Warwicke*, that called was *Sir Guy*,
The Infidels and Pagans, much he did defie:
He slew the Giant *Brandimore*, and after was the death
Of that most gastly Dun-cow, the Diuell of Duns-more heath
Besides his noble deedes done beyond the seas.
S. *George*, saint *George* the Dragon did appease,
S. *George* for *England*, *&c.*

10 *Richard* the first, King of this land,
He gored the Lion with his naked hand:
The Duke of *Austria* nothing did he feare,
He killed his sonne with a boxe on the eare:
Besides, his famous actes done in the Holy land.
S. *George*, saint *George* the Dragon did withstand;
S. *George* for *England*, *&c.*

11 *Henrie* the fift, he conquered all *France*,
And quartered his Armes, his honour to aduance:
He raced their Cities, and threw their Castle downe,
And honoured his head with a double double Crowne.
He thumped the *French-men*, and homeward then he came,
S. *George*, saint *George* the Dragon he did tame:
Saint *George* for *England*, saint *Dennis* is for *France*,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y panse.*

12 Saint *Dauid* of *Wales*, the Welchmen much aduanc'de,
Saint *Iaques* of *Spaine*, that neuer yet broke Lance:
Saint *Patricke* of *Ireland*, which was saint *Georges* boy,
And seuen yeeres he kept his Horse, that then stole him away:

For which filthy fact, as slaues they doe remaine:
Saint *George*, saint *George* the Dragon he hath slaine,
Saint *George* for *England*, saint *Dennis* is for *France*,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y panse.*

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by W. W. 1612.

7

I have fresh cheese and cream

1, 340, black letter, two columns, one woodcut. The lower right-hand margin is trimmed so closely that part of the date has been cut from the colophon.

It would be difficult to find a more interesting Jacobean account of London street-cries than is condensed into these nine stanzas. It seems to me likely that this ballad is closely connected in time — possibly also in authorship — with the street-cry ballad, "Turner's Dish of Lenten Stuff," reprinted in my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 30–38. The latter, for instance, says:

> Will you buy any Milke,
> I heare a wench to cry,
> With a paile of fresh Cheese and creame,
> another after hies.
>
> Oh the wench went neately,
> my thought it did me good:
> To see her cheery cheekes,
> so dimpled ore with blood,
> Her wastecoate washed white:
> as any lilly flower,
> would I had time to talke with her
> the space of halfe an houre.

This passage undoubtedly imitates, or is imitated by, "I Have Fresh Cheese and Cream." The latter is superior to Turner's ballad because it is purely descriptive, not satirical. Other points of resemblance are found in the diction of the two ballads, but it seems impossible to solve the question of priority. "Turner's Dish" was printed about 1612, and that date may be tentatively assigned to the present ballad. It is worthy of note that W. W., whose initials appear in the colophon of "I Have Fresh Cheese and Cream," printed "London's Lottery" (No. 4) and "St. George's Commendation" (No. 6) in 1612.

Stanza 3 apparently lacks a line.

A new Ballad intituled, I haue fresh Cheese and Creame.

To a new tune.

1 IN London lately as I went,
Along the streetes to try,
Many a pretty Wench I saw,
Along the streetes to cry:
But none so sweete,
Which I there could meete,
As there was a handsome Wench,
That sang in Colman streete,
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame.

2 Vpon her backe she wore
A Fustian wastcoate white,
Her Bodyes and her Stomacher,
Were fastned very tite.
Her Neckenger of Holland sure,
Her voyce was shrill and very pure:
Her Ware she opened straight
To any that would buy.
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame.

3 She pleased me full well,
In singing of her noate;
She sung not like an Oyster whore,
That ratleth in the throat:
Which made me to admier,
And askt her name, but with the same,
She cryed then more higher.
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue, &c.

4 With that I marked all the trades
Were round about the Cittie,
The cryes of youngmen, boyes, and maydes,
And all their pleasant dittie:

Ripe Cherrie, ripe ripe,
Hotte Pippin-pies, they pipe:
Hay 'ny Boules or Trayes to mende?
White young Radish, white.
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue, &c.

5 Will you buy any Aqua-viti?
Sweepe Chimney sweepe:
Buy any Writing pennes, or Incke?
Will you buy any Milke?
Will you buy Pippins fine,
Or Lemmons for your Wine?
Will you buy any Blacking,
Twill make your shooes to shine?
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue, &c.

6 Old shooes; will you buy any Broomes?
Will you buy a Siue?
Hay 'ny old Bellowes to mende?
Hay 'ny Wood to cleaue?
Will you buy any scuruy [1] Grasse?
Will you buy any Glasses?
Ripe saint Thomas Onions.
But then began this Lasse,
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue fresh, &c.

7 Buy a Matte for a Bedde.
New Mustles, Lilly white.
Buy a fine Tinder box.
What Kitchinstuffe hay ye Maydes?
I haue white young Leekes.
Hay 'ny old Dublets?
I haue ripe Cowcumbers ripe.
Hay 'ny Cornes ay'r feete.
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue fresh, &c.

[1] *Text* sucruy.

8 I haue fine Pomegranuts.
Hotte Codlings hotte.
I haue ripe Strawberries.
Dee lacke sir, what dee lacke,
Bandes, Shirtes, or Ruffes,
Handkerchers, or Cuffes:
Garters, Kniues, or Purses,
Or Muscoua silken Muffes?
I haue fresh Cheese and Creame,
I haue fresh, &c.

9 By no meanes can I get,
To know her dwelling place:
She was so deckt with comlines,
And bodyed with such grace.
I would not care a rush,
So [1] might haue my wish,
To haue her stay all night with me,
which were a better dish,
then her fresh Cheese and Creame,
then her fresh Cheese and Creame.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by W. W. 16[12?].

[1] *Read* So I.

8

Room for company

I, 168–169, black letter, five columns, four woodcuts.

The ballad was registered by John Trundle under the title (taken from one of its refrains) of "Rome for company in Bartholomew faire" on October 22, 1614 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2324). It was published by E. W., perhaps Edward White, Jr. The pleasant new tune — *Room for company* or, as it was called later, *Room for cuckolds* — will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 322–323. It is used also for No. 36, and is frequently referred to in Commonwealth news-books. For example, *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 5, July 4–11, 1650, p. 66, remarks,

> "*Room for* Cuckows, *here comes a Company.*
> *Room for Cuckows* —"

The ballad appears to be imitated in *Mercurius Democritus*, No. 21, August 18–25, 1652, pp. 163–164, in a song with the refrain,

> Wee'l entertain mirth, and banish dispair,
> And welcome all *Cuckolds* to *Bartholmew-Fair.*

The author evidently intended to enumerate all the trades and occupations represented in the fair, and he mercilessly strings out his verses. Although the curious and instructive list gives vividly a picture of the motley crowd that swarmed around the booths, yet that anyone could have listened in patience to the singing of these twenty-one stanzas, or could have taken the time to sing them himself, seems incredible. But the ballad is hardly so relentless as *A booke in Englysh metre, of the great Marchaunt man called "Dives Pragmaticus,"* which at even greater length lists the trades and professions in vogue in the year 1563. The ballad is a valuable foot-note to the masterly scenes of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), with which it is almost exactly contemporaneous.

Roome for Companie, heere comes Good Fellowes.

To a pleasant new tune.

1 ROome for Company,
heere comes good fellowes,
Roome for Company,
in Bartholmew Faire.
Coblers and Broome-men,
Iaylors and Loome-men:
Roome for Company
in Bartholmew Faire.
Botchers and Taylors,
Shipwrights and Saylors,
Roome for Company,
well may they fare.

2 Roome for Company,
here comes good fellowes,
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew fare.
Tinkers and Brasiers,
Glassemen and Glasiers:
Roome for Company,
in Bartholmew fare.
Fidlers and Pipers,
Drummes, Flagges, & Fiffers,
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

3 Roome for Company,
here comes good fellowes, &c.
Coopers, and Cutlers,
Then Cookes and Butlers:
Roome for company
in Bartholmew fare.
Tanners and Curryers,
Tawers and Furryers:
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

4 Roome for Company,
here comes good fellowes, &c.
Pauiers, Bricklayers
Potters and Brickmakers,
Roome for company, &c.
Pinners and Pewterers,
Plommars and Frewterers,
Roome for company, &c.

5 Roome for Company,
here comes good fellowes.
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew faire.
Pointers and Hosiers,
Salemen and Clothiers,
Roome for company, &c.
Horse coursers, Carryers:
Blacksmithes and Farryers,
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

6 Roome for Company,
here comes, &c.
Girdlers, Imbrotherers,
Spurryers and Soderers,
Roome for company, &c.
Carmen, Care-takers,
And Basket-makers:
Roome for company, &c.

7 Roome for company,
heere comes, &c.
Turners and Draymen,
Horners and Laymen,
Roome for company, &c.
Chandlers and Salters,
Millers and Malsters,
Roome for company, &c.

8 Roome for company, &c.
Belfounders, Clock-makers,
Lockesmithes and Iackemakers,
Roome for company, &c.
Carpenters and Ioyners,
Clippers and Coyners:
Roome for company, &c.

9 Roome for company, &c.
Fencers, Inkeepers,
And Chimnisweepers:
Roome for company, &c.
Hatmakers, Sadlers,
Shoemakers, Haglers,
Roome for company, &c.

10 Roome for Company,
here comes good fellowes,
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew faire.
Brokers, Tobaccosellers,
Tapsters in Beere-cellers:
Roome for company, &c.
Glouers and Cakebakers,
With Cumfetmakers:
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

11 Roome for company,
here comes, &c.
Collyers and Caruers,
Barbers and Weauers,
Roome for company, &c.
Sargiants and Yeomen,
Farmers and Ploughmen:
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

12 Roome for company, &c.
Drouers and Shepheards,
Sowgelders, Neatheards:
Roome for company, &c.
Keepers and Cunny-catchers,
Baylyes and Rat-catchers,
Roome for company, &c.

13 Roome for company, &c.
Lyers and Swearers,
With water-bearers,
Roome for company, &c.
Iuglers and Iesters,
And Borrowers of Testers:
Roome for company, &c.

14 Roome for company, &c.
Sheeremen and Wolmen,
Milpickers and Mealemen,
Roome for company, &c.
Scullers and Fishermen,
Oastlers and Night-men:
Roome for company, &c.

The Second part of Roome for Company. &c.

15 ROome for company,
here come good fellowes,
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew faire.
Butchers and Poulters:
Drunkards and Porters:
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew faire,
Clarkes, I and Scriueners,
Informers and Sumners:
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

16 Roome for company,
here comes good fellowes,
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew faire,
Beareherds and Ropemakers,
Ploughwrights and Haymakers:
Roome for company
here comes, &c.[1]
Canters, Quacksaluers,
Mummers and Maunders,
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

17 Roome for company, &c.
Brewers and Bakers,
And Tobacco takers,
Roome for company, &c.
Freemasons and Playsterers,
Taylers and Labourers:
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

18 Roome for company,
here comes, &c,
Belfounders, Felmongers,
Bellousmenders, Woodmongers,
Roome for, &c.
Pumpmakers, Glassemakers,
Chamberlaines and Matmakers
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

19 Roome for company,
here comes good Fellowes, &c.
Collermakers, Needlemakers,
Buttonmakers, Fiddlemakers:
Roome for company, &c.

[1] *The line should be* in Bartholmew Faire.

Fletchers and Bowyers,
Drawers and Sawyers:
Roome for company,
well may they fare.

Roome for Company,
here come good Fellowes,
Roome for Company,
in Bartholmew Faire.
Cutpurses and Cheaters,
And Bawdy-house-doore keepers:
Roome for company, &c.
Punkes, I and Panders,
And Casheer'd Commanders:
Roome for Company,
ill may they fare.

Roome for company,
here comes good fellowes, &c.
Alcumistes and Pedlers,
Whoores, Bawdes, & Beggers:
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew Faire:
Auncients and Banners,
Concluders, with Scanners,
Roome for company,
in Bartholmew Faire.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for E. W.

9

A young man's opinion

1, 230–231, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

W. I. are probably the initials of William Jones, who printed from 1601 to 1626, and this ballad must have appeared about 1615, for in 1620 it was included, to the tune of *The young man's opinion*, in the third edition of Richard Johnson's *Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and Delicate Delights*. "The young mans opinion" was registered at Stationers' Hall on February 7, 1638 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 3069), by Thomas Lambert. The original version of the ballad was composed by George Wither (1588–1667), and printed in his *Faire-Virtue, The Mistresse of Phil'Arete*, 1622 (*Juvenilia, Poems by George Wither*, Spenser Society reprint, part III, pp. 854–855). It may have been composed, however, before 1610,[1] for in that year it was apparently referred to in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act II, in the song,

> Why, an if she be, what care I?
> Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

It is also imitated by a poem beginning "Shall I, like an hermit, dwell," — reprinted in *The London Magazine*, III (August, 1734), 444; in J. Hannah's poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, in *The Courtly Poets*, 1870, pp. 82–83; and in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 315, — a poem that on insufficient evidence has been attributed to Raleigh.

In *Faire-Virtue* the poem has five stanzas, which correspond — save for numerous small verbal changes that are indicated in my foot-notes — to stanzas 1–4 of the ballad plus a new stanza (inserted between stanzas 3 and 4), which follows:

> Cause her Fortune seemes too high,
> Shall I play the foole, and dye?
> Those that beare a Noble minde,
> Where they want of Riches find,

[1] It is worthy of note that the printer in his preface to *Faire-Virtue* informs the reader that "this, being one of the *Authours* first *Poems*, was composed many yeares agone." See also Percy Simpson, "Walkley's Piracy of Wither's Poems in 1620," *The Library*, VI (1925), 271–277.

Thinke, what with them, they would doe,
That without them, dare to wooe.
And, vnlesse that mind I see,
What care I, though Great she be.

"A Sonnet" in imitation of Wither's poem was written by Thomas Heywood and printed in his *Gunaikeion: or, Nine Bookes of Various History*, 1624, pp. 288–289.[1] The first of its five stanzas runs thus:

Though my Mistresse seeme in show,
Whiter than the Pyrene Snow:
Though I fitly might compare her
To the Lyllies, or things rarer,
Christall, or to yce congeal'd
If those parts that lie conceal'd,
Be others giuen and kept from mee,
What care I how faire she bee.

The poem was answered stanza by stanza in a small book called *A Description of Love, with certain Epigrams, Elegies, and Sonnets, and also Master Johnson's Answer to Master Withers*, 1625 (reprinted in Ben Jonson's *Works*, ed. Gifford-Cunningham, IX [1875], 343).[2] The first two stanzas are:

Shall I my affections slack
'Cause I see a woman's black,
Or myself with care cast down
'Cause I see a woman's brown?
Be she blacker than the night
Or the blackest jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be?

Shall my foolish heart be burst
'Cause I see a woman's curst,
Or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joined in as bad a feature?
Be she curst, or fiercer than
Brutish beast or savage man,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be?

A Scotch version of Wither's poem (five stanzas) appears in the

[1] Joseph Haslewood, not knowing of Heywood's authorship, reprinted this poem in *The British Bibliographer*, I (1810), 535, "from an old MS."

[2] In the only early edition I have seen, that of 1626, "Master *Johnsons* answer to Master *Withers*" is on sigs. $D4$–$D5^{v}$.

Bannatyne Manuscript (ed. Hunterian Club, IV, 1077–1078). The opening lines will suffice for illustration:

Sould I wrestle in dispair,
Die becaus a womans fair?
Sall my cheikis wax paille with cair,
Causs anvther rosy ar?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flourie meidis in May,
If she be not so to me,
Quhat cair I how fair she be?

Finally (though numerous other imitations could easily be cited) *The Second Part of Robin Good-Fellow*, 1628 (ed. Collier, p. 33, Percy Society, 1841), states that Robin Good-fellow would "change his note and sing this following, to the tune of *What care I how faire she be?*

Be she blacker then the stocke,
If that thou wilt make her faire,
Put her in a cambricke smocke,
Buy her painte and flaxen haire . . ."

Three other stanzas follow.

It may be worth adding that there is an apparent imitation of Wither's song in the *Britannia's Pastorals* (book II, song ii) of his friend William Browne; that a parody, "The Shepherd Philarete's Resolution on the Royal Exchange. By G. W., Gentleman," beginning "Tell me not this *Burse* is rich," occurs in Sir William Tite's *A Garland for the New Royal Exchange*, 1845, pp. 52–53; and that the first two lines are sung by Stephen Guest in the seventh chapter of the sixth book of *The Mill on the Floss*.

To the nucleus of Wither's poem the ballad-writer added thirteen stanzas of his own composition, some of which, at least, show no lowering of tone. But Wither, no doubt, was disgruntled at the borrowing, though he had no legal redress, and though other songs of his had been similarly treated. For example, also from *Faire-Virtue* (Wither's *Juvenilia*, III, 889–893) came "An excellent Sonnet: Or, The Swaine's Complaint," with its refrain of "I am in love, and cannot tell with whom," which is reprinted in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 336–341, and which itself may have been suggested by Peg's song in *Wily Beguild*, *ca.* 1596 (1606, E2^{v}), —

Yfaith, yfaith, I canot tell what to doe,
I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell whoe.

The tune of *Shall I wrestling* [for *wasting*] *in despair*, used for Nos. 24 and 39, is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 315–316.

A new Song of a Young mans opinion, of the difference betweene good and bad Women.

To a pleasant new tune.

1 SHall I wrestling [1] in dispaire,
Dye because a womans faire,
Shall my cheekes looke pale [2] with care,[3]
Cause anothers rosie are:
Be she fairer then the day,
Or the flowry meads in May:
If she thinke not well of me,[4]
What care I how faire she be.

2 Shall my foolish heart be pinde,[5]
Because [6] I see a Woman kinde,
Or a well disposed nature,
Ioyned with a comely [7] feature,
Be she meeker kinder then,
The [8] Turtle Doue or pellican:
If she be not such [9] *to me,*
What care I how kind she be.

3 Shall a womans goodnesse [10] moue,
Me to perish for her loue,
Or her worthy merites [11] knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne,
Be she with that goodnesse blest,
As may merit name of best,[12]
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

4 Be she [13] good or kinde or faire,
I will neuer [14] more dispaire,
If she loue me this beleeue,
I will dye ere she shall grieue,

[1] *Read* wasting *with W.* [2] *Text* rale.
[3] Or make pale my cheekes with care *W.* [4] be not so to me *W.*
[5] Should my heart be grieud or pin'd *W.* [6] Cause *W.*
[7] louely *W.* [8] *W. omits.* [9] not so *W.*
[10] Virtues *W.* [11] Or, her well-deseruing *W.*
[12] Which may gaine her, name of *Best* (*W*).
[13] Great, or *W.* [14] ne're the *W.*

If she slight me when I woe,
I will [1] scorne and let her goe.
If she be not fit for me,[2]
What care I for whome she be.

5 Shall a Woman sweet of voyce,
Make my foolish heart reioyce:
Or the pleasures of her tongue,
Be the meanes to doe me wrong:
If she had the sweetes of minde,
Aboue the pitch of women kinde,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how sweet she be.

6 Shall a Woman truely wise,
Draw amazement from mine eyes,
Wondring that from such a Creature
Wisdome thus should come by nature
And comprehend the best of thinges
That from ye well of wisdome springs:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how wise she be.

7 Shall *Cupid* set my heart on fire,
To see a womans chast desire,
And no fond perswasions moue,
A chang vnto her mayden loue,
With purity of vertue grac't,
To make her more in liuing chast:
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how chast she be.

8 Shall all the sweetes that doe belong,
Vnto a beauty faire and young,
Vpon a womans forehead shine,
To make a Creature most deuine,

[1] can *W.*
[2] For, if shee be not for me *W.*

when on her cheeks ỹ youthfull bloud,
In prime of May begins to bud,
Yet if she [be] [1] *not such to me,*
What care I how young she be.

9 Then if she be young or chast,
Or with the best of Women plac't,
And of my loue will not thinke strange
No life shall be ere I will change:
But if regardles I her finde.
Farewell false loue Ile change my mind
Then is she not so fit for me,
As I desire my loue should be.

FINIS.

The second part of the Young mans Opinion. To the same tune.

10 SHall I cast affection downe,
Because I see a Woman browne:
Shall beauties changling kill desire,
Or loathing quench out fancies fire.
Be she browne or blacke or foule,
Or fronted like a broad eyd Owle,
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how foule she be.

11 Shall my heart with sorrow burst,
Because I see a Woman curst:
Or shall I griue when I behold,
The picture of a parfect scold:
Be her tongue so truely euill,
That well might tire the very Deuill:
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how curst she be.

[1] Omitted in the text.

12 Shall a Womans badnes make,
Me leaue true louing for her sake,
Yet crosse a Woman of her will,
Her best of good is worse then ill,
Best or worst what ere befall,
Bad is good wheres none at all.
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how bad she be.

13 Shall I of my life be weary,
To see a foolish woman merry,
Or shall I thinke my selfe vnfit,
To speake to one that hath no wit,
This *Maxem* oft hath past in Scholes
Our greatest plagues are womē fooles
Yet if they be not such to me,
What care I what fooles they be.

14 Shall a Womans proud attyre,
Inueagle me with fond desire:
Or shall his [1] strange deuised shape,
Transforme me to a wondring Ape,
Be she of the proudest fashion
On euery limbe a seuerall nation.
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how proud she be.

15 Shall a Womans tempting smile,
Accuse her for a Crokadile:
Or shall I trust a wantons eyes,
That most dissembles when she cryes,
Be Women made of euill holy,
To draw vs men to wanton folly,
Yet if they be not such to me,
What care I how ill they be.

16 Shall a Woman that is olde,
Freeze my fancy vp with colde,
Shall olde desires with pleasures met,[2]
Within a coffin and a sheet:

[1] *Read* her.

[2] *I. e.*, meet.

Shall doting age on beauty gaze,
When youth hath spent her brightest blaze
Yet if she dote not thus on me,
What care I how olde she be.

17 Shall Women[1] all affecting features,
Make me iudge thē Angell Creatures
Shal I thinke thē come from Heauen,
To be an earthly blessing giuen,
Be good or bad or what you please,
The lesse we need them most at ease.
Be what they will if not for me.
I care not then what Women be.

FINIS.

Printed at London by W. I.

[1] *Read* Women's.

10

A maiden's lamentation

1, 286–287, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts, slightly torn, with a few letters missing in stanza 19. Another copy (*B*) is at 1, 246–247: it is badly mutilated, although most of the words can still be made out; and it differs considerably from the present text in the titles of its First and Second Parts, though in the verses the changes are mainly those of spelling or punctuation — too unimportant to deserve complete mention. Both copies came from the book-stalls of John White, whose publishing-dates were 1613–1624, and they have identical woodcuts. A date of 1615 may be assumed to be approximately correct for "A Maiden's Lamentation."

A brief ballad, with the title of "Lye: alone:" — preserved in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Loose and Humorous Songs*, pp. 55–56, and (with changes in phraseology) in Richard Johnson's *Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures*, etc., 1620, — begins like the Pepys ballad,

> Can any one tell what I ayle?
> that I looke soe leane, soe wan, soe pale.
> if I may be there Iudge, I thinke there is none
> that can any longer lye alone.

Four of the five stanzas that follow this quatrain have the refrain "I can, nor will, noe longer Lye alone," but in all other particulars they differ from the Pepys ballad.

The tune (cf. No. 11) may be named from lines — "That I may giue you kisses, one, two or three" — occurring in the first stanza of "A Country New Jig between Simon and Susan. . . . To the tune of *I can nor will no longer lie alone*, or *Falero lero lo*"[1] (Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland*, p. 133). But no music under any of these three names seems to be known. The meter of "A Maiden's Lamentation" is rough and irregular.

---

[1] "Falero! lero! loo!" is the refrain of a ballad, beginning "I loved a lass, a fair one," in *A Description of Love*, 1626, C4–C6 (1629 ed., reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, VII [1883], 11–14).

A Maydens Lamentation for a Bedfellowe. Or, I can, nor will no longer lye alone. As it hath beene[1] sung at the Court.

To the tune of, *I will giue thee kisses one, two, or three.*

1 CAn any Man tell what I ayle?
Because I looke so weake, so wan, so pale:
Sighing to the walles I make my mone,
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

2 Why doe I breath vpon the ground,
Where no comfort alacke can be found?
I know not to whome to make my mone,
That I may no longer ly alone.

3 Was euer Maide so much with-stood,
When she[2] complaines for Youngmens good?
Tis my cruell frinds hath me orethrowne:
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

4 Long haue I sought Mans loue to obtaine,
Yet still am I repaid[3] with deepe disdayne:
I would my heart to some kind Man were known
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

5 What though my Parents striue to procure
That I should a Mayden still endure?
Do they what they will, I must haue one,
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

6 Why should hard harted Men say nay,
When it doth belong to them to pray?
Oh, I would neuer wish to haue them gone:
Cause I can no longer ly alone.

7 Some Maydes are coy because they are fayre,
And some likewise being a Rich-mans Heyre:
Had I both these gifts I would be coy to none:
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

[1] been often *B.* [2] she but *B.* [3] *Text* repaind.

8 Did *Venus* her Son, God *Cupid* know
This my pining paine, and endles woe,
They would melt their hearts, though as hard as stone,
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

9 Some Maides are coy, and proud withall,
When alasse their beautie is but small:
Whilst I liue Ile nere be coy to none,
Because I will no longer ly alone.

10 But alas the Gods that belong to loue,
Seeke not to redresse, nor yet remoue
This, that makes my heart to melt with mone:
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

11 Therefore Ile seeke each priuate part,
Till I chaunce to find a constant heart,
That will ease my mind, with woe oregrowne:
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

12 You Maides that euer did feele such woes,
Pittie her whose greefe to height thus growes:
Many a brinish teare on the earth I haue sowne,
I can, nor will no longer ly alone.

13 And Young-men all that see my case,
Take some pittie on my Maiden face:
Rid me of my cares and griefes each one:
And let me now no longer ly alone.

FINIS.

The Mans comfortable answer to the Mayden that can nor will no longer ly alone.

To the tune of, *I will giue thee kisses one, &c.*[1]

14 ALack faire Maide, make no such woe,
On thy cheekes so pale Ile make two Roses grow
Now I know your greefe, Ile ease your moane:
Thou shalt not any longer ly alone.

15 Doe not despaire, for men are kind,
Loue he can not see, for he is blind,
Deafe he is likewise as any stone:
Then come to me my deere, ly not alone.

16 Young-men do want but that you haue:
Tis nought but your selfe that I do craue:
You take delight to heare vs sigh and groane,
And care not if we alwayes ly alone.

[1] *In B the title is:* The Mans comfortable Ansvvere. To the same tune.

17 You say you loue, yet still seeme coy,
Cause you know you are a Young-mans Ioy:
Suters you haue store, abrode, and at home,
And yet you say y'are forst to ly alone.

18 What if your Friends doe forward prooue?
Yet ther's nothing like to faithfull Loue:
Breake but foorth the Cage, and thou art flowne,
And then you neuer more shall ly alone.

19 [If] we doe sue, and woe with teares
[Y]ou are eyther deafe, or stop your eares:
[S]lightly you regard a Louers moane,
And say, you take delight to ly alone.

20 Beauty doth cause you to looke strange:
Tis your wealth that makes your mind to change
Yet your answers this, that you haue none:
And neere regard poore Men that ly alone.

21 *Cupid* hath strooke my loue sicke heart
With a Shaft as keene as *Phebus* dart:
Loues tide is at the height, and ouerflowne,
I can not any longer ly alone.

22 Beauty keepes Court vpon thy brow;
Let not coy disdayne fond scuse alow:
Giue me but the Flesh, and keepe the Bone,
For such as loue to liue and ly alone.

23 *Ioue* from the Skies assended heere,
For the loue of one he held most deare:
If Loue did fetch the Gods from heauens throne,
How can I but a Man, still ly alone?

24 Within my breast a heart doth ly,
Spotlesse as the Sunne in clearest Sky:
Deare, let sorrowes blasts be ouer blowne:
Let thou and I no longer ly alone.

25 Many haue felt like paines as I,
A true heart neare is knowne before you try:
Then (dearest) cease to weep, or make such mone:
Thou shalt not any longer ly alone.

26 Blame not all men, if some be vnkind,
Though some be bad, yet al's not of one mind;
Doe not thinke our hearts are made of stone,
To let such prettie Creatures ly alone.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for [1] Iohn White.

[1] Printed for *B.*

11

The Northamptonshire lover

1, 324–325, black letter, five columns, four woodcuts.

A pleasant wooing song, in which the lover, when repulsed by his sweetheart, "seemed to part away," whereupon the damsel recalled him and agreed to marry. He showed a devastating knowledge of convention and psychology, which, if possessed by all the heroes of romances, plays, and moving-pictures, would bring stories to abrupt and premature ends. Few writers could endure a lover wise enough to look back or to re-enter a room where he has just left the heroine, for almost invariably he would see her weeping, with outstretched, love-aching arms — and the plot would be ruined.

The tune of *Falero lero lo* is, as I point out in the notes to No. 10, interchangeable with *I can nor will no longer lie alone* and *I will give thee kisses, one, two, or three;* but none of these tunes is known. The date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1615. It ought to be settled definitely from the allusion in stanza 18; but I am unable to explain how and when Northamptonshire helped alleviate the woe of London. Possibly the reference is to a plague-year. Northampton was on the great north road from London, and was, accordingly, visited by a continuous stream of Londoners flying from their plague-stricken city. In the plague-year 1625, however, as John Taylor, the Water Poet, points out in *The Fearful Summer*, all the country people were extremely uncharitable to the London refugees. Henry Petowe, in *The Countrie Ague*, 1625, B4, says that in the country Londoners found "*Iack Drumes* entertainment. Oh vncharitable, inhumaine and ingratefull people: Indeed it argued no Christianitie in you." He adds that "*Tom Tell-troth*, hath Ballatized many of their miseries and bad vsage in the Countrey." Similar testimony is offered by Henry Petowe's *Londoners Their Entertainment in the Countrie. Or the whipping of Runnawayes. Wherein is described, Londons Miserie. The Countries Crueltie. And Mans Inhumanitie* (1604).

The *Northampton-shire* Louer, or a pleasant Dialogue betweene a *Northampton*-shire Gentleman and a Marchants daughter of London.

To the tune of *Falero lero lo.*

1 THou sweetest of complexion,
whose beauty doth intice:
My heart liues in subiection,
thy loue did it surprise:
Let onely this suffice,
thy vertues I doe know,
Which maketh me to loue thee,
Fa lero lero lo.

2 Wert thou not so regardlesse,
of my most kindly offer,
And Mayden-like rewardlesse,
wouldst entertaine my proffer,
My Fathers richest coffer,
on thee I would bestow,
For still me thinkes I loue thee:
Fa lero, lero lo.

3 Of all my Predecessors,
I am the onely heyre,
That liueth in *North-hampton-shire*,
that country rich and faire:
Yet howsoere I fare,
my loue shall not be slow:
Thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

4 My Father being deceased,
marke but my store of land,
Which were my loue appeased,
should be at thy command:
Doe not my loue withstand,
and thou my state shalt know:
Thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

5 Three hundred goodly Akers,
of fallow Land is mine,
With threescore fiue halfe Akers,
which next to them do ioyne:
For roodes and part of fetches,
I haue as many mo,
Yet thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

6 Vnsowne doth lye so much more,
from weeds and thistles cleere:
Which cause shall be more fruitfull,
is kept vntill next yeare:
Wouldst thou imbrace thy Deere,
all this thou shouldst haue too,
Thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

7 Full fifty head of goodly kine,
my father free doth keepe,
Three goodly teame of Horses,
and full three thousand sheepe:
Beside his swine and poultrey,
then let not loue be slow,
Thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

8 His tenements are many,
built strong of lime and stone,
In *North-hampton* standeth sixe,
my father calls his owne:
Then let thy loue be showne,
to him that wooes thee so,
Thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

9 What is it then doth cause me,
of thee to be reiected,
My body hath by beautious maides,
beene oftentimes affected:

Yet I all loue reiected,
till thee I once did know:
Thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

10 Deere sweet regard my wounded heart,
struck by the God of loue:
Which vntill I obtaine thee,
I know will nere remoue:
Then grant me loue for loue,
on me thy loue bestow:
For thy vertues makes me loue thee,
Fa lero, lero lo.

11 Fond man leaue off thy wooing,
for I thy loue do shun,
Dost thinke a Marchants daughter,
by words so soone is won:
Maides haue beene oft vndone,
by mens most flattering show,
Mens vices makes me hate thee,
To loue I cry no no.

12 Men friendly seeme to woo vs,
when false they are in heart,
Intending to vndoe vs,
and so from vs to part:
Would all had their deserts,[1]
that proue to maidens so,
Mens vices makes me hate thee,
To loue I cry no, no.

The Second part, To the same tune.

13 FOr all thy fathers riches,
I doe not wey a straw:
Young heires oft spend their coffers,
in riot, pride, and law.

[1] Rhyme (which is violated, among other places, in stanzas 5, 7, 16–21) would require *desert.*

Since first thy face I saw,
my loue to thee was slow:
Mens vices makes me hate thee,
To loue I cry no, no.

14 My father is as rich at Sea,
as thine is on the land,
Three goodly ships with Marchandise
do float at his command:
On wealth I do not stand,
enough doth need no mo,
Mens vices makes me hate thee,
To loue I cry no, no.

15 Besides within the Citty heere,
full plainely may be found:
His Shop and full stuft Warehouses
worth many a hundred pound.
Which doth to me redound,
but yet I wish not so,
Mens vices makes me hate thee,
To loue I cry no, no.

16 Variety of Gallants,
make shew of loue to me,
Who of me shall be slighted,
iust as I now slight thee:
My dowry shall procure a man,
whom firme in mind I know,
But yet my loue gainst all shall stand
To loue I cry no, no.

17 You men in minds are fickle,
yee loue but by the houre,
A maid may find a young man kinde,
who instantly will lower,
In all things men vntrue doe proue,
in promise they are slow:
Therefore Ile bid adue to loue,
And still will cry no, no.

18 But if I chance to match with man
North-hamptonshire Ile chuse:
Because of mind those men are kind,
the rest I will refuse.
North-hamtonshire to London,
was helper in her woe,
Which is the cause I loue them,
Fa lero, lero lo.

19 Which when this lusty gallant heard
he seemd away to part:
Pretending thereby for to try,
the temper of her heart.
For whether tongue and mind agreed
by this he thought to know,
And yet in heart he lou'd her.
Fa lero, lero lo.

20 The Damsell this perceiuing,
and noting his behauiour:
Thought fit to entertaine him,
possest of all her fauour:
Which he enioyd with full consent,
so vnto Church they goe,
Where he espousd the maid he lou'd,
Fa lero, lero lo.

21 The fathers of these couple,
death tooke into his hands,
And they were full possessed,
of all their goods and lands:
They liued in prosperity,
may all young men doe so.
Let men and Maids remember this,
loue creepes wher't cannot goe.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for *H. Gosson.*

12

Corydon's commendation

1, 330–331, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. Parts of stanzas 7 and 14 are torn away.

Printed for John Trundle, the ballad dates between 1598 and 1626; perhaps 1615 is a safe guess. On May 8, 1656 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 396), Francis Grove registered a ballad called "Coridon and Phillida, or, The shepherds shepherdesse," which, judging from the aptness of the title, was probably a reprint of "Corydon's Commendation."

John Trundle (cf. the notes to Nos. 23, 36) was incessantly ridiculed for his sensational ballads and pamphlets, until his name seems to have stood for almost nothing else. Thus John Taylor, the Water Poet, in *Taylor's Motto* (*Works*, 1630, Ee6, Spenser Society reprint, p. 217) says, "monstrous newes came Trundling in my way." It is, then, gratifying to find Trundle sponsoring this delightful love-song, which presents a charming picture of "neat-handed Phillis." The mechanical arrangement is unusual, in that every alternate stanza, beginning with the first, is really the chorus. I can think of no other early ballad with a full-length refrain printed in this way, but there is almost a parallel case in the refrain of No. 8.

CORYDON'S COMMENDATION

Coridons **commendation in the praise of his loue the faire** *Phillis.*

To a pleasant new tune.

1 MY Loue she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
For shee will all her busines doe,
I know shee is faire and honest too.

2 My *Phillis* is full of fauours,
And faire as faire may be:
Silly Swaines leaue off your labours,
Shee will loue no man but me.

3 For she is most faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will each vertuous businesse doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

4 No sugred tempting tongue,
Nor golden promise faire,
Can doe my *Phillis* wrong,
Or her good name impaire.

5 For she is faire and honest,
I know shee is faire and honest:
And will doe still what maids will doe,
Yet is shee faire and honest too.

6 Shee hath a charming voyce,
Not like her in musicke many:
Yet *Phillis* remaines my choyce,
And will not be won by any.

7 For shee is most faire and honest,
I know shee is faire and honest:
And will show fauours as others doe,
Yet is she faire and hon[est too.]

8 If *Cupid* bend his bow,
His shaft she turnes aside,
And tells him whither to goe,
That can it better abide.

9 So shee is faire and honest,
I know shee is faire and honest:
And will performe what others doe,
Yet is shee faire and honest too.

10 My *Phillis* can Garlands make,
To set on her louers head:
And gallantly vndertake,
To deck out a Bridall bed.

11 Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And will shew loue as Maidens doe,
Yet she is faire and honest too.

12 My *Phillis* can foote it right,
And follow the Bagpipes droane:
When *Coridon* comes in sight,
Experience must be showne.

13 So still she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And take pleasure as others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

14 When mirthfull May comes in,
My *Phillis* will vndertake,
. . . . . w]hat shall begin,
. . . . . breake.

The second Part. To the same tune.

15 YEt still she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And make sport as maides will doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

16 No lasse in all our towne,
In sporting or in play,
Can put my *Phillis* downe,
She beares so great a sway.

17 Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
Though she can such like pastimes doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

18 Her huswiferie's well knowne,
Theres nothing goes to wracke,
She keepes full well her owne,
While other good lasses lacke.

19 Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And can good houshould-busines doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

20 My loue can brew and bake,
As other huswiues can:
And make a boulted cake,
To giue her neighbors man.

21 Yet is she true and honest,
I know she is true and honest,
Though she such friendly tricks can doe,
Yet is she true and honest too.

22 My loue can milke a Cow,
And teach a calfe to suck:
And knowes the manner how,
To set a brooded Duck.

23 So is she wise and honest,
I know she is wise and honest:
And can such houshould busines doe,
So is she wise and honest too.

24 My loues a louely lasse,
Her *Coridon* must loue,
And times will come to passe,
When maids and men may proue.

25 For she is true and honest,
I know she is true and honest,
And will loue as maids will doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

26 You shepheard swaines be wise,
Chuse one as I haue done,
That will not be precize,
But be with reason wone.

27 For she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And will her husbands pleasures doe,
Therefore she is faire and honest too.

FINIS.

Printed at London for I. T.

13

The shepherd's lamentation

I, 366–367, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts, slightly torn.

Very likely this was the ballad registered by Edward White on February 20, 1613 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2416), as "the shepeheardes hard fortune or his Lamentacon &c." The present edition may have been printed for John White between 1613 and 1624, but I. W., the initials of several John Wrights and others, cannot confidently be identified. It may be assumed to date about 1615.

In this book "The Shepherd's Lamentation" is for the first time reproduced exactly and entirely. The first four stanzas have several times been reprinted, as if they constituted a complete ballad. From "one of Thomas Britton's old music books," — hardly a satisfactory way of indicating their source, — E. F. Rimbault included them, under the title of "The Plain-Dealing Woman," in his *Little Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, pp. 212–214; and from the same old music-book he reprinted (pp. 206–211) a ballad of "The Plain-Dealing Man," which may have suggested, or have been suggested by, "The Shepherd's Lamentation," an accurate title of which would be "The Plain-dealing Woman." Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, in his edition of Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, II (1836), 409 (1875 ed., p. 277), reprints stanzas 1–4 "from a MS. in the collection of the late Mr. Heber, communicated by Mr. T. Rodd." Chappell, in his *Popular Music*, I, 261, likewise reprints them, not (as he seems to infer) from the Pepys ballad but from the text given by Rimbault. Another copy will be found in MS. Ashmole 38, fol. 127, in the Bodleian Library.

The ballad has been vicariously immortalized by a reference to it in *The Complete Angler*, 1653 ([part 1,] chapter ii). The Milkwoman says, "My Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers"; and Piscator replies, "I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since." "What song was it, I pray?" asks the Milkwoman. "Was it 'Come, Shepherds, deck your

heads,'[1] or 'As at noon Dulcina rested,' or 'Phillida flouts me,' or 'Chevy Chace,' or 'Johnny Armstrong,' or 'Troy Town'?"

The tune (given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 260–261) of *Come, shepherds, deck your heads*, or *The plain-dealing woman*, had wide currency. Under the first of these names it occurs in *Bellerophon, of Lust tot Wÿshed*, Amsterdam, 1622, and in *Gesangh der Zeeden*, Amsterdam, 1662 (neither of which I have seen). A different tune of the same name is included in Adrian Valerius's *Neder-Landtsche Gedenck-Clanck*, Haerlem, 1626, p. 228, and in Jan Starter's *Friesche Lust-hof*, Amsterdam, 1621, pp. 73–74. The popularity of this tune and others in the Low Countries is evidence of the influence of the Elizabethan travelling dramatic-companies.

The rhyme-scheme of the ballad is somewhat irregularly carried out.

---

[1] *Heads* is misprinted *herds* in various early editions, and the misprint is retained in the Nicolas edition of 1836 (I, 114), as well as the Gough-Balston edition, Oxford, 1915 (pp. 85–86, 361), from which I quote. Furthermore, in the earliest editions the "My Maudlin" sentence does not appear at all, and the phrase "sung by your daughter" reads "sung by you and your daughter." There are also some minor variations in the form and spelling, and the names of the last three ballads mentioned were not added till the fifth edition.

The Shepheards Lamentation.

To the tune of *the plaine-dealing Woman.*

1 COme Shepheards, decke your heads,
no more with bayes but willowes
Forsake your downy beds,
and make your ground your pillowes:
And mourne with me, since crost
as I, was neuer no man:
Nor neuer shepheard lo, lo, lo, lost,
so plaine a dealing woman.

2 All you forsaken woers,
that euer were distressed,
And all you lusty Louers,
that euer loue molested,
Your losse I must condole,
and all together summon,
To mourne for the poore so, so, soule,
of my plaine dealing woman:

3 Faire *Venus* [1] made her chast,
and *Ceres* [1] beauty gaue her:
Pan wept when she was lost,
and *Satyres* stroue to haue her:
But oh she was to them
so nice, so coy, that no man,
Could iudge but he that knew, knew, knew,
she was plaine dealing woman.

4 For all her pretty parts,
I neuer enough shall wonder,
She ouercame all hearts,
and all hearts made to wonder.
Her breath it is so sweet,
so sweet the like felt no man,
Oh, Shepheards neuer lo, lo, lost,
so plaine a dealing woman.

[1] Evidently (cf. also stanzas 5 and 14) these names should be transposed.

5 Her eyes did shine like glasse,
to grace her comely feature:
Faire *Venus* she did farre surpasse,
she was a comely creature.
[But] oh she was so coy,
[as] neuer yet was no one:
[And] *Cupid* that blind bo, bo, boy,
[lov'd] my plaine dealing Woman.

6 So beautifull was she,
in fauour and in feature:
Her well shapt limbs did shew,
she was a comely creature:
What griefe was this to me,
iudge all true hearted yong men:
To haue so great a lo, lo, losse,
of my plaine dealing woman.

7 *Diana* faire and chast,
on her might well attend,
A Nimph she was at least,
and to Shepheards a great friend:
And oh she was so kind,
as neuer yet was no one,
A man could hardly fi, fi, find,
so plaine a dealing woman.

8 So courteous eke she was,
I and so kind to all men:
What better pleasure could you wish,
then so plaine a dealing woman:
But now alas shees gone
it makes my heart to pitty:
Oh there was neuer such an o, o, other wench
in Country or in Citty.

9 Kind Shepheards all farewell,
since death hath me ore taken:
Vnto the world pray tell,
that I am quite forsaken,

And so to all adue,
goe forth I pray and summon,
The flanting crew to mourne for me,
and my plaine dealing woman.

10 Put on your mourning weeds,
and bring the wreath of willow:
Goe tell the world I am dead,
and make the ground my pillow.
And ring, ding dong, ding dong,
ding dong, adew,
Loue you no more so so long,
but change each day a new.

11 Come Shepheards leaue your sighing
and wipe away your teares,
And let vs fall to piping,
to driue away all cares:
For though that she be gone,
that was so faire a good one,
Yet once more may we find,
as plaine a dealing woman.

FINIS.

The Second Part of the Plaine dealing woman.

12 YE Siluan Nimphes come skip it,
and crowne your heads with Mirtle:
Yee faire Ewes come trip it,
on earths imbroydered kirtle.
And O you *Driades*,
which haunt the coolest Fountaines:
Come leaue your silken shadie groues,
and sport it in the Mountaines.

13 For lo the Gods obtaine[1] it,
that wonders shall possesse her:
And Nature did decree it,
when she with life did blesse her.

[1] *Read* ordain.

The Quene of Loue disdaind not,
faire *Phillis* for her feature,
For all the world containd not,
so rare a comely creature.

14 *Diana* made her chast,
and *Pallas* made her witty:
The Goddesse *Ceres* grac't
her heart with loue and pitty.
The Muses did select her,
to grace their learned number:
And *Venus* did elect her,
the onely beautious wonder.

15 When *Ioue* beheld her beauty,
his *Leda* did repent him:
Ioue thought that in loues duty,
she onely did content him.
And *Phœbus* blusht to know it,
that *Daphne* had abus'd him,
For lo, her worth did show, that
desertles she refus'd him.

16 *Pan* was enamoured on her,
his *Sirynx* could not please him:
And when he lookt vpon her,
her very sight did ease him:
The *Satyre* mournd to misse her,
whom all the world admired:
Siluanus wisht to kisse her,
whom greatest Gods desired.

17 *Cupid* his *Psyche* left,
to feed his eies vpon her,
Of Godlike power bereft,
that her he more might honour,
His bow and shafts he gaue her,
wherewith she wounds all hearts
So well she doth behaue her,
like loue in all his parts.

18 I list no more to praise her,
whom heauen and earth admire,
A loftier Muse must raise her,
whose verse can mount vp higher:
A golden pen must write it,
dipt in the Muses Fountaine,
And they themselues indite it,
vpon their sacred Mountaine.

19 Then O yee Shepheard Swaines,
with garlands deck your bonnets,
And let th' Arcadian plaines,
ring forth with Lyrick Sonets:
Come tune your rurall voyces,
to chant her matchlesse merits,
Whose faire exceeds all beauties,
the spacious world inherits.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for I. W.

14

A love-sick maid's song

1, 371, black letter, three columns, no woodcuts.

There is no evidence, so far as I have found, for dating this ballad. The publisher cannot be confidently identified, and the tune has apparently escaped observation. But the ballad seems to me a characteristically Elizabethan production, very much on the order of the laments which the compilers of *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* admired. The author may have been imitating poems in those miscellanies, although the Pepys broadside can hardly be of an earlier date than 1615.

A LOVE-SICK MAID'S SONG

A Loue-sick maids song, lately beguild,
By a run-away Louer that left her with Childe.

To the tune of, *In Melton on a day.*

1 ALas and well away,
that ere I trod on ground
To see this haplesse day,
wherein such griefes abound.
Alas I cannot sleepe,
my ioyes are cleane exilde:
I cannot choose but weepe,
because I was beguild.

2 When I should[1] take the meat,
that should my life sustaine:
There is nothing that I eat,
but aggrauates my paine,
Oh, fie on him whose deede
doth cause me thus complaine
My heart within doth bleede,
with sorrow griefe and paine.

3 Ah, euill might he thriue,
that spoil'd me of my health:
The cruelst wretch aliue,
hath me vndone by stealth.
For where I liu'd a maid,
a maiden in good fame,
He hath me now betrayde,
and brought me vnto shame.

4 My maidenhead is lost,
oh, cursed be the hower:
When he that lou'd me most:
should seeke me to deflower.
Now am I great with childe,
as great as I may goe:
He that hath me beguild,
away is gone me fro.

[1] *Text* oshuld.

5 And left me here alone,
within this desart place:
To waile and make my moane,
O most distressed case.
What shall of me betide,
none but the Lord doth know:
He that should be my guide,
hath left me here in woe.

6 Ye windes resound my cryes,
within the Misers eares:
That he with watry eyes,
may shed his brinish teares.
To waile the late done deede,
that he committed haue:
Or else to come with speede,
my babe and me to saue.

7 The trees can witnesse well,
my priuy griefe and paine:
These Rocks and stones can tell
the sorrowes I sustaine [1]
My meate is hawes and hips,
my drinke is water cleare:
Nought els my tender lips,
haue tasted this halfe yeare.

8 O whelpe of Tigers broode,
couldst thou finde in thy hart,
With her that did thee good,
to play so lewde a part.
Woe worth me poore woman,
that did thee alwaies helpe,
And cursed be the Dam,
brought forth so bad a whelp.

9 Thou hadst me at thy call,
as hawkes are at the lure:
My selfe, my goods and all,
and what I might procure.

[1] *Text* substaine.

Thou hadst it at thy neede,
I neuer sayd thee nay,
To stand thee ought in steede,
or helpe thee any way.

10 And now thou doest requite,
this loue I beare to thee:
With deadly deepe dispite,
as now I plainely see.
To leaue me comfortlesse,
my luklesse state to rue:
Thou canst not say no lesse,
but thou hast ben vntrue.

11 Woe worth the time that I
gaue credit to thy words:
For now I plainely trie,
thou bushes giu'st for birds.
Woe worth those fained teares,
which thou hast often spent:
They brought me in the bryers
which make me now lament.

12 O would to God I had
not knowne thy periur'd face:
I might haue then bene glad,
where now I reape [1] alasse.
For I did neuer offend,
before that time with thee:
Nor neuer did intend,
to spot my chastity.

13 But sith no words will serue,
to counteruaile thine act:
And that thou doest deserue,
hell torments for thy fact.
I will hold me content,
till that I breathe my last:
I cannot now preuent,[2]
the thing is done and past.

[1] *Perhaps the reading should be* weep. [2] *Text* briuent.

14 Ye maides be warnd by me,
let no such cogging mates,
Spot your virginitie,
by any subtill feates.
Least in the ende you say,
and sing as now I doe:
Alas and well away,
we are beguiled too.

15 Consider words are winde,
or of small force at least:
And men are most vnkinde,
I speake *probatum est.*
There is no trueth[1] in men,
the best is all to bad:
Who trusts their dealings then
I hold them worse than mad.

16 Who trusts to rotten boughes
shall fall ere they bewares:[2]
Who credites fayned vowes:
are sonest brought to care.
My selfe may iustly say,
I prou'd it to my paine:
I neuer saw the day,
but words & deeds were twain.

17 And thus to end my song,
I wish you all beware,
And of the flattering tongue,
to haue a speciall care.
Keepe well your honest name,
as the apple of your eye,
So shall your lasting fame,
remaine eternally.

FINIS

Printed at London for I. W.

[1] *Text* truoch.

[2] *Read* beware.

15

The cuckoo's commendation

I, 406–407, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Another copy is printed in F. J. Furnivall's *Love-Poems and Humourous Ones. Written at the End of a Volume of Small Printed Books, A.D. 1614–1619, in the British Museum* (Ballad Society, 1874), pp. 17–19. It has eleven eight-line stanzas, eight of which are more or less identical with those in the Pepys ballad, although the diction is very considerably changed and several of the stanzas are rearranged. It omits stanzas 3–5, 7, 8, 14, 15, 17, 18, and the last four lines of stanzas 9 and 13, but inserts three new stanzas. These come after stanzas 2, 6, and 13 (line 4), respectively:

The Doctor, when he heares him,
His vrinall downe throwes,
And sees his patient with his wife,
A trussinge vpp his hose.
Whilest he doeth make his purge,
He thinkes him ill bestedd;
The singinge of the cuckowe
Doth so torment his heade.

The parson of the parishe,
That learninge hath, and witt,
He doeth not feare his louinge wife
Whilst hee's at holy writt;
And yet it oftimes fortunes,
Though he be graue and wyse,
A man of lesser learning,
His wyfe may chatechise.

The nimble fingerd barber
That to your chamber comes
To washe your heade and trim your bearde
With water and sweet perfumes:
The while that hee's from home,
His wyfe a freinde may finde,
With balls and casting bottles,
For to content hir minde.

Master R, the publisher, cannot be identified, but it seems probable that his ballad appeared about 1615. The tune is named from "The Bonny Lass: Or, the Button'd Smock," the words and the music of which are given in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, VI (1720), 144–147. Chappell, *Popular Music*, II, 774–775, points out that it is identical with *O London is a fine town.*

Elizabethan works are crammed with references to the cuckoo as a herald of cuckoldry. Compare, for example, Robert Chester, *Love's Martyr*, 1601 (ed. Grosart, p. 125, New Shakspere Society, 1878):

> The Spring-delighting bird we call the *Cuckow*,
> Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
> Her prettie one note to the world doth show,
> Some men their destinie, and doth presage
> The womans pleasure and the mans disgrace,
> Which she sits singing in a secret place.

Cornucopiæ, Pasquil's Night-cap, 1612 (ed. Grosart, pp. 100–102), has a long poem in praise of the cuckoo, one stanza of which runs thus:

> In my conceit, of all the fowles that flie,
> Most pleasant are her notes, surpassing all,
> Chaunting so sweet the fame of Cuckoldrie,
> That vnto men they seeme Angelicall,
> And so replete with sugred melodie,
> As driues kind Cuckolds to an extasie:
> Ah, sweetly, sweetly, doth the Cuckoe sing
> The Cuckolds prayses in the pleasant Spring.

The Cuckowes Comendation:
Or, the Cuckolds Credit: Being a merry Maying Song in Praise of the Cuckow.

To the Tune of *the Button'd Smocke.*

1 OF all the Birds that haunts the woods,
The waters or the Plaine;
I like the Cuckows pleasant tunes,
though some his Notes disdaine:
For all the faire greene Season,
most cheerfully he sings,
And with his double Ditties makes
the Hilles and Valleyes ring.[1]

2 The Earth to entertaine him,
puts on her best array,
The lofty trees and lowly shrubs,
likewise are fresh and gay;
The Birds to bid him welcome in,
doe warble pleasant notes,
All Beasts in fields and Forrests wild
cast off their winter coates.

3 And when he comes amongst them,
he chaunts his melody,
More freely then a [L]awyer,[2]
that takes a double Fee:
He farre excells the Fiddler,
his melodie's more free,
As well vnto the poorest sort,
as to the highest degree.

4 The Citizens that heare him,
will walke to fetch in May;
Their wiues likewise to cheare them,
will dresse themselues most gay:
All for to heare the Cuckow sing,
and warble forth his noates,
The Maidens and the Prentises,
together goe in flockes.

[1] *Rhyme requires* rings. [2] Torn.

5 Hee'l sing vnto the Courtier,
as well as to the Clowne,
He spareth not his musicke,
in City nor in Towne:
And many when they heare him,
will thinke this Prouerb true,
That Gold and Opportunity,
will make some Women doe.

6 The Lawyer when he heares him,
his veluet Cap off sturres,
And feares while hee's at Westminster,
another Cause demurres:
Lest that some younger Student come
at home and in his place,
To haue the free soliciting
of his owne proper case.

7 The Merchant and the Marriner,
that forraigne Countries finde,
When they doe heare the Cuckow sing,
rest doubtfull in their mind:
While they strange traffickes take in hand
to load their Ships with wares,
Their Pinnace that they left at home
some other Burthen beares.

8 The Maidens when they heare him,
accuse him for a blab,
The iealous Doctor when he cries,
thinkes his young wife a Drab:
Captaines and wedded Martialists,
when they doe heare him cry,
Likewise mistrust their Wiues at home,
in others Armes doe lie.

9 The silken suted Citizens
which let their gorgeous Spouses
Goe frolicke in good company,
whilst they doe keepe their houses:

If they doe blame the Cuckow sweet,
they doe the Bird abuse:
For wine and opportunity,
will make some women loose.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

10 ANother takes a Garden,
to which in pleasant weather
The Mistris must a walking goe,
the Prentice brings her thither:
And then it so may fortune,
that walking on the way,
They fall into some dancing-Schoole,
and there they both doe stay.

11 But then and if the Citizen
doth heare the Cuckowes sound,
He feares not but his Prentises,
from Venery are bound:
Suspectly then he keepes his house,
and casteth vp his Booke,
Meane while the Mistris and her Man,
are doing what, goe looke.

12 And there be Knights and Gentlemen,
which gallant seeme and stout,
Doe let their wiues haue Coaches,
to whirle the streets about,
Man'd only by a Coachman,
an Vsher and a Page:
Yet when they heare the Cuckowes note,
they neither fume nor rage.

13 For if my Lady lighteth,
the Coachman must sit still,
The Lacquey he is then imployd,
to doe her worships will:

The Vsher for her Ladiship,
he well doth know his part,
And doth that which the Prentise did,
to please his Mistris heart.

14 The Taylor that so neatly
doth fit his Mistris wast,
And puts on her strait Bodies,
when Petticoats vnlac'd,
Whilst thus he fits his Mistris,
another is at home,
To ease his wiues strait Bodies,
which are to narrow growne.

15 The Butcher that for fat ware
full oft abroad doth ride,
And leaues his wife to sell the Ioynts,
that he doth well prouide:
While he from home is ranging,
his Wife a Friend may finde,
That of a Lambe may make a Ram,
and vse her very kinde.

16 The Smith which on his Anuill,
the Iron hard doth ding:
He cannot heare the Cuckow,
although he loud doth sing,
In poynting of Plow-Harnesse,
he labours till he sweat,
While another in his Forge at home,
may steale a priuate heat.

17 But to conclude of all sorts,
though high or low they be,
Theres many loose back-sliders,
would there were none for me:
And yet it grieues my Conscience,
that such a louely Game,
Should make the Cuckow hated,
and scandall his good name.

His body is as toothsome,
and pleasant as his voyce,
And vse him as a Dyet,
he is a food most choyse:
He fortifies the back-part,
and freeth some Disease,
And therefore vse you all the Art,
may best the Cuckow please.

FINIS.

Printed for *Mr. R.*

16

A jovial tinker

1, 460–461, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

Later and shorter versions of the ballad (the first of them beginning "Here sits a jovial tinker") will be found in the pamphlet called *The Tinker of Turvey*, 1630, pp. 2–3 (ed. Halliwell-Phillipps, 1859, pp. 10–11), and in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, I, 17–18 (ed. Ebsworth, in *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1875, pp. 27–29). There were many imitations of the ballad, the best of which, "The Famous Rat-catcher," is reprinted in my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 60–65. Another is in *The Second Part of Robin Good-Fellow*, 1628 (ed. Collier, p. 35, Percy Society, 1841). Thurbie (or Turvey) is a village in Bedfordshire.

John Trundle registered on March 22, 1616 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1309), "the Jolly Tinker," which I suspect was the present ballad. In stanza 2 reference is made to Smug, a roguish character in the play and the prose pamphlet of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. The play was acted about 1603; the pamphlet, written by Thomas Brewer,[1] was registered for publication on April 5, 1608, and was no doubt printed immediately thereafter, although the extant editions are all of a later date.

---

[1] For facts about Thomas Brewer, himself a ballad-writer, see my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 11, where I have shown that he "flourished" about 1605–1608 rather than, as is usually said, about 1624. (He was not, however, the "Thom: Brewer, my Mus: Servant" of Sir Nicholas Lestrange, as I suggested there: see Thomas Brewer, born 1611, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.) He may have been the Thomas Brewer who wrote commendatory poems for *The Phœnix of These Late Times. Or the Life of Mr. Henry Welby, Esq.*, 1637 (reprinted in *Phœnix Britannicus*, I [1732], 381 ff.), for Thomas Heywood's *The Most Exemplary Lives and Memorable Acts of Nine the Most Worthy Women of the World* (1640), and for Humphrey Mill's *A Night's Search*, 1640. He was perhaps the "Tho: B." whose verses "To his friend *Iohn Tailor*" are prefixed to Taylor's *Faire And fowle weather* (1615), for he contributed verses signed with his full name to the folio edition of the Water Poet's works in 1630. His *Knot of Fools* was registered at Stationers' Hall on August 28, 1623, and November 9, 1633; his book called *Lord haue*

A JOVIAL TINKER

The tune of *The jovial tinker* is mentioned in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, I. ii (and perhaps also in IV. ii); the tune of *Fly brass*, which is identical with *Tom of Bedlam*, is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 332–336, II, 779.

---

mercie upon vs. The World A sea. A Pesthouse &c., on July 19, 1636 (Arber's *Transcript*, IV, 103, 308, 367). A copy of the 1657 edition of his *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, long said to be unique, is in the Harvard University Library. From the *Merry Devil* (1819 reprint of the 1631 edition, pp. 37, 38, 47) one learns that, in spite of his own occasional ballad-writing, Brewer scoffed at "baudy ballets" and at singers who "bawl." He speaks of drawing "as great a company of people together as the . . . foule furd throat of an itchy ballad singer in a faire or market time."

A pleasant new Songe of a iouiall Tinker.

To a pleasant new tune, called, *Fly Brasse.*

1 THere was a iouiall *Tinker*
dwelt in the towne of *Thurbie*,
And he could mende a Kettle well,
but his humors were but scuruie.
Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra ring tincke, tincke,
Roome for a iolly drinker:
He would stop one hole, and make two,
was not this a iouiall Tinker.

2 He was as good a fellow
as *Smugge*, which made much laughter:
Full little would you thinke that in his drinke,
he would beat both his Wife and Daughter.

Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra ring tincke, tincke,
Roome for a lusty drinker:
He would stop one hole, and make two,
was not this a iouiall Tinker.

3 He walked about the Countrey
with Pike-staffe and with Budget:
Full litle would ye wat, when he was drunke as a Rat,
how trimly he would trudge it.
Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra ring tincke, tincke,
Rome for a lusty drinker:
[He] would stop one hole, and make two,
was not this a iouiall Tinker.

4 There's none of his profession,
was ere so skill'd in Mettle:
For he could mende your Frying-pan,
your Skellet, and your Kettle.
Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra tincke, tincke,
Roome for a lusty drinker:
He would stop one hole and make two,
was not this a iouiall Tinker.

5 Hee'd tosse the iolly Tankard,
the Blacke-pot, and the Pitcher:
No Ale or Beere for him was deere,
to make his Nose the ritcher.
Yet still would he cry
Tincke, tincke-&c.

6 Hee walked to Fayres and Markets,
to furnish his red Nose:
And when he was drunke, would beat his Punck
and make her pawne her Cloathes.
Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke, &c.

7 Who was it durst molest him?
his Brasse did him inuiron;
Sargeants arrest, yet he was blest,
for he was bayld with Iron.
Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke, tincke. &c.

FINIS.

The Second Part of the iouiall Tinker. To the same tune.

8 AND now this iolly *Tinker*,
the Country hath forsaken,
And with his Packe vpon his backe,
(to see what may be taken)
In London he cryes
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra ring tincke, tincke:
Roome for a iolly drinker,
He can stop one hole, and make two,
is not this a iouiall Tinker.

9 But first about the Citty,
this lusty man of Mettle,
Doth cry and call to stop a hole,
in Skellet, Pan, or Kettle.
And still would he cry
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra ring. &c.

10 I'th *Strand* I saw him tincking;
when straight his eyes he raised,
The new *Exchange* to him was strange,
on which he stood and gazed.
Then vp he went,
with tincke, &c.

11 One question'd why he did so?
he sayd, to keepe them waking,
Least they should sleepe who shops did keepe,
they had so little taking.
And then away, with
Tincke, &c.

12 And as he went downe *Fleet-streete,*
a Lawyer was offended,
That he should cry so loude and hie,
to haue old Kettles mended.
Yet still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke. &c.

13 To him this *Tinker* thus replies,
I doe but ply my calling:
And you (sayd hee) some time (like mee)
will keepe as bad a bawling.
And still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke. &c.

14 And still this man of *Thurbie,*
that in his trade was grounded:
As he did passe from place to place,
his Kettle-drum he sounded.
For still would he cry,
Tincke, tincke. &c.

15 In *Cheapside* then full lightly,
hee beat vpon his Kettle:
Where when the Gold he did behold,
he wisht it had been such mettle.
And nimbly he cryes
Tincke, tincke. &c.

16 Then meetes he with the *Sow-gelder*,
that blowes his Horne so finely,
(That all about doth cry, *Looke out*,)
and him hee greetes full kindly.
Togeather then, with
Tincke, tincke, tincke,
Tara ra ring tincke, tincke,
What worke heere, cries the Tinker:
The Sow-gelder lookt out, lookt out,
who was as sound a drinker.

17 Then to an Alehouse hie they,
their iouiall humors keeping:
Where tincke, tincke, tincke, fel hard to drinke,
and there I left him sleeping.
And when he awakt,
Tincke, tincke, tincke. &c.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for *I. Trundle.*

17

Pity's lamentation

I, 162–163, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Economic changes in the reign of James I, particularly the great rise in rents, brought about a decided increase in the cost of living; and, in the houses of the rich and noble, retainers were the first to feel its effect. Many of them were cast out to shift for themselves — and some of them evidently became ballad-writers. This decay in hospitality the present ballad laments, contrasting the Jacobean period with "the former age" of which all poets have been, and still are, notably fond. On the same theme Martin Parker wrote his well-known ballad of "Time's Alteration," 1624 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 581–586; *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XXXVIII [1923], 134), declaring that "when this old cap was new"

> Good hospitalitie
> Was cherisht then of many;
> Now poore men starve and die,
> And are not helpt by any:
> For charitie waxeth cold,
> And love is found in few:
> This was not in time of old
> *When this old cap was new.*

Similar ideas are brought out also by "Christmas' Lamentation" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 154–158; Rollins, *Old English Ballads*, pp. 372–375), by "The Map of Mock-beggar Hall" [1] (*Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 131–136), and by many others.

As early as 1584 John Phillip was complaining in *A Sommon to Repentance*, $A3^{v}$–A4, that

> Couetousnesse hath gotten the preheminence. Charitie as conuinced quaketh, hir ioints are benummed with colde. Crueltie is wrapped in his furres. Liberalitie is not able to stirre for lamenesse, an inmeasurable nigardise hath neither left him handes to distribute to the poore, feete to go to the sicke, nor

[1] On this name see P. H. Reaney in *The Modern Language Review*, XIX (1924), 469–470.

yet eies to beholde the indigent. Hospitalitie is verie faint and so feeble that he dare not peepe abroade nor be seene, and all by reason of prodigalitie, who I feare me hath wounded him to the death.

The ballad-writer points out that the decline of hospitality has been accompanied by an increase in ostentation among the wealthy. He speaks particularly of luxury in dress (stanzas 10–11) and his complaint is duplicated by that of John Taylor, the Water Poet, in *Superbiæ Flagellum* (*Works*, 1630, $D4^v$, Spenser Society reprint, p. 42):

> Good bounteous house-keeping is quite destroyed,
> And large reuenewes other wayes imployd;
> Meanes that would foure men meate and meanes allow,
> Are turned to garters, and to roses now,
> That which kept twenty, in the dayes of old,
> By Satan is turn'd sattin, silke, and gold,
> And one man now in garments he doth weare,
> A thousand akers, on his backe doth beare.

The balladist registers his objections also to coaches (stanza 9) and to the high prices demanded for food (stanza 12).[1] Just so Nicholas Breton, in *Olde Mad-cappes new Gally-mawfrey*, 1602, C3, had told of a "goodly *golden time*, When *gold* was counted but a needfull *drosse*," and

> When one might haue a hundred *egges a groate*,
> And for *three halfepence*, halfe a *strike* of *Rye*,
> And for a *shilling* make himselfe a *coate*,
> To keepe him warme, & many a *Winter* dry:
> And for a *farthing*, a good *pudding pie*,
> A good olde drawing *Iade* for halfe a *crowne*,
> And *forty pence* the best *Cow* in a towne.

Writing only a short time later (November 9, 1620), John Chamberlain, however, declared (Thomas Birch, *The Court and Times of James I*, II, 213) that "corn and cattle were never at so low a rate since I can remember; wheat at 2 *s.* a bushel; barley at 7 *s.* a quarter, *et sic de cæteris;* and yet can they get no riddance at that price," for there was "a general want of money."

Stanzas 4–6 seem to be a reference to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury (1613) and to the fate of Mrs. Anne Turner, Sir Gervase

[1] For a proclamation of January 18, 1613, against the transportation "of corn and grain, on account of its high price and apprehended scarcity," see the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1611–1618, p. 168.

Elvis (or Helwys), the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and others implicated in that crime. Note particularly the lines in stanza 6:

> That murder, adultery, had never good end,
> I never read yet that well they did speed,
> As late hath been seen in this our good land.
> But God turn their hearts,
> That thus play such parts,
> For poisons and potions
> Will turn to their smarts.

Evidently, then, he was writing either towards the end of 1615, when four of the accomplices had been executed, or else after May, 1616, when the Earl and Countess, found guilty, had been condemned to death.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 123–125. The publisher I. W. was perhaps John White or John Wright.

Pitties Lamentation for the cruelty of this age.

To the tune of *Packentons pound.*

1 VVEll worth Predecessors, and Fathers by name,
That liued in *England* long times a goe:
Whose wondrous deedes were done for their fame,
Which now heer in *England* breedeth our woe:
Then Pitty did rest,
In euery mans brest:
And Cruelty had no place
To make his nest
Oh happy *England* that liued in that state,
When Pitty was Porter at euery mans gate.

2 But Pitty (alack) tis quite fled and gone,
True friendship and loue is banisht away:
Plaine dealing now walketh mourning alone,
And no man relieues him by night nor by day:
No Pitty we see,
In any degree,
But fraud and deceipt,
And vild butchery.
Oh happy *England* that liued in that state,
When Pitty was Porter at euery mans gate.

3 Oh what is there now in this wicked age,
That man will not doe to accomplish the end,
Which he hath intended in mallice and rage,
Though halfe that he hath in his mischiefe he spend
Man wanting the grace,
That loue to imbrace.
Which in former times,
Had eminent place:
Oh happie *England* that liued in that state,
When Pitty was Porter at euery mans gate.

4 Now grudging and enuy once bred in the heart,
Abates not by reason but still doth increase,
Till it bring into action some Tragicall part,
By stabbing or poysoning and neuer will cease,

Till he haue his due,
That this is to true,
Know some that the poyson,
Of enuie doe rue,
Oh [happy] [1] *England* that liued in that state, &c.

5 Now vnder a colour of kindnesse and loue,
In Purges and Potions such cunning is knowne,
A man vnsuspected a murder may proue.
But God wil haue mischiefe and villanie showne.
Tho God for a time,
May winke at a crime,
Yet he can discouer,
When sins in the prime.
Be happy Oh *England* to liue in that state,
Let Pitty be Porter stil at thy gate.

6 Looke in the Scriptures and there you may read,
That Murther Adultery had neuer good end,
I neuer read yet that well they did speed,
As late hath bene seene in this our good land.
But God turn their hearts,
That thus play such parts,
For Poysons and Potions,
Will turne to there smarts.
O would that good Conscience did liue in these dayes
Then such kind of people would take better wayes.

7 Poore ragged Conscience, where dost thou liue?
Banisht (I doubt me) from Towne and from Citty:
Pouerty beggeth yet few men wil giue,
And plentie is sparing the more is the pitty,
For gorgious aray,
Now beareth such sway
That by her continuance,
All things decay,
O happy *England* that liued in that state, &c.

[1] Torn.

8 Good house keeping now is quite laid aside,
No Butler stands ready to doe an almes deed,
And all to maintaine fond fashions of pride,
A thousand good fellowes do stand in great need,
Most faire to the eye,
Are houses built high,
Onely for pleasure
Of them that passe by.
But Oh happy *England* to liue in that state,
Let Pitty be Porter still at thy gate.

The Second Part of Pitties Complaint. To the same tune.

9 SInce Coaches here florisht so much in [1] this Land,
One seruant or two now serueth the turne:
Forty good Geldings were else at command,
As many good fellowes vprising each morne;

[1] *Text* in in.

Then Tables were spred,
With good beefe and bread,
But now this good order,
From England is fled,
Bee happy, O *England*, [to liue in that state,][1]
When Pitty was Porter at euery mans [2] gate.

10 Whole Farmes are consumed in pride for the back,
In Shoo-strings and Garters of siluer or gold:
Which well might suffice to feed them that lack.
And keepe the poore widdow from hunger and cold.
But hardnes of heart,
Hath so plaid his part,
That Pitty now weepeth,
To heare of our smart,
Oh happy *England* that liu'd in that state,
Let Pitty be Porter still at thy gate.

11 Yea happy was *England* before it did know,
Such pride in apparrell as many doe weare:
In warme Russet clothing our Gallants did goe,
And Kersies were garments for Ladies most faire:
Then mallice and spight,
Did liue with no wight,
True loue and friendship,
Was each mans delight.
Oh happy *England*, &c.

12 A bushell of wheat for sixe pence was sold,
An Oxe for a Marke fat from the stall:
A score of fat Lambes for an Angell was told,
With heart and good will in payment with all:
And then at each doore,
Sate feasting the poore:
The Like to that time,
Will neuer come more.
Oh happy *England*, &c.

[1] Omitted by the printer. [2] *Text* man.

13 When such a good world was heere in this Land,
Neighbour with neighbour did fall at no strife,
Then needlesse were bonds and bills of their hands,[1]
Mens words were not broken but kept as their life.
But now in thesé dayes,
All credit decayes,
Truth is not vsed,
We see any wayes.
Oh happy England, &c.

14 The time is quite changed we find it by proofe,
Poore Conscience a begging now walkes in the field:
And Charity blinded, keepes her aloofe,
And cannot finde where her house for to build,
No Pitty we see,
In any degree,
But fraud and deceipt,
A vile vsury.
Oh happy *England*, [&c.] [2]

15 If this happy world would once againe more,
Returne to her former vertue and grace:
All men with bounty would part with there store,
To build vp poore Pitty a perpetuall place:
So Pitty will rest,
In euery mans brest:
And Cruelty find no place,
To make his nest.
Be happy O *England* to liue in that state,
When Pitty was Porter at euery mans gate.

FINIS.

Printed at London for I. W.

[1] *Read* hand.

[2] Omitted by the printer.

18

The drunkard's dial

1, 428–429, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. The sheet is slightly torn, so that a few letters and words have of necessity been restored in square brackets.

Thomas Pavier registered "A diall for drunkerds" on March 4, 1617 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 574). The present copy, however, was printed for Philip Birch, whose publishing-dates were 1618–1623, according to R. B. McKerrow's *Dictionary of Printers*. It may be that Birch actually issued the ballad in 1617, in which case it was perhaps his first publication; but it was certainly printed before the end of 1623.

"Your nose is dirty" is simply a euphemism for "you are drunk." John Taylor, the Water Poet, in his *Water-Cormorant* (*Works*, 1630, Aaa3, Spenser Society reprint, p. 487), discusses drunkenness and its descriptive terms thus:

> For though he be as drunke as any Rat,
> He hath but *catcht a Foxe*, or *whipt the Cat.*
> Or some say *hee's bewitcht*, or *scratcht*, or *blinde*,
> (Which are the fittest tearmes that I can finde.
> Or *seene the Lyons*, or *his nose is dirty*,
> Or *hee's pot-shaken*, or *out, two and thirty*.

In the ballad a drunkard meets with perhaps more consideration than he deserves at the hands of a street-woman. That she steals his purse is, in the light of her kindness to him, a small matter, though the dirty-nosed gallant does not think so. He remarks that he has paid dearly for his drunkenness, but, strangely enough, makes no profession at all of reforming. Such an omission violates ballad-ethics!

For the tune see the notes to No. 23.

[The D]runkards Dyall: or,
[*Go*]*od Sir, Your Nose is durty.*
Being a merry Iest most finely conuaide, Betweene an old Lad, and a witty pong Maide.

To the tune of *Riding to Rumford.*

1 THere was a lusty Lad
in *London* dwelling,
That would a wooing goe,
where drinke was selling:
Where a Lasse lustily,
kept this lad company,
Till the Pots quality,
made his nose durty.

2 Tossing vp Cup and Canne,
one after other,
He could no longer then,
his fancy smoother.
But gaue vnto his Lasse
a draught that welcome was,
How comes it (Sir) to passe,
your nose is durty.

3 Quoth he, in courtesie
I must be doing,
Giue vs another Potte,
of the last Brewing.
Here my loue, heres to thee,
soft a while, sir quoth she,
For me thinks now I see,
your nose is durty.

4 With that this lusty Lad,
brauely gan swagger,
Vowing to lay to pawne,
his Dudgin dagger,

Fill vs full halfe a score
of Cannes, or somewhat more,
Youle not away before
your nose is durty.

5 Thus the Wench flouted him
as he was drinking,
Which he for fauours tooke,
to his owne thinking.
Thus away Ale and Beare,
went by this cople here,
And she said still, my deare,
your nose is durty.

6 Hauing now drunke his fill,
out he went reeling,
With a wilde running braine
voide of all feeling,
With his beloued sweet
by his side in the street,
Where all that did them meet,
saw his nose durty.

7 Being thus led along
all did deride him,
Till one among the rest,
soundly did chide him,
And bad him home to wend
and not his time to spend
For now I see, my friend
your nose is durty.

8 How comes it now to passe,
you are so myred,
A pot of Ale quoth he
hath my braines fired.
Then said the other now
I see below your brow,
Although you know not how,
your nose is durty.

FINIS.

The second Part. to the sa[me tune.]

9 THen the Lasse led him home
to her owne dwelling,
Where as behapt a Iest
well worth the telling,
There with his durty nose
much he did wrong his close,
And one might then suppose
his nose was durty.

10 She brought him strong waters then,
fit for his drinking,
With some *Tobacco*, which
made him so stinking.
That none durst come him nie,
if you aske reason why,
You know as well as I,
his nose was durty.

11 Falling then to the ground,
came his beloued,
Where a plaine dealing friend
she her selfe proued.
Seeing him in that place
in a most drunken case,
Staring him in the face,
saw his nose durty.

12 And for acquaintance sake
tooke him vp friendly,
Bearing him to a bed,
neate, fine, and cleanly,
And laid him downe to sleepe,
who could not goe nor creepe
For he had drunke so deepe,
his nose was durty.

13 Next day when he arose
he lookt about him,
Perceiuing how his Lasse,
finely did flout him,

He askt the reason why
she told him presently,
Then he found by and by,
his nose was durty.

14 Being sorry for his fault,
thus he protested,
That his braines neuer more
should be molested,
Thanking his louing friend,
that she did succour lend,
And said he would amend,
his nose from durting.

15 Parting thus soberly
went he on trudging,
But mist his purse, when he
came to his lodging.
(Quoth he) to deare a shot
haue I paid for my lot,
Say my friends, haue I not,
with a nose durty.

16 All men that loue good Ale,
and other Liquer,
Nothing in nimble braines
can be more quicker:
It will steale cunningly
in your pates by and by,
And will make shamefully,
all your nose durty.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Phil. Byrch.*

19

I would you never had said so

I, 180–181, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Thomas Langley registered "I would ye had neuer said so" on July 8, 1618 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1210). It is a dialogue on the notorious vices of city and country respectively. Similar to it is John Trundle's ballad of "News Good and New, Too Good to be True" in my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 217–221.

The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 182.

I WOULD YOU NEVER HAD SAID SO

I would you neuer had said so,

To the tune of *vpon the Meddow brow.*

1 TWo louing Friends once meeting
by chaunce vpon the way:
In kindnesse gaue each other,
the good time of the day:
And the one desir'd the other,
along with him to goe:
The other denayd, and to him said,
I would you had not said so.

2 Beeing demaunded why,
that he that wish desir'd?
Why sir quoth he my reason is,
because I am almost tyr'd?
And are you tyr'd quoth he,
tis more then I did know?
Then truely since with all my hart,
I would you had not said so.

3 But seeing you are weary,
now let vs take repose:
Heere let vs sit and rest vs,
and to you Ile disclose:
Some Vices in the Country,
amongst vs dayly grow:
If youle attend good Sir quoth hee,
I would you had not said so.

4 For truely in the Citty,
from whence I came are more:
More hatefull vices, name you one,
Ile name you halfe a score:
Ist possible (quoth he)
the Citty so should flow?
With Vice in such abundance,
I would you had not said so.

5 But now sir for the Country,
because I must begin?
Ile first speake of the Mizer,
that lump, that heape of sinne:
This vrchin is a Farmer,
whom many men doe know:
He scrapes and hoards the Diuell and all
I would you had not said so.

6 Though Barnes and Racks be full,
though Chists be cram'd with Coine:
And though he nothing wanteth,
yet must he needs purloyne:
His Tennants Rents heele raise,
his Neighbors heele vndoe:
By remouing of their Land markes,
I would you had not said so.

7 And if a Neighbour hath,
neere him a peece of ground:
Heele neuer leaue by right nor wrong,
till it to him be bound:
If true meanes cannot get it,
he then to Law will goe:
And wrong a poore man for his owne,
I would you had not said so.

The Second part. To the same Tune.

8 THere are some in our Parrish,
that too much are to blame:
For in a yeere scarse once,
they to the Church ere came:
But doth the Alehouse haunt,
and so themselues vndoe:
O Lord sure quoth the other againe,
I would you had not said so.

9 O sir I could reueale quoth hee,
of truths a number more:
Which shame makes me conceale,
but yet I greeue therefore:
For many doe offend,
which heare I may not show:
Truely replide the other then,
I would you had not said so.

10 Then heare me (qd.) the Townesman
for fearelesse Ile begin:
Apparantly to tell you,
now of the Citties sinne:
There's all the acts of Rogarie,
or ought that longs thereto:
Forefend it quoth the Countryman,
I would you had not said so.

11 The Courtiers proud, and Lawyers,
doth knauish cunning vse:
The Trades man by his bying,
doth many men abuse:
All the Informers are turnd knaues,
they little good do do:
The Sargeants cruell, sir quoth he,
I would you had not said so.

12 The Broker in the Hundred takes:
good man but Foure score:
His Conscience is so vpright,
he will not aske for more:
The Bawd she will turne honest,
when whores she doth forgoe:
That will be neuer, sir quoth hee,
I would you had not said so.

13 The Curtizans shall vertious prooue,
when all their faults are fled:
And Punckes shall surely honest liue,
when Panders all are dead:

The Taylour he will steale no more,
when he hath no worke to doe:
He cannot then the other said,
I would you had not said so.

14 The Brother gainst his brother,
and Father gainst the Sonne:
The sonne against the Father goes,
till they are all vndone:
And Wiues against their Husbands,
doe make to much a doe:
Sir this quoth th' other grieues me most,
I would you had not said so.

15 Most men so impious are,
that they deuise all euills:
And in their dealings worser prooue,
then doe incarnate Diuells,
The Citty Wiues phantastick proue,
yet make a modest show:
Their wiles theyle haue the other said,
I would you had not said so.

16 Their Scycophanting Parrazites,
their Mistris humours smooth,
And eke the cheating basse Decoy,
poore country men doe sooth:
Till by their Cheating tricks,
they quite doe them vndoe:
Quoth he this case is pittifull,
I would you had not said so.

17 Thus haue you heard what newes,
is now within the Citty:
How all doe practise villanie,
without remorse or pittie:
Let vs now hauing rested,
vpon our Iorney goe,
Where to, though loath hee greed, yet said
I would you had not said so.

Trust me it is great pitty,
to heare this bad report:
Of Country, and of Citty,
how all men doe extort:
I would they would reforme,
and thinke whats best to doe:
That Countryman nor Cittizen,
Might neuer gainst them say soe.

FINIS.

Printed at London for T. L.

20

A caveat or warning

1, 46–47, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

A young man of Oxford is supposed to write this ditty to warn London apprentices that all that glitters is not gold. His theme — a woman's inconstancy — is too hackneyed to permit of original treatment. Attention should, however, be called to the fact that his tirade is directed against women whose vice is not (as the title and refrain would suggest) so much general and professional as individual and private. He pretends to have been imprisoned because of debts he contracted for the delight of one false woman, who lives next door with her father. Whether she deserved such hard terms may be doubted. But woman-baiting was a favorite sport of ballad-writers. John Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton on February 12, 1620 (Birch, *The Court and Times of James I*, II, 200), remarked that "our pulpits ring continually of the insolence and imprudence of women; and to help forward, the players have likewise taken them to task; and so to the ballads and ballad-singers; so that they can come nowhere but their ears tingle." The date of 1620 cannot be far wrong for this "Caveat or Warning."

The tune of *Virginia* is used also for No. 29, although the two ballads are written in different meters.

A Caueat or VVarning.

For all sortes of Men both young and olde, to auoid the Company of lewd and wicked Woemen.

To the tune of *Virginia.*

1 I Once did loue a bonnie Lasse,
As Oxford Towne doth know,
But now I see all is not gold,
that makes a glistring show.
The fairest apple to the eye,
May haue a rotten core:
And young men all now by my[1] fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

2 Shee'l stroke your cheeks shee'l stroke your chin,
Shee'le fling her armes about you,
And shee'le protest with vowes and oaths,
She cannot liue without you:
Sheele sigh and sob if that you say,
Youle come to her no more:
And Gallants all by this my fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

3 Shee'le buy you bandstrings at the Faire,
Sheele cause you for to wo her:
Sheele make you bracelets of her hayre,
for to bewitch you to her,
Sheele sit vppon you al the night,
Sheele giue you kisses store:
But Gallants all by this my fall,
take heed, trust not a whore.

4 If thou shouldst be in heauen (quoth she)
I would not liue in hell:
If thou shouldst be on earth quoth she,
in heauen I would not dwell:

[1] *Text* my my.

If thou shouldst be on sea (quoth she)
I would not be on shore:
Then Gallants all now by my fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

5 If that you chance for to be sad,
Sheele bid you send for wine:
For that is good sweetheart quoth she,
for thy choyce heart and mine:
And thus with sweet and smiling words,
Sheele diue into your store:
But Gallants all now by my fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

6 When she hath had her whole desire,
And all your quoyne is spent,
If you entreat her company,
sheele say she shal be shent:
Then will she leaue you to your selfe,
Your fortunes to deplore:
Then Gallants all now by my fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

The Second Part. To the same tune.

7 SHeele sit alone with you and sweare,
By God that did her make,
While breath within her body is,
shee will not you forsake:
Shee'le let you toy, and stroake and kisse,
Shee'le let you doe much more:
But youngmen all, now by my fall,
take heed trust not a Whore.

8 Now here I lye, my friends doe fly,
My wench doth quite forsweare me,
Her fathers house is but hard by,
and yet she comes not neere mee: [1]

[1] *Text* me mee.

In prison I for her doe lie,
Close by her fathers dore:
And young men all now by my fall,
take heed trust not a Whore:

9 My Creditors they chafe at me,
For my time spent so bad,
And scarse I see no friend I haue,
is for my griefe now sad:
And those that loud in former times,
They now doe me abhore:
Then youngmen all now by my fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

10 My kinsfolkes they doe send to me,
And oft on me doe raile,
Now am I plagud in misery,
heere lying in the Iayle:
But if that I come out againe,
Though I be nere so poore:
I neuer more will giue consent,
to meddle with a whore.

11 You young men that in London liue,
Take heed by this my fall:
For if you still will follow whores,
they will deuoure you all:
Your quoine, your states, your health and friends,
Then turne you out of doore:
O Young men all by this my fall,
take heed trust not a whore.

12 Now farewell all you Prentises,
That doe in London dwell,
Leaue all those vices, which will bring
one day your soules to hell:

So with my heart [1] prayer for you,
I now will say no more:
But wish you all both great and small,
take heed loue not a whore.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for H. G.

[1] *Read* hearty.

21

The two faithful friends

1, 82–83, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts. This copy was reprinted in R. H. Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1 (1810), 77–84.

The ballad is an Elizabethan version [1] of the famous romance of *Amis and Amiloun* (a Middle English text of which is printed in Henry Weber's *Metrical Romances*, II [1810], 369–473). It varies from the romance considerably in detail. For example (to quote Weber's text),

> Sir Amis, and that leuedi bright,
> To bed thai gun go:
> And when thaî were togider y-layd
> Sir Amis his swerd outbraid,
> And layd bitvix hem tvo.

Then to assuage the anger of his pretended wife he declares that he has "a malady, That mengeth al mi blod." Again, Amis dreams that by killing his two children and bathing his friend in their blood Amiloun can be cured of leprosy. Amiloun has the same dream, and he is the first to speak of it. The malignant lord of stanza 15 is the traditional False Steward in the romance, and Amiloun fights him despite the knowledge that in doing so he will fall a victim to leprosy. But the changes made in the ballad-story have little real significance.

Joseph Bédier has discussed the romance at considerable length in *Les Légendes Épiques*, II (1917), 178–194. He points out that Amicus and Amelius (as the names were first spelled) appear in a *chanson de geste* of the eleventh century, and that according to the early chronicles these two "saints" were buried at Mortara in Lombardy. They are said to have been killed in 881, and to have been buried in separate churches that were erected in their honor, but on the day following the interment their bodies, which death itself could not divide, were found miraculously united. A French romance of the thirteenth century dealing with Amis and Amiloun and belonging to

[1] *The Banquett of Dainties*, 1566, B4, refers to Alexander and Lodowick, stating that no such friendship can now be found.

the Charlemagne cycle was edited by Kölbing in the *Altenglische Bibliothek*, volume II (1884). A version in which the heroes are actually called Alexander and Loys (= Louis, Lodowick) is in *L'Ystoire des Sept Sages*, edited by Gaston Paris (*Deux Rédactions du Roman des Sept Sages de Rome*, 1876, pp. 167–196).

Classic examples of sworn brotherhood are Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias. In the romances mention may be made of Eger and Grine, Arthur of Algarbia and Oliver (in *The History of Oliver of Castile*), Titus and Gysippus. The last pair (who appear in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, x. 8, and Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governor*, ed. Croft, II, 132–161)[1] were celebrated as early as 1569–70 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2760) in a ballad of "ij faythfull fryndes beynge bothe in love with one Lady" and, again, about 1590 by Thomas Deloney (*Works*, ed. F. O. Mann, pp. 338–343; *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 204–210; *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, III, 507–514) in a ballad "Of the faithful Friendship that lasted between two faithful Friends," whose names are changed to Alphonso and Ganselo. Titus and Gysippus, Alphonso and Ganselo, Amis and Amiloun, Arthur and Oliver, Alexander and Lodowick, all had a noteworthy distinction: each looked so exactly like his friend that not even their wives could tell one from the other.

In the ballad — as well as in its source — much is drawn from the stock-in-trade of folk-tales and romances; as, the "naked sword between him [Lodowick] and the Princess" (the most famous instance of which occurs in the Tristram-Iseult story);[2] the vindication of a noblewoman, who has been falsely accused of adultery, by her champion's prowess in the lists; the recognition by means of a ring; and the healing of leprosy by the blood of slaughtered children who are thereupon miraculously restored to life. Many parallels to these incidents (most of which occur also in *The History of Oliver of Castile*, 1518, edited by the Roxburghe Club, 1898) are enumerated in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and may easily be found by means of the index in his fifth volume.

The ballad-writer probably found the Amis-Amiloun story in some chap-book issue of *The Seven Sages of Rome:* Alexander and Lodowyke made an early appearance in the edition of *The Seven*

---

[1] For a list of books in which they are featured see *Modern Philology*, VII (1910), 580–581.

[2] Cf. Brian Melbancke, *Philotimus*, 1583, 03: "showe such fidelytye in thy demeanour, as sometime one *Alexander* did to his frende: who lyinge in naked bed with his frends wife, and by his frends graunt, laide a naked sworde betwyxte them to keepe them asunder."

Sages printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1520. It seems to me likely, too, that he wrote before 1600, although the Pepys copy can hardly be of an earlier date than 1620. His ballad may have suggested the play of *Alexander and Lodowick*, now lost, which the Admiral's Men performed in London on January 14, 1597, and fourteen other times by July 15 (*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, II, 182; Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, II, 144, 167). But of course the play and the ballad may independently have followed the same source.

The play or the ballad or the romance is referred to by Thomas Dekker in *Satiro-mastix*, 1602 (ed. Scherer, 1907, p. 51), — "but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I hence forth will bee *Alexander* and *Lodowicke*, the Gemini," — by John Webster in *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1614 (act I), — "and if you please, Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick, Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste," — and by John Cooke, *Greenes Tu Quoque*, 1614 (Dodsley-Hazlitt, *Old English Plays*, XI [1875], 239), — "O, you pretty sweet-faced rogues! that for your countenances might be Alexander and Lodwick."

On the tune of *Flying fame* (or *When flying fame*) see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 198–199.

The two faithfull Friends.

The pleasant History of *Alexander* and *Lodwicke*, who were so like one another, that none could know them asunder: wherein is declared how *Lodwike* married the Princesse of *Hungaria* in Alexanders name, and how each night he layd a naked sword betweene him and the *Princesse*, because he would not wrong his friend.

To the tune of *Flying Fame.*

1 THe Emperor of *Germany*,
a turney did Proclaime:
Where many Princes of renowne,
resorted to the same,
Amongst the rest Prince *Lodowike* came
and *Guido* Prince of Spaine;
Prince *Alexander* likewise came
great honours to obtaine.

2 The Emperors promise was to giue
to him that won the day,
His only daughter as his bride:
the Story thus doth say;
The Champions entered the field,
with carriage stout and bold:
Lodowike of *France*, most manfully
whose Armour shin'd like gold.

3 Prince *Alexander* was the next
that entred in the field,
And like a champion stout and bold;
he did aduance his shield:
The haughty Spaniard with the rest
his valour there did show,
But *Alexander* by his strength,
gaue him the ouerthrow.

4 The valiant Prince of Hungary
braue *Alexander* hee,
From all the champions in the field
he won the victory:
Thus he by valour did obtaine
the Princesse from them all,
But yet in Hungary she liu'd
that had his heart in thrall.

5 The Emperor his promise kept,
and to the Conqueror gaue:
His only daughter for his wife
whom *Lodwicke* most did craue;
For loue had so inflam'd his thoughts
and set his heart on fire:
That for to gaine the Princesse loue
it was his chiefe desire.

6 This *Alexander* was so like
to *Lodwick* Prince of France,
That he so lately had or'throwne
by Fate and fortunes chance:
None could distinguish them aright
or know one from the other,
In shape stature and countenance;
as if they had bin brothers.

7 Which bread such loue betwixt them both
as could not be diuorc't,
Yet fortunes frowne, and fickle chance
asunder them in forc't:
Prince *Alexander* gaue his friend
the Emperours daughter free,
Which he before had won in field:
by manly Chiualry.

8 The enuious Spaniard being vext
and tortured in his mind,
He and the deuill deuised how
to crosse these louers kind:

He to the Emperor accus'd
the Princesse of base Lust,
And vowd with sword for to maintain:
these accusations Iust.

The second part. To the same tune.

9 PRince *Lodwick* being thus accus'd,
by *Guydo* Prince of Spaine,
His friend Prince *Alexander* then
this combat did maintain:
And sent his friend Prince *Lodwick* straight
to Hungary with speed,
There in his roome for to possesse
the high Imperiall weed.

10 Friend *Lodwick*, *Alexander* sayd,
goe thou to Hungary,
Against the Spaniard Ile maintaine
thy cause most manfully:
The King I vnderstand is dead,
goe thou and in my place,
Possesse the Crowne and dignity,
and all the Royall grace.

11 That they will there bestow on thee,
let it not be deny'd;
His daughter likewise in my name
make her thy wedded bride:
But by our friendship I intreat,
this kindnesse at thy hands:
That thou by no meanes vyolate
true constancies chast bands.

12 Although thou wedde her as thy wife,
yet know tis in my name,
Let her remaine a virgin pure
I doe request the same:

Because my heart she has in hold,
and loue her as my life;
Away be gone thou knowst my mind
leaue me to end this strife.

13 Prince *Lodwike* now is on his way,
and *Alexander* hee,
By fortunes ayd the Spaniard slew,
and set the Princes free:
Lodwike in *Alexanders* name
receiu'd in Hungary,
The Crown, & likewise in the Church
his wife receiued he.

14 But euery night betweene them twain
his naked sword he'd lay,
Such constant friendship at that time
his heart and thoughts did sway:
Prince *Alexander* came himselfe
then *Lodwike* tooke his leaue,
Of *Alexander* his deare friend
which did him not deceiue.

15 The Queene in heart was vexed sore
that she so long should lye,
With him that was her husband deare
and not Loues pastimes trye:
Vnto a Lord she made her mone,
and they both did agree:
To be reueng'd vpon the King
and poysoned he should be.

16 The poyson tooke not full effect
but brake forth on his face,
That he a leper did appeare
and then in great disgrace:
They kickt & spurnd him from the court,
thus in most shamefull manner,
He was compel'd to beg for food
that lately liu'd in honor.

17 To *Lodwiks* Court he did repaire
thus like a leper poore;
And for reliefe he did intreate
at his friend *Lodwiks* doore:
A Ring he sent vnto his friend,
who well the same did know;
And came in loue to greet his friend
willing to ease his woe.

18 Quoth *Alexander* vnto him,
kind friend there is no way
To ease my paine vnlesse that thou
thy louing babes doe slay:
What i'st but I will doe for thee,
quoth *Lodwike* by and by,
To ease my friend of this great paine,
my pretty babes shall dye.

19 For which hee to the cradle goes,
where they were fast asleepe,
And with a knife he lets them blood
his promise for to keepe;
And with their bloods he washt the sores
from *Alexanders* face,
Thus he like to a loyall friend
the path of Loue did trace.

20 Thus *Alexander* being clear'd,
of all his torturing paine,
Lodwike vnto his Queen made known
how he his babes had slaine
This newes did grieue her at the heart,
but straight she runs to see:
Whether that it was so or no
it prou'd the contrary.

21 For both the babes she found aliue,
as God would haue it so,
Which did reuiue her drooping heart,
now ioyes exceedes all woe:

King *Alexander* being well
to Hungary he goes;
And *Lodwike* his beloued friend
to ouerthrow his foes.

22 The victory they soone obtain'd,
and tooke the Lord and Queene,
And doom'd them to such cruell deaths
as yet had not beene seene:
King *Alexander* againe was Crown'd,
by helpe of his good friend,
Their griefes to ioyes conuerted were,
their pleasures did transcend.

London Printed for Henry Gosson.

22

The French whipper

I, 174–175, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

References in stanza 4 to courtiers who live (like Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michell) by monopolies and in stanza 9 to English followers of the theology of Jacobus Arminius (1560–1609) suggest a date of about 1620. In a letter dated July 8, 1620 (Birch, *The Court and Times of James I*, II, 205), John Chamberlain said of patents, "they are become so ordinary, that there is no end, every day bringing forth some new project or other . . . In truth, the world doth even groan under the burthen of these perpetual patents, which are become so frequent, that whereas, at the king's coming in, there were complaints of some eight or nine monopolies then in being, they are now said to be multiplied to so many scores." The ballad cannot be later in date than 1626, when Trundle's publications ceased.

Some of the points made in this satire are well phrased. The figure of the white swan in stanza 3 and the epigram on a lawyer's tongue in stanza 10 are worthy of a better cause! The French whipper, on the whole, succeeds better than do his English brethren of the Silver and Golden Ages (Nos. 33, 34). In stanza 8 reference is made to Sir James Dyer (1512–1582), judge of the Queen's Bench and compiler of legal case-books, and to Edmund Plowden (1518–1585), jurist, whose fame is embodied in the proverb, "The case is altered, quoth Plowden."

The tune of *The Coranto* — variously known as *Legoranto* and *Lacaranto* (see *The Shirburn Ballads*, ed. Andrew Clark, pp. 337, 361) — is mentioned in *The Second Part of Robin Good-Fellow*, 1628 (ed. Collier, p. 34, Percy Society, 1841). In *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, CXVI, 374–375, Professor A. E. H. Swaen has an interesting note on the dance, *la courante*, from which the tune was derived.

The French VVhipper,
Vntrussing seuerally the noted abuse,
In all sorts of people, which is most in vse.

To the Tune of *the Corranto.*

1 IF that you will heare a ditty,
that wanteth both reason and rime:
Marke and I thinke I shall fit yee,
for expence of this idle time:
The Author although it be foolish,
he will not his ditty disdaine.
Kind parents refuse not their Orfants,
although they be crooked and lame.

2 I tender the case of a Begger,
much more doe I pitty a King,
The ones a contemned creature,
the others a royall thing:
Want onely a Begger distresseth,
but a King liues in manifold dangers,
Care and feare his brest still possesseth,
as well of his Subiects as strangers.

3 Let a Begger liue neuer so loosely,
his life and his calling agree:
Though a King rule neuer so wisely,
his Subiects some faults will espie.
The mier is sooner perceiued,
that on the white Swan doth remaine:
Though a Crow in the durt be dedabled,
his Culler it will neuer staine.

4 The briske Sickafanticall Courtier,
that by begging Monopolies rise:
Yet are not so deepe in my fauour,
as the Plough-man that many despise:
He's the cheifest prop of a Nation,
though his hauiour & rayment be plain
He begges of the King no pension,
nor liues he on other [1] mens paine.

[1] *Text* others.

5 And if he grow rich in his calling,
tis alone by the fruite of his labour:
When that one by anothers falling,
Courtiers clime into place and fauour:
Their alone and best obseruation,
is to flatter & cloake with the Mighty:
Vnles by phantasticall fashion,
he insinuate the loue of some Lady.

6 The Knights and the Gentry that meddles [1]
with businesse belonging to Hindes:
I detest them of all sorts of people,
for their base and degenerate mindes:
Since Knights become clownes and the gentry
gan meddle in matters so base:
Clownes are becom Knights & are sawsy,
to intrude into Gentlemens place.

7 I like not a Country Iustice,
when's fingers in euery mans cause:
Nor these prepostrous Atturnies,
they doe so torment the Lawes:
Yet the ones in maiesticall fashion,
controuleth within his Commision:
The others the bane of a Nation,
and the brand that doth kindle sedition.

8 Such a Iustice receiueth more booties,
from his neighbours that doe not agree,
Then the King receiues from them duties,
besides his Clarke he must haue fee:
Then giue your Aturny your mony,
his aduice exceedes *Ployden* or *Dyer:*
And follow his councell I warrant
you recouer, or finde him a Lyer.

[1] *A better rhyme would be* meddle.

The second part. To the same tune.

9 I Loue not a tardie tongued Lawyer,
hee's so full of demurrs and delayes:
Nor yet a trecherous Armenian,
though he turn vp his eies when he praies:
Yet both they haue holy directions,[1]
for the Angells the Lawyers do guide:
And the Spirits ẽ ỹ Armenians instruction,
lest he from his matter should slide.

10 A Lawyers tongue like to a feather,
will waue any way for a fee:
But rage and affection may seuer,
a Priest of this sekt we oft see:
Then the Spirit must needes be euill,
ỹ this Priest from his text so doth lead:
And the Angells proseede from the diuill,
that Lawyers gainst truth cause to pleade.

11 Your fine Gentlewomen and Ladies,
that paint when their beauties decay:
And your Citizens wiues that like babies,
are trickt vp in trime aray:
When they to better their feature,[2]
and their beauty far passed amend,
They becom apes of reasonable cretures,
& their Husbands the winkhorne doth lend.

12 The trades-men that dwell in the Cittie,
and tiffetie taffetie weare:
I wonder how they grow so welthie,
and yet neuer gaine by their ware:
Thei'le sell it for lesse then they bought it,
or promise to giue you the bying:
From whence proceeds then their profit,
I thinke they doe gaine by their lying.

[1] *Read* direction.

[2] *Read* features.

13 I scorne a Thrasonicall Souldier,
when his vallour in Tauernes he showes,
And a leane pedanticall Vsher,
when's legges are too little for's hose:
And yet though I like not I care not,
let Souldiers vse drinking & drabbing:
And Ladies vse Vshers and spare not,
I doe not loue to be babling.

14 I loue not a Meger Phisition,
although hee can iumble a potion:
Nor yet a quacke-salueing Surgion,
for hee smells of the seringe and Lotion:
Yet the one iuditiously endeth,
our liues in the daies of opression:
The other Artificially mendeth,
the defect of the cause of transgression.

15 I hate a paraphrasticall Taylor,
because hee purloynes our Aparrell,
A base-farming-Punke and a Pander,
that for sinfull comodities quarrell:
Yet ye punke deserues no comendation,
shee's neither true, honest, nor wise:
Shee's the absolute bane of a nation,
and doth all true vertue despise.

16 A Parater, and a Delater,
an Vsurer, and a false Scribe:
A Bawde, and a filthie Pander,
and a Baliefe that maketh a bribe:
I detest their wicked profession,
for the Sumner, & Bawd liue by euill:
And ye Delater by ye statutes transgression[1]
deceiues both the King and his people.

17 And now I will come to Conclusion,
for teadiousnesse oft proues abuse:
And if you can make right alusion,
the composer needes frame no excuse:

[1] *Text* trangression.

For of most of the sorts I haue named,
there are many both honest and wise:
And many are much to be blamed,
for their vild and detestable liues.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Iohn Trundle.

23

A merry progress to London

I, 198–199, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

The idea of this ballad, like that of "Dice, Wine, and Women" (No. 39), is conventional. A country fellow comes into the possession of a considerable fortune and promptly departs for London. There by drinking, smoking, and associating with drabs (whose haunts are enumerated in stanzas 9–15), he loses all his money, so that in disgust he returns to the country. To regard large cities like New York and London as centers of all wickedness and crime is, of course, still a deep-rooted provincial idea, one thoroughly dear also to the hearts of the writers of moving-picture scenarios. But nowaday, even in America, opposition to smoking is not strong, because the recent war made the use of tobacco more general and more "respectable" for both men and women, and because tobacco can be had in inexpensive form. In seventeenth-century England the situation was different.

Tobacco was introduced into England by Ralph Lane, the first governor of Virginia, who is reputed to have been the first English smoker, and by Sir Francis Drake. Largely because of the example and influence of Sir Walter Raleigh, smoking became a fad, then a habit, among courtiers, from whom it spread to would-be gallants, roaring-boys, and respectable citizens. But tobacco was very expensive: no ordinary person could even think of carrying it on his person, as is the modern custom; and it was sold in alehouses and taverns at prices that often surpassed those charged for alcoholic drinks. John Aubrey ("Life of Raleigh," *Brief Lives*, ed. Andrew Clark, 1898, II, 181), writing after 1650, says that within a period of thirty-five years (after 1586) it was sold "for its weight in silver." Ursula, the pig-woman in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (II. i), charged the enormous price of threepence a pipe-full for adulterated tobacco.[1] Threepence in the reign of James I had perhaps ten times its present value. Barnabe Rich (*The Honestie of This Age*, 1614, p. 26; Percy Society ed.,

[1] But cf. *The Catterpillers of this Nation Anatomized*, 1659, p. 2: "The Tapster hath learn'd a trick of the Divel, to mingle with two pound of Tobacco half a pound of Colts-foot, and sell it for three pipes two-pence."

1844, p. 39) asserted: "I haue heard it tolde that now very lately, there hath bin a *Cathalogue* taken of all those new erected houses that haue set vppe that Trade of selling Tobacco, in London or neare about London and if a man may beleeue what is confidently reported, there are found to be vpward of 7000. houses, that doth liue by that trade." He further declared (*My Ladies Looking Glasse*, 1616, C_4) "that the masse of treasure that is yearely blowne out of the *Tobacco pipe*, would suffice to giue royal pay to an army of forty thousand Souldiers, either for the seruice of the King, or the defence of the country if neede should so require." The good fellow of "A Merry Progress" states that at one sitting he paid two shillings and sixpence for tobacco — a very large sum.

It is, accordingly, easy to understand how money could fly out the window in smoke and how people (even kings) felt called upon to write "counterblasts against tobacco." Joshua Sylvester, for example, in *Tobacco Battered* (added to his *Du Bartas His Diuine Weekes and Workes*, 1633, p. 574), perhaps had reason for declaring:

> There doe meet (I mean at *Gail* and *Gallowes*)
> More of these beastly, base *Tobacco*-Fellowes,
> Than else to any profane Haunt doe use
> (Excepting still *The Play-house* and *The Stewes*)
> Sith 'tis their common Lot (so double-choaked)
> Just Bacon-like, to be *hang'd up* and *smoaked.*

Gervase Markham, in *The Newe Metamorphosis*, written 1600–1615 (J. H. H. Lyon's *Study*, 1919, p. 170), says of tobacco that

> Some Gallants take it on the publique stage
> other to drinke it, lay their cloathes to gage
> some spende as much in this same smoake a yeare
> as did their fathers in most needeful fyere.

In 1614, according to William Barclay's *Nepenthes, Or The Vertues of Tabacco*, A8, "one *William Anslop* an honest man dwelling in Bishops-gate street, hard within the gate" sold "the best *Tabacco* in *England.*"

The literature of tobacco is enormous in bulk. Perhaps mention should be made of F. W. Fairholt's *Tobacco, Its History and Associations* (1859), of William Bragge's *Bibliotheca Nicotiana* (1880), and of "Books on Tobacco," an article in the London *Times Literary Supplement* for September 14, 1922, p. 588.

Stanza 17 is obviously an allusion to the printer John Trundle (cf. No. 12), whose shop was at the sign of the Nobody in Barbican from 1613 until his death. John Taylor, the Water Poet, has a pas-

sage closely paralleling this stanza in his *Penniless Pilgrimage* (*Works*, 1630, M2, Spenser Society reprint, p. 133):

> There I tooke leaue of all my Company,
> Bade all farewell, yet spake to *No-body*.
> Good Reader thinke not strange, what I compile,
> For *No-body* was with me all this while,
> And *No-body* did drinke, and, winke, and scinke,
> And on occasion freely spent his Chinke.
> If any one desire to know the man,
> Walke, stumble, *Trundle*, but in *Barbican*.

John White published from 1613 to 1624. This ballad,[1] then, may be assumed to date about 1620, although the mention in stanza 11 of 'yellow-starched Kate' may point to a date shortly before November 14, 1615, when Mrs. Anne Turner, — the inventor of a yellow starch and (at least according to popular belief) the last person to wear yellow-starched cuffs and ruffs, — was hanged. The tune of *Riding to Rumford* (used also for No. 18) is called "an old fidler's song" in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620 (Percy Society, 1848, p. 7). Ebsworth (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII, xxxv–xxxvi) shows that it is interchangeable with *The weaver's shuttle* (cf. No. 73) and *Through the cool shady woods*, the latter of which is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 364–365.

[1] Its theme is much like that of the poetical pamphlet *Spare your good*, printed about 1555 by Anthony Kytson (see E. G. Duff's reprint, 1919), the hero of which (Rafelyne, son of Sir Thomas Perlore, of France) conducts himself as do the heroes of Nos. 23 and 39.

A merry Progresse to London to see Fashions, by a young Country Gallant, that had more Money then Witte.

To the tune of, *Riding to Rumford.*

1 MY Mother to Heauen is gone,
ten Pounds she gaue mee;
Now neuer a Penny's left,
as God shall haue mee:
Yet still my heart is free,
I liue at liberty,
And keepe good company,
taking Tobacco.

2 Old Woman, fare thou well,
thankes for thy kindnesse,
My Plough and Cart are gone,
with my good Geldings:
I haue no foote of Land,
Nor one Groat at command:
Which way then shall I stand
to a pipe of Tobacco?

3 My Purse will chincke no more,
my Pocket's empty:
I am turnd out of doore;
farewell good Company.
Friendship now slender growes,
Pouerty parteth those
That for Drinke sell their Cloathes
and for Tobacco.

4 My Cloake is layde to pawne,
with my old Dagger:
My state is quite orethrowne,
how shall I swagger?
Yet Ile doe what I can,
And be no Coward tho,[1]
But prooue my selfe a man,
at a pipe of Tobacco.

[1] *Read* than (= then).

5 In an old Satten sute
without a Penny,
We Gallants may brag it braue;
as well as any.
What though my Credit's lost,
Yet can I find a Post
Still to score with mine Host,
for a pipe of Tobacco.

6 Vpon a proper Nagge
daintely paced;
To *London* first I came,
all with Gold laced:
Then with my Puncke each day,
Road I to see a Play;
There went my Gold away,
taking Tobacco.

7 Twenty good Sheepe I brought,
left by my Mother:
Eawes and Lambs, Cowes & Calues,
one with the other:
With which I payd a shot,
For a Pipe and a Pot:
All these were brauely got,
and spent in Tobacco.

8 No companion was I then
for clownish Carters:
I wore imbrodred Hose,
with golden Garters:
My Siluer-hatched Sword,
Made me sweare like a Lord,
Come Rogue, (at euery word)
fill mee Tobacco.

The Second part of the merry Progresse to London. To the same tune.

9 THen tracing the gallant Streets
of *London* Citty,
A Damsell mee kindly greets,
courtious and witty:
Shee like a singing Larke,
Ledd mee into the darke,
Where I soone payd a Marke
for a Pipe of Tobacco.

10 To *Smithfield* then gallantly
tooke I my iorny,
Where I left soone behind
part of my Mony:
There I found out a Puncke,
With whom I was so drunke,
That my Purse bottome shrunke
away with Tobacco.

11 *Pickthatch* and *Clarken-well*,
made me so merry,
Vntill my Purse at last,
began to grow weary:
Yellow-starcht bonny *Kate*,
with her fine nimble pate,
Coosond mee of my plate,
with a pipe of Tobacco.

12 Then for Good-fellowship,
to *Garden-ally*,
I hied mee to search for
Daughters of folly:
There I found roaring Boyes,
with their faire Female ioyes:
And the Diuell making toyes
to take Tobacco.

13 After, to *Shores-ditch* then,
stood I beholding:
Where I found sinners store,
of the Diuels moulding:
I speake for no slaunder,
The Puncke and her Pander,
Like a Goose and her Gander,
tooke whiffes of Tobacco.

14 To Saint *Katharns* past I next,
not without trouble:
Where my Purse lashed out,
drinking Beere double:
A Tester for each Toast
payd I there to my Host:
And the Sauce to my cost,
was a Crowne for [1] Tobacco.

15 To *Ratcliffe* and *Wapping* then,
went I for Shipping;
Where as a Lasse louingly
gaue mee a whipping:
There was a bonny Wench,
Stroke a Naile would not clench,
That taught me finely French,
taking Tobacco.

16 Then straight to *Westminster*
made I aduenter,
To finde Good fellowes (who)
will'd mee to enter,
Where I felt such a smoake,
As might the Diuell choake,
There went away my Cloake,
with the smoake of Tobacco.

17 Bacward to *Barbican*
quickly I hasted:
There met I honest *Iohn*,
My Mony being wasted:

[1] *Text* for to.

A Pipe and a Pot (quoth hee)
My friend Ile bestow on thee;
Then lets to *No-body*,
there's the best Tobacco.

Now farewell Good-fellowship,
London I leaue thee:
Neuer more whilst I liue,
shall they deceiue mee.
Euery Streete, euery Lane,
Holds mee in disdaine,
London hath wrought my bane,
so farewell Tobacco.

Finis.

Imprinted at London for *I. White.*

24

Joan is as good as my lady

I, 236–237, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The title comes from the old proverb which is given in Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, 1869, p. 251, as "Jone's as good as my lady [in the dark]." Cf. Richard Climsall, "A Pleasant New Dialogue," *ca.* 1630 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 304), "If you the Proverb truly mark, 'Joane is as good as my Lady in th' dark'"; and "Wickham Wakened," *Westminster Drollery*, 1674, p. 121 (ed. Ebsworth, in *Choyce Drollery*, 1876, p. 189), "If the world be thus tost The old Proverb is crost, For Joan's as good as my Lady in th' Light." The *double entendre* in the proverb is, of course, obvious: it was seized upon and made the motif of a coarse song called "Joan to her Lady" that appears in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, IV (1719), 80–81. In shortened and less suggestive form the proverb was often quoted. See, for instance, Samuel Rowlands, *The Night-Raven*, 1620, $D4^v$, "And so the auntient prouerbe doth allow, That *Ioanes* as good, as is my lady now"; James Mabbe, *The Rogue*, 1623 (ed. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, III [1924], 262), "in the darke, all Cats are blacke, and Jone is as faire as my Lady"; "The Little Barley-corn," 1632 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 32; Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1504), "'Twill make a man that he shall thinke that Jone's as good as my Lady"; I. D., "The Praise of Brotherhood," 1634 (*Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 365; Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2158), "Give Jone the French-hood, and she will appeare To looke like a lady all times of the yeare." [1]

A lost play by Thomas Heywood, *Jonne as good as my ladey*, which was performed in February, 1599 (*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, II, 201), has sometimes been rather dubiously identified as Heywood's extant play, *A Maidenhead Well Lost.*

---

[1] Other appearances of the proverb are in *Mercurius Melancholicus*, No. 9, October 23–30, 1647, p. 53; *Naps upon Parnassus*, 1658, A4; *The Man in the Moon*, No. 4, November 26, 1660, p. 28; *Poor Robin. 1664. An Almanack* (in the section on Quakers); *Poor Robin. 1665. An Almanack*, p. 20; Edward Phillips's *The Mysteries of Love & Eloquence*, 3d ed., 1685, p. 166; Robert Herrick, *Hesperides* (ed. Hazlitt, II [1869], 299).

JOAN IS AS GOOD AS MY LADY

The Pepys ballad — a pretty love-song in which a countryman enumerates his sweetheart's virtues and attainments — was suggested by a song in Thomas Campion's *Two Books of Airs*, 1613, I. 20 (*Works*, ed. Percival Vivian, p. 127). The first four lines of stanza 3 are borrowed verbatim (except for one word) from the first four lines of Campion's third stanza.[1]

Probably the ballad was too democratic in tone to please every hearer. Elizabethan writers frequently lament what seemed to them an apparent breaking-down of social distinctions. So the author of *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen*, 1598 (Hazlitt's *Inedited Tracts*, 1868, p. 163), inquires, "But, *Quod supra nos, nihil ad nos*, What hath Joan to do with my Lady?" Henry Crosse, in *Vertues Common-wealth*, 1603, sig. L (ed. Grosart, p. 77), gives a striking account of how society is being undermined by the new luxury of dress. "The seruant," he declares, "cannot be knowne from the Maister, the maide from the Mistris, nor scarce any mans estate distinguisht by his apparell; but euery slouenly seruingman, and greasie scrape-trencher will exceede the boundes of his calling, and creepe into acquaintance with veluet, sattin, and such costly stuffe. . . . And euery Countrey-wench that hath but foure nobles a yeare and shiftes, must be trimly trickt vp like mayde Marryan in a Morrice daunce, and her ruffes set aboue the common size, and bee in the fashion."

The printing-dates of A. M. (Augustine Mathews) were about 1619–1635 (cf. No. 64). From the tune (on which see No. 9) it seems likely that "Joan is as Good as my Lady" was printed as early as 1620.

---

[1] Vivian's text runs thus:

> "*Ione* can call by name her Cowes,
> And decke her windowes with greene boughs;
> Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
> And trimme with plums a Bridall Cake."

Ione is as good as my Lady.

To the tune of *What care I how faire she be.*

1 SHall I here reherse the story
Of a Woman in her Glory,
You haue heard how *Euah* came
Into the world, the first faire Dame,
she was naked had no clothing,
yet she did deserue no loathing:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

2 What care I for silkes aray
That but glistereth in the day,
Each other Sence deserues as much,
Thats to heare, to taste, to touch,
Gentle *Ioane* may be as faire
as a rich mans onely heire,
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

3 *Ione* can call by name her Cowes,
And deck her windows with green bowes
She can wreathes and Tutties make,
And decke with plumbes a Bridale Cake,
Is not *Ioane* a House wife then
Iudge true hearted honest men:
Then good friend I say to thee
Ioane is as good as my Lady.

4 *Ioane* can bake and *Ioane* can brew
And to giue sweet *Ioane* her due,
Any thing that longs to man,
Ioane will doe it if she can,
she will seeke all sorts to please,
and loue no idlenesse or ease:
then good frend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

5 *Ioane* can spin and *Ioane* can card,
Ioan keepes cleane both house and yard,
She can dresse both flesh and fish,
Or any thing that you can wish:
she can sow and she can knit,
Ioane for any thing is fit:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

6 *Ioane* is of a louely browne,
Neate as any in the Towne:
Heaire as blacke as any Crow,
And doth nimbly trip and goe,
slender waste, and fingers long,
roaling eye, and nimble tongue:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

The second Part. to the same tune.

7 I *Oane* is skipping like a Fawne
In a pleasant verdure [1] Lawne.
When she playes at Barley-breake,
She of all doth giue the squeake:
Ioane can daunce a Scottish Iigge
and doth nimbly play the rigge:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

8 When the yong men of the Towne
Giues the Maidens a greene Gowne,
Ioane hath kisses more then they,
And doth beare the Bell away.
Still the garland she doth winne
for her dauncing tricke and trime:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

9 All the Youthes of our Townes end
Striue to make sweet *Ioane* their friend,
Some giues Purses, some giues Rings,
With Bracelets, Girdles, & such things,
happy is their houre and time
who can giue sweet *Ioane* the wine:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

10 Put her on a Silken Gowne,
Theres no Lady in the Towne,
But with her she may compare,
And is euery way as faire,
paynted cloathes the body shapes
making them phantasticke Apes:
then good friend I say to thee,
Ioanes as good as my Lady.

[1] *Text* verture.

Shepheards Swaines admires her note,
When she straineth but her throate,
Then they throw their Pipes away,
Vowing *Ioane* hath got the day,
they ioyne hands and dance a ring,
and this is all the song they sing,
we conclude, and all agree,
Ioanes as good as my Ladye.

FINIS.

Printed at London by *A. M.*

25

The lover's gift

1, 250–251, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

John Trundle's last work was published in 1626. To date the ballad about 1620 can hardly be far wrong.

The numerous ballads (cf. No. 41) in which a woman is represented as jeering at her lover and repulsing his offers of marriage in the coarsest, most personal tones, only in the end to yield to him, follow what was evidently a Jacobean convention. Ballad-writers seem to have thought that one's sweetheart must not cheapen herself by yielding too easily: she must be as haughty as the "sweet warriors" of the Elizabethan sonnet-sequences. Compositions like "The Lover's Gift" and like the much later "Two Jeering Lovers" (Rollins, *Cavalier and Puritan*, pp. 414–419) prove that ballad-heroes understood the convention, appreciated it, and — confident of their ultimate success (*Gutta cavat lapidem!*) — ignored insults which a modern lover would find unforgivable. The author, who speaks in stanza 12 in his own person, obviously considered Edmund and Priscilla model lovers.

The measure of the entire ballad is musical and lilting, largely because of the pleasant new tune, *My love she is fair* (now apparently unknown), which the poet had in mind.

The Louers Guift,
Or a Fairing for Maides: Being a Dialogue betweene *Edmund* and *Prisilly*.

To a pleasant new tune.

Edmund.

1 MY Loue she is faire,
surpassing compare,
More bright, then was *Daphne* the coy:
Her two starry eyes,
My heart did surprise,
Being strucke by the blinded Boy,
See where she doth come,
Her sight strikes me dumbe,
Ile speake though to speake it grieue me,
My owne gentle sweeting
I am glad of this meeting,
Thou knowst not what I haue to giue thee.

Prisilly.

2 I pray thee giue ore,
Intice me no more,
In suing for loue thou dost moue me,
For I tell thee plaine,
I doe thee disdaine,
I haue not the power to loue thee:
My answere you know,
You backward may goe,
For it is another must shriue me:
Thy face I dispise,
for thy great goggle eyes.
I care not what thou hast to giue me.

Edmund.

3 Thou Ioy of my life,
what neede all this strife,
Thou knowst that I loue thee more,

Then *Piramis*,
When *Thisby* was his,
Who after by a Lyon was tore:
Queene *Iuno* did moue,
The Olimpicall *Ioue*,
Yet so will not *Edmund* greeue thee,
I pray thee sweet heart,
Some kinde wordes impart,
Thou knowst not what I haue to giue thee.

Prisilly.

4 As *Iuno* did moue
The thunderer *Ioue*,
Prisilly will striue for to moue thee,
Thy rusticall wordes
No matter affoordes,
To make a young mayden to loue thee,
Learne wit for to woe
Or I cannot doe,
Nor will I in ought beleeue thee,
I pray thee giue ore,
Torment me no more,
I care not what thou hast to giue me.

Edmund.

5 Why mayden so bright,
My birth doe not spight,
For I doe not murmure at thine,
But thinke with thy selfe,
Tho thy father haue pelfe,
Thy birth cannot equall mine:
Thy vertues doth moue
Poore *Edmund* to loue,
And still shall if thou wilt beleeue mee,
Let loue not be vaine
But loue me againe,
Thou knowst not what I haue to giue thee.

Prisilly.

6 Nay grieue not at this
For what is amisse,
Ile striue for to make thee amendes,
To leaue off delay,
Faith what would you say,
If you and I ioyned like friends?
If to your desert
My loue I impart,
And that I should fondly beleeue thee,
I doubt you would proue
Disloyall in loue,
And you would that same guift giue me.

The second[1] part of the Louers gift, to the same tune.

Edmund.

7 DEare sweet would you ioyne,
Your loue vnto mine,
My loue should for euer stand sure,
Or to end the strife,
Wouldst thou be my wife,
Like Turtles we both would indure:
There should not proceede
No bad word nor deede,
That should haue the power to grieue thee,
We'le liue till we dye
Most merily,
Thou knowst not what I haue to giue thee.

Prisilly.

8 Since nothing can shift,
Say what is the gift,
That you vpon me would bestow,

[1] The *s* is out of line and blurred.

And if I doe finde
It contenteth my minde,
Then more of my loue you shall know,
That guift will me moue,
To like as I loue,
There quickly repeat it to me,
And heere I protest,
My heart shall rest,
Thou and I straight will agree.

Edmund.

9 Then if you'le agree,
To marry with me,
Ile make thee a Ioynter by the yeare:
And set downe profound
fiue hundred pound,
And all for the loue of my deare:
What a woman can craue,
Be sure to haue,
And if that thou durst to beleeue me,
'Tis a gift most rare,
To a mayden so faire,
Loe this is the gift I will giue thee.

Prisilly.

10 This gift is of force
To make your recorse,
The easier to my bed,
No longer lets tarrie,
But straight let vs marry,
And then take my mayden-head:
No longer I can
Liue without a man,
Then pray thee sweet hart beleeue me,
Ile loue thee still,
If with a good will,
This prettie guift thou wilt giue me.

Edmund.

11 Then sweeting pray come,
I long till 'tis donne,
To Church let vs hie vs with speed,
I can when I list,
Procure a blinde Priest,
Which for vs shall doe this same deed,
Prisi. Then sweet let vs goe,
We must not be slow,
If euer you meane to win me,
But thinke vpon this,
That you doe not misse,
This same pretie gift to giue me.

Author.

12 Away then they went,
And fulfil'd there intent,
Vnto their great comfort and ioy,
Fortie weekes being past
This young wife at the last,
Did bring her young husband a boy,
Heauen send all young wiues,
To lead honest liues,
And husbands to liue with them kinde:
May wiues striue to please,
All such husbands as these
That are of so honest a minde.

Printed at London for Iohn Trundle, and are to be solde at his shop in Barbican.

26

The faithful lover's resolution

I, 256–257, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Philip Birch published from 1618 to 1623, so that a date of about 1620 for this ballad is almost a certainty. Another copy, called "A Woman once found out," is printed with the music in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, IV (1719), 59–60. It contains only the first part (stanzas 1–6) and differs in merely a few unimportant words.

On the "lie alone" theme see Nos. 10 and 65. Observe that stanza 4 begins, "The blazing torch is soon burnt out," which is the first line of "A Good Wife or None" (cf. No. 65), a ballad entered at Stationers' Hall for transfer on December 14, 1624 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 207), as "Blasinge torch bothe partes." The comment in stanza 6 that "in loving, labor's lost" may perhaps be an allusion to Shakespeare's comedy.

The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 378–381. For comments on the song (by James Graham, Marquis of Montrose) from which it is derived, see *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 556–557, 581–583. The ballad of "I'll Never Leave Thee More," which begins, "My dear and only love, take heed," appears in the Pepys collection, III, 266.

The faythfull Louers resolution,

being forsaken of a coy and faythles Dame.

To the tune of, *My deere and only Loue take heed.*

1 THough booteles I must needs complaine
my fate is so extreame,
I lou'd, and was belou'd againe,
yet all was but a dreame:
For as that loue was quickly got,
so 'twas as quickly gon,
Ile touch no more a flame so hot,
Ile rather lye alone.

2 No Creature be she nere so fayre
shall any way beguile
My fancy with a feyned teare,
nor tempt me with a smile:
Ile neuer thinke affection sounde
that is so plainely showne,
Nor build on faith before tis found,
Ile rather lye alone.

3 Should now the little God conspire
againe t' intrap my mind,
Or striue to set my heart on fire?
alas the Boy's to blinde:
For sithes Ile neuer venter smiles,
nor hazard mirth for mone,
Nor yet regard a Womans wiles,
Ile rather lye alone.

4 The blazing Torch is soone burnt out,
the Diamond light abides,
The first her glory hurles aboute,
the next her vertue hides:
The Sparke if any shall be mine,
that else shewes light to none,
For if to euery eye she shine,
Ile rather lye alone.

5 No Woman shall deceiue my thoughts [1]
with colours not in graine,
Nor put a Loue so slightly wrought
into my hands againe:
Ile pay no more so deere for witte,
but liue vpon mine owne,
Nor shall affection conquer it,
Ile rather lye alone.

6 And now Ile set my heart at rest,
in louing, labours lost,
Ile be no more so rarely blest
to be so strangely crost:
The loue lost Turtle so will dye,
the Phenixe is but one,
They seeke no Mates, no more will I,
but euer lye alone.

The coy Maydens answere. To the same tune.

7 IF that your loue was but a dreame,
what Woman cares for loue?
There is no meane if t'is extreame,
therefore your sute remooue:
It booteth not for to complaine,
then pray sir sease your mone;
Desires hot flame augments your paine,
you still may lye alone.

8 If beauty in a Womans face
doth residence there keepe?
She must not in her heart giue place
to all can feygne and weepe:
But you doe say tis Womens wiles
that causeth Men to mone,
When all doe know you doe beguil's,
and let's not lye alone.

[1] *Read* thought.

9 If *Cupid* caught you in his snare,
you must endure the paine,
And eyther speake him foule or faire,
your liberty to gaine;
For sith, or sob, I will not loue,
my beauty is mine owne,
An other man my heart must prooue,
and you must lye alone.

10 The burning Taper spends it selfe
for to giue others light:
The Diamond is esteem'd for wealth,
and in the darke shewes bright:
But like the Torch Ile neuer be,
Ile first be like the Stone,
And nere will yeeld in loue to thee,
But rather lye alone.

11 If that I shewd my selfe once kind,
and partly did you loue,
May I not therefore change my minde,
and otherwise remooue,
You should haue held me faster sure,
and not haue let me gone,
Ile come no more vnto your lure,
but let you lye alone.

12 If Phenixe like you doe intend
to end your daies in fire,
My life I meane not so to spend,
my thoughtes are mounted higher:
Ile loue and bill like Turtle-doues,
although it breed your mone;
When you are gon there is more Loues,
I will not lye alone.

Printed at London for *P. Birch.*

27

The loving forester

1, 326–327, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

A rather tuneful ballad in spite of the indelicacy of its subject-matter. The introduction of Cupid and Venus to motivate the plot shows considerable originality and humor. John White's first work was registered in September, 1613, his last in November, 1624. Hence a date of about 1620 for "The Loving Forester" cannot be far wrong.

The tune is named for a lost ballad that was probably called "The Maiden's Fie Fie. To the tune of *Nay fie, nay fie*," as appears from the title of one of *The Shirburn Ballads* (ed. Andrew Clark, pp. 29–31): "The lover's replye to the maiden's *fye fye*. To the tune of *Nay fye! Nay fye!* To the tune of *Newton feilde*."

THE LOVING FORESTER

The louing Forrester,

To a new tune: Or, *nay fie, nay fie.*

1 NOt long agoe I hard a Maide,
(if none) pray God to mend her:
And euery day to *Venus* prayd,
that she a Loue would send her:
For why quoth she I cannot stay,
till Husband hath me wedded:
This is the merry month of May,
and now I must be bedded.

2 This maide was young & passing faire,
her body small and tender:
Blith were her lookes yellow her locks,[1]
her fingers long and slender:
With outward guifts this comly Lasse,
was so adornd by Nature,
That who so view'd her, did commend
her for a louely Creature:

3 She did delight as most Maydes do,
in May month to be walking:
And mongst youngmen (perhaps to wo)
in mirth for to be talking.
She was courteous and affable,
and kind as maydens be:
And very much commended for
her witts dexteretie.

4 She much delighted to goe braue,
and quaint in her attire:
Her head she graced with her haire,
set out vpon a wire:
With siluer bodkin therein plac't,
and ought that might but grace her:
Which so adorne this beautious Lasse,
that none but would imbrace her.

[1] *Hair* might be expected; but the rhyme-scheme is not regularly carried out.

5 Her other ornaments were such,
which so did grace her beauty:
That *Cupid* young, did oft times long,
to her to show his dutie:
She nere omitted ought that mought
procure true loue to grace her
But yet this Maid did want a friend,
in loue for to imbrace her.

6 She went attir'd in wastcoate white,
whose whitenes passe [1] the snow:
Her petticoate was Scarlet red,
wherein she was not slow
To trace along the Forrest side,
with *Venus* chast desire: [2]
Yet hardly could she any meete,
to graunt what she requird.[2]

7 Vntill young *Cupid* minding her,
his mother Queene implord:
That to this comely louely maide,
a loue might be restord:
Whereat Loues Queene with irefull lookes,
vnto her sonne thus said:
Shal many louely Nimphes by thee,
so long time be delaid.

8 Whose louely suites haue beene reiected,
though beautious faire they were:
And wilt thou now speake for a cry all,
and make her suite appeare?
I tell thee sonne thou dost me wrong,
and to thy selfe disgrace:
Ile neare agree if she by thee,
with vs shall haue a place.

[1] *Read* passed.

[2] *Read* desires, requires.

The Second Part of the louing Forrester,

To a new tune, Or: *nay fie, nay fie.*

9 GOod mother queene (*Cupid* replid)
with patience doe but heare:
That she deserues to be belou'd,
Ile make it straight appeare:
She's young, she's faire, she's natures Iem,
shee is the flower of many,
Wherefore good mother graunt her loue
if loue you'le graunt to any.

10 Blind boy (quoth *Venus*) why dost praise
her whom thou nere did see?
Mother quoth he because I know,
by power of Deitie:
That this faire mayd excels all maydes,
though beautious there are many:
And none could ere compare with her,
indeed (loues Queene) not any.

11 Saist so quoth *Citherea*,
then doe as thou think'st best:
Since thou commend'st her, doe thy will
my will with thine shall rest:
Blind *Cupid* gaue his mother thanks,
and foorth with drew his quiuer:
And with an arrow ayming right,
this Mayd did soone deliuer,

12 From out her long indured griefe,
and wish't her not seeme strange:
But instantly be rul'd by him,
and *Siluanus* Forrest range:
For thy sake I haue (quoth he)
a Forrester so moou'd,
That will he, nill he, thou of him
shalt euer be belou'd.

13 This louely mayde, (with awfull thanks)
his counsaile soone did follow,
And as she trac'd amid'st the woods,
downe in a dingle hollow:
Shee instantly in good time met
with a braue Iolly Forrester,
Who seeing such a louely faire,
at first did thus accost her.

14 Faire mayd (quoth he) accept his loue,
that doth most dearely loue thee:
I thinke (quoth shee) you me deride,
nay then (quoth he) Ile prooue thee:
That my loue's plac't only on thee,
Cupid Loues God doth know:
Onely on thee on thee deere loue,
O doe not then say no.

15 Whereat her ioyes so much increast,
that ioy had speech bereft:
No vtterance to make reply,
vnto her tongue was left:
Onely her lookes seem'd to disseuer,[1]
a perfect loues consent:
Which (being perceau'd) this Forrester
with speed incontinent

16 Did bouldly take her in his armes,
and on the grassy downe:
With many a louely kind imbrace,
did giue her a greene gowne:
But when she saw twas time to part,
she kissing wept for sorrow:
And ga' him a Ring and said sweethart
lets meete againe to morrow.

FINIS

Printed at London by I. White.

[1] *Perhaps read* discouer.

28

The lover's lamentation

1, 332, black letter, one column, one woodcut, slightly torn.

This ballad is printed on the same sheet as "The Flattering Lover's Farewell" and "The Comfortable Answer of Nanny" (No. 29), the latter of which is really its sequel, or Second Part. Another copy appears in *The Garland of Delight*, 1681 — the so-called thirtieth edition of Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will* (*ca.* 1593).

The tune, which possibly derived its name from the ninth line, is unknown, but is used also for "A Pleasant New Song of Two Valentines and Their Lovers" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 114–115). On the date see the notes to the ballad next following.

Nanny is a favorite name in love-ballads. Samuel Rowlands, in his *Knave of Clubs*, 1609, $C4^{v}$-D, refers to a lost Nanny ballad that evidently resembled "The Lover's Lamentation":

> Come on (quoth he) what new thing is come out?
> Sure Gentlemen (said they) we haue not any,
> Then sing me, I could fancy louely *Nanny*.

Valerius in Thomas Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece*, acted 1603 (*Dramatic Works*, 1874, V, 195), sings a song of which the fifth stanza is:

> I could fancy lovely *Nanny*,
> But she has the loves of many,
> Yet her selfe she loves not any.
> Therefore ile have none of *Nanny*,
> no, no, &c.

The Louers Lamentation to his loue Nanny.

To the tune of *Did you see Nan to day?*

1 WHen that I call to minde my great extremities,
Then no way can I find ease for my miseries:
I sit me downe to weepe forced by folly,
To weare the Garland gay, birch and green holly.

2 I droope, being discontent, but no man knowes it:
I curse my wofull state, my gesture shewes it:
My heart with bleeding teares my eyes distilling,
With wofull sighs and sobs, *Venus* blood spilling.

3 Did you see *Nan* to day my pretty *Nanny*,
My heart, my Loue, my ioy, and mine owne Cunny?
Banisht her company, I liue in misery,
This is the life I lead for my sweet Hunny.

4 If I mistake me not, thou art a kind one,
Should I goe seeke a loue where should I finde one:
It may be gentle sweet, if thou wilt proue me,
Fancy may guide me so that I may loue thee.

5 Although I be but young doe not forgoe me,
I haue lou'd euer since first I did know thee:
And loue thee still I wil if thou wilt proue me,
I can say nothing else, but that I loue thee.

6 Tell me then gentle sweet art thou not cruell?
And on the fire of Loue, wilt thou put fuell?
Doe not disdaine me through thy deniall,
But of my constancy, hazard a triall.

7 Be not coy, gentle sweet though I commend thee,
Tis but the poynt of loue so to befriend thee,
Thy Vertues merrit more then I will giue thee,
Thou art a pretty soule sweet heart beleeue me.

8 Driue away all my feares with thy sweet kisses,
Banish those brinish teares, with kind loues blisses:
Make me a happy man crowne with glory,
That I may cast away birch and greene holly.

So shall the heart of mine that now lies bleeding:
Rest in that brest of thine and therein feeding:
[Li]uing most ioyfully, your time still spending,
[S]ing and reioyce with me, to your liues ending.

29

The flattering lover's farewell

I, 332–333, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

This ballad is printed on the same broadside as the foregoing "Lover's Lamentation" (No. 28). It seems to have got on the broadside by mistake, or at least to be out of place; for what appears to be its Second Part, "The Comfortable Answer of Nanny," is really a reply to, and a Second Part of, "The Lover's Lamentation." By similar confusion the tune of *Virginia* — itself apparently unknown — is cited for both "The Flattering Lover's Farewell" and "The Comfortable Answer of Nanny," although the most casual glance at the two shows that one tune cannot possibly be used for both. Nor is *Virginia* (cf. No. 20) equivalent to *Did you see Nan to-day?* the tune of the foregoing ballad.[1]

E. W., the publisher, was probably either Edward White, Jr., or Edward Wright, whose activities extended through the years 1605–1624 and 1615–1640 respectively. I think it likely that the present broadside was printed about 1620 or a few years earlier.

"The Flattering Lover's Farewell" is an unusual production. After praising Nanny in pleasant-sounding but extravagant language, the lover, in the last two lines, shows that he is false to her, preferring Bess.

"The Comfortable Answer of Nanny" is an unblushing borrowing from "A Nosegaie alvvaies sweet, for Louers to send for Tokens, of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings," the opening ballad in Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584 (ed. Rollins, pp.

---

[1] In Bodleian MS. Rawlinson Poet. 160, fols. 177ᵛ–178, there is a ballad "To the tune of Virginia" on Prince Charles's journey to Spain in 1623. It consists of seven stanzas, beginning "All the cheife talk is now of the golden lady," and has the refrain,

With a hey downe downe
With a hey downe downe
With a hey downe downe derry
If this be soe
theres many moe
Besides vs wilbe merry.

3–7, 81–82). As an illustration of the ballad-writer's method, compare with stanzas 16 and 20 these lines from the *Handful:*

> *Time* is to trie me,
> as ech be tried must,
> Letting you know while life doth last,
> I wil not be vniust. . . .
>
> *Carnations* is for gratiousnesse,
> marke that now by the way,
> Haue no regard to flatterers,
> nor passe not what they say.

"Rosemary for remembrance" is immortalized by Ophelia's quotation (from the *Handful*) in *Hamlet*, IV. v. 175. Mention may also be made of Thomas Campion's *Relation of the Late Royal Entertainment Given by . . . the Lord Knollys*, 1613 (*Works*, ed. Vivian, p. 82): "I haue flowers for all fancies. Tyme for truth, Rosemary for remembrance, Roses for loue, Hartsease for ioy, and thousands more."

The Flattering Louers farewell to his Loue Nanny.

To the tune of *Virginia.*

1 OF late it was my chance,
a walking for to be,
In Summer time, where as I met,
with merry company.
Which well contented me,
although there were not many:
I heard one sing melodiously,
I thinke her name was *Nanny.*

2 Her sweet and comely voyce,
her siluer sounding note,
Cast such an echo through the dale,
as passes all report:
I wish no better sport,
nor sweeter pleasures any,
Nor nothing else could more delight
then still to be with *Nanny.*

3 But who would thinke the Forest,
could foster such a bird:
Or that the bankes of Iuie boughs
could such a one afford,
I tell you at a word,
miles haue I passed many,
Yet neuer heard in all my life,
so sweet a Lasse as *Nanny.*

4 Her wit exceeds *Vlisses*,
her beauty *Hellen* faire:
For comlines *Dianaes* Nimphes,
with her may not compare.
You Swaggerers may feare,
least that they [1] all doe misse her:
Theres none of you that are,
once worthy for to kisse her.

[1] *Read* you.

5 If that *Apolloes* Lute,
amongst vs were exilde,
Her pretty wit would it confute,
and make it somewhat milde.
No more can I rehearse,
the *Irish* Harpe or any,
Therefore I sing, I cry, I call,
cast all your caps at *Nanny*.

6 The Nightingale may cease,
and neuer sing againe:
So may the birds within the woods
their singing is in vaine.
Their musicke I disdaine,
if there be nere so many:
Their tunes are not to be compard
vnto thy voyce sweet *Nanny*.

7 There is no thing so choice,
or pleasing vnto me,
As is her sweet melodious voyce,
and heauenly harmony,
Let not these Verses be
offensiue vnto any:
A faithfull friend the writer was,
vnto his pretty *Nanny*.

8 Now to conclude,[1] at last,
and briefly make an end:
Her lips haue still so sweet a tast,
that none can them amend:
I neuer tasted them so much,
but I wil tast them lesse:
Wherefore my *Nanny* do not grutch
because I haue sweet *Besse*.

Finis.

Imprinted at London for E. W.

[1] *Text* concldе.

The Comfortable answere of *Nanny*, shewing her constant Loue to her best beloued.

To the [1] tune of *Virginia.*

9 I Am thy Louer namelesse,
and so I will be still:
So that I may be blamelesse,
then call me what you will.

10 I hope of that which is not,
yet once I trust wil be:
Remoue from that I will not,
till proofe thereof I see.

11 Though Fortune do not fauour me,
according to my will:
The proofe of my behauiour,
is for to loue you still,

12 Intending not to change,
so long as life doth last:
But in thy youth to run thy race,
till youthfull daies be past.

13 And though I am far from thee,
I will thee not deny:
I loue thee, and no more,
trust me assuredly.

14 Your vertuous loue I wish to haue,
for Riches I defie:
I hope to haue in time of need,
shall serue both you and me.

15 Time is an hearbe of Vertue,
that groweth vnder the Sunne:
Oft times, all things are daily lost,
in time all things are done.

[1] *Text* toe.

16 But time is for to try,[1]
which needs be tryed must:
Hoping in God, while life doth last,
you wil be true and iust.

17 When I beheld the Marigolds,
which smells most pleasant well:
The moane I make for my Loues sake,
no liuing tongue can tell.

18 But some doe say, the Marigold,
doth smell most pleasant well:
And some doe say, the rose so red
in colour doth excell.

19 Lauender is for Louers true,
which I doe meane to keepe:
Rosemary for remembrance,
till we againe doe meete.

20 Carnations is for graciousnes,
marke this well by the way:
Giue no regard to flatterers,
nor passe not what they say.

21 So many times as heere be lines,
and leters for to spell:
Or drops of rain between vs twaine
so many times farewell.

22 So many Creatures on the earth,
both carnall, tame and fell:
Fish in the seas, fowles in the ayre
so many times farewell.

23 And so farewel mine own true loue,
farewell my Suger-sweete:
I shal thinke it ten thousand yeares
till we againe doe meete.

Finis.

At London printed for E. W.,

[1] *Read* try me.

30

A lover's newest coranto

I, 341, black letter, two columns, two woodcuts.

This graceful ballad was originally written by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems: In Divers Humors*, part of a volume called *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, 1598 (*Complete Poems*, ed. Grosart, pp. 190–192, Roxburghe Club, 1876), it first appeared as "An Ode." Next it was included, without title, in "*The Passionate Pilgrime*. By W. Shakespeare," 1599 (facsimile ed., by W. Griggs, 1883, by Sir Sidney Lee, 1905, No. xx), and it is still usually found in complete editions of Shakespeare's works.[1] In 1600 it was reprinted in *England's Helicon* (ed. A. H. Bullen, 1887, pp. 76–77; ed. Hugh Macdonald, 1925, pp. 59–60) under the title of "Another of the Same Shepherd's" — that is, another poem written by "Ignoto." The Pepys ballad (*A*) has sixty lines. Barnfield's poem (*B*) and the *Passionate Pilgrim* version (*P*) have each fifty-six lines, lacking eighteen lines (stanzas 8–10) of *A* but including fourteen lines which *A* omits. These three versions, then, have forty-two lines (stanzas 1–7) in common. Ignoto's poem (*E*) is much shorter: it has only twenty-eight lines,[2] of which the first twenty-six are in *ABP*.[3] A few of the numerous variations between these four texts are indicated in the foot-notes.

The ballad-writer added stanzas 8–10 to 'moralize his song.' His title should be compared with the tune of *The coranto* which is discussed in the notes to No. 22. The publisher I. W. was probably John White (1613–1624) or John Wright, Sr., whose first work was licensed in 1605. A date of about 1620 seems plausible for the ballad.

---

[1] George Ellis reprinted it as Shakespeare's in the first edition (1790) of his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, pp. 37–39; in the second edition (1801, II, 320–322) he called attention to its appearance in Barnfield's poems.

[2] J. T. Looney reprints them in *The Poems of Edward de Vere Seventeenth Earl of Oxford*, 1921, pp. 80–81, and attributes them to Oxford, that is, the genuine "Shakespeare."

[3] All twenty-eight are often included in modern reprints of Shakespeare's works; for example, in the Globe edition, which has fifty-eight lines in all.

A LOVER'S NEWEST CORANTO

A Louers newest Curranto, or the Lamentation of a young mans folly.

To a pleasant new tune.

1 AS it fell vpon a day,
in the merry moneth of may:
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
with a gowne of mertle [1] made?
Beasts did leape and birds did sing,
trees they grow and plants they spring,

2 Euery bird sings bannish mone,
saue the Nightingale alone:
She poore bird as all forlorne
leanes her breast vnto a thorne:
Where she sung this mournefull ditty,
that to heere it twas great pitty:

3 Fie, fie, fie, now can she cry,
ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra- [2] by and by:
For to heare her thus complaine,
scarse from teares I could refraine,
For her griefe so liuely showne,
makes me thinke vpon my owne.

4 O thought I thou monest in vaine,
none takes pitty of thy paine:
Senselesse trees they cannot heere thee:
retchles birds they will not cheere thee,
King anoy [3] he is dead,
and all thy friends are clad in lead.

5 All thy fellow birds do sing,
carelesse of thy sorrowing: [4]

[1] *Read* which a grove of myrtles *with BPE.* (Bullen's 1887, but not his 1899, edition has "group" for "grove.")

[2] *Read* Teru Teru *with BPE.* (Bullen's 1899 edition has "Ter[e]u, Ter[e]u," the Globe Shakespeare "Tereu, Tereu.")

[3] *Read* Pandion *with BPE.*

[4] In *E* is added this final couplet:

Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

While that fickle fortune smiled,
thou and I were both beguiled:
Euery one that flatters thee,
is no friend in misery.[1]

6 When that I was prodigall,
bountifull they did me call:
And with such [2] flattering,
pitty but I were a King. [3]
But when fortune chanced to frowne,
then farewell thy high renowne.[4]

7 He is thy friend and friend in deed,
that stickes to thee in time of need,[5]
When thou sorrowest he will weepe:
when thou wakest he will not sleepe,
Thus with euery greefe in heart,
he with thee will beare a part.[6]

[1] Here follows in *BP:*

Words are easie, like the winde;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde:
Euerie man will bee thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

[2] *Read* such-like *with BP.*

[3] Here *BP* insert:

If he bee adict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Woemen hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.

[4] Here follows in *BP:*

They that fawnd on him before,
Vse his company no more.

[5] In *BP* this couplet runs:

Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede.

[6] *BP* conclude with the couplet,

These are certaine signes, to knowe
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

8 First entised by many wiles,
and by fortunes fickle smiles:
Griefe it is my cheefest song,
sorrow to me doth belong,
Still I waite and moane to see,
my hard hap and misery.

9 When all my money it was spent,
no credit vnto me he lent:
But straight they turnd me out of doore,
to beg my bread among the poore.
Thus fortune first on me did smile,
and afterwards did me beguile.

10 Wherefore I wish all youthes that see,
to take warning heere by mee.
How that they follow *Venus* trace.
feare least they come to great disgrace,
For she like Syrens will them intice,
and afterwards will them despise.

FINIS.

printed[1] at London for .I. W.

[1] *Sic.*

31

A mad crew

I, 444–445, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Printed for John Trundle, the date of the ballad cannot be later than July, 1626. It may safely be assumed to be about 1620. Trundle printed "A Merry New Catch of All Trades" (Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland*, pp. 196–199), which enumerates, much in the fashion of "A Mad Crew," various seventeenth-century trades and briefly comments on them. See also No. 8. The present ballad, by means of its invariable refrain, adds a good deal of humor to the individual stanzas. Incidentally, some interesting information is given, and the list comes to a climax with the ballad-singer's request for sherry and tobacco. A ballad-singer must have felt considerable kindness towards writers who in final stanzas reminded hearers of his needs.

The tune is not known. A ballad whose title resembles it, "The Old Pudding-Pye Woman," *ca.* 1675, is reprinted in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 77–78.

A Mad Crue: Or, That shall be tryde.

To the tune of, *Pudding-Pye Doll.*

1 VVAlking of late through London streets,
A crue of good-fellowes together meets,
Not one of them sober, if not belyde,
Well, quoth the *Maultman*, that shall be tryde.

2 From thence I traueld, to see a new Play,
Whereas an old Widdow in gallant array,
Sate pleasantly smirking, like a yong Bride,
Well, quoth the *Fiddler*, that shall be tryde.

3 Then to a Tobacco house, smoking hote
Went I, and call'd for my Pipe and my Pot,
The Weed was strong, but hardly well dryde,
Well, quoth the *Horse-courser*, that shal be tryde.

4 The Market of Cheape, I faine would then see,
Where soone a fine Cut-purse vnmonyed me,
And ventur'd a ioynt, to Tybourne to ride,
Well, quoth the *Hangman*, now that shal be tryde.

5 I afterward went, and tooke vp mine Inne,
Whereas I found out, an Aunt of my kinne,
Who feared no lashing, though all were espyde,
Well, quoth the *Beadle*, now that shall be tryde.

6 I met with a Gallant, that sold all his Land,
And after tooke money vp, bound by Band,
Who when the day came, the paiment denyde,
well, qd. the *Sergeant*, now that shall be tryde.

7 I faine would then see a close Bowling Alley,
Where to a fine Cheater, I payd for my folly,
His slights were so nimble, they could not be spide
Well, quoth *Iustice too-good*, that shall be tride.

8 Moore Fields being pleasant, the same I would see,
where Maids of our City, stil whiting cloathes be,
For forty weekes after, my loue I there tyde.
Well, quoth the *Midwife*, now that shal be tryde.

9 I went to Pye Corner, to looke for my Dinner,
where dining with smoke, it made me look thinner,
The reckoning being call'd for, the same I denyde,
well, quoth the *Cooke*, now that shall be tryde.

10 And then in Smithfield I bought me a Nagge,
Where of all the foure, not halfe a good legge,
Being tyde to the Manger, he left me his Hyde,
Well, qd. the *Beareward*, now that shall be tryde.

11 A Sute of good Sattin I made me as then,
Where as fiue yards were stole out of ten,
And foure of the others at last were denyde.
Well, quoth the *Broker*, now that shall be tryde.

12 I met then a Collier, that sold me good Coales,
Where two, of foure Bushels, ran out at the holes,
Yet more then full measure, the Collier still cryde,
Well, quoth the *Pillory*, that shall be tryde.

The second Part. To the same tune.

13 GReat store of good liquor the Thames doth contain,
Whereof the old Maltman doth greatly cõplaine,
That in the hot Kettle, the Mault will not bide.
Well, quoth the *Brewer*, now that shall be tryde.

14 The Carrier that trauels by night very late,
When good Ale hath quelled the strength of his pate,
Without either money, or wit, he may ride,
well, quoth the *Thiefe*, now that shall be tryde.

15 A Wench of plaine dealing, makes vse of her owne,
The Beadles of Bridewell her shoulders haue known,
The rod of correction, she will not abide,
Well, quoth *Meg merry-tricks*, that shall be tryde.

16 The good man, that leadeth a cumbersome life,
Where no day he scapeth the fist of his Wife:
And being thus beaten, his neighbour must ride,
Well, quoth the *Milke-wife*, now that shall be tryde.

17 The Good wife, that wasteth her state vnto naught,
In gawdy apparell her husband hath bought,
May walke like a Peacock, her hands by her side,
Well, quoth the *Cuckold*, now that shall be tride.

18 He that his garments will pawne for good Ale,
And at his poore Wife like a Drunkard will raile,
May dayly goe naked, without any pride,
Well, quoth the *Begger*, now that shall be tride.

19 She that a house and a charge will maintaine,
Yet will not for lazinesse take any paine,
May like a Sow fatten, that's filthily styde.
Well, quoth the *Drunkard*, now that shall be tryde.

20 She that by scolding still payes all her debts,
To the ease of her belly, sore sicke of the frets,
May gallantly on the Cucking-stoole ride,
Well, quoth the *Oyster-wench*, that shall be tride.

21 He that each morning will call for his quart
At the Labour in Vaine, to comfort his heart,
May feare no ill fauours, that Night-men abide.
Well, quoth the *Iakes-Farmer*, that shall be tryde.

22 Now those that my Ditty will kindely regard,
A Pipe of Tobacco shall haue for reward,
With a Cup of Old Sherry, well suger'd beside,
Well, quoth the *Ballad-singer*, that shall be tride.

London printed for *Iohn Trundle*.

32

Byd y bugail

1, 457, black letter, two columns, two woodcuts, slightly mutilated.

"The Shepherd's World," the English ballad of which this is a translation, is unfortunately lost. There is another copy of the Welsh ballad in Additional MS. 14,974 (British Museum), whence — as Professor F. N. Robinson pointed out to me — the first three stanzas were reprinted in *Caniadau yn y Mesurau Rhyddion* (Cardiff, 1905, p. 49). In the same manuscript are a number of poems signed by one Richard Hughes. Principal J. H. Davies, of the University College of Wales, contributed a note on "Byd y Bugail" to *The Journal of the Welsh Bibliographical Society* (II [1922], 243–246), in which he suggests that the R. H. of the Pepys ballad and the Richard Hughes of Additional MS. 14,974 are identical. Mr. Davies informs me that "the printed version is the better of the two except that the English compositor made many mistakes in setting up the Welsh text." I have on pages 198–199 reprinted the Pepys ballad exactly, with all its typographical errors, while Mr. Davies has generously supplied the revised text, just below, based upon a collation of the ballad with "the manuscript version written about 1600."

Byd y Bugail.

1 Diofal yw bywyd y bugail da 'i awen,[1]
A'i gôd ac a'i gostrel ai gwna fo mor llawen.
Mae'n cael y gweirgloddie oi hofian,[2] pan fyno,
A'i bibau newyddion ar lasfryn, crwn, cryno.
Tra fynno, tra fynno, i cân pan i tynno
A'i bibau newyddion ar lasfryn crwn, cryno.

2 A'i ddefaid o'i amgylch yn pori 'rhyd dolydd,
Bara a chaws, cwrw da lonaid[3] i golydd;

---

[1] *Da 'i awen*, literally "good his muse, or his love of song and music."

[2] This word is not known in modern Welsh. It seems to mean either strolling or, more probably, dancing.

[3] *Da lonaid i golydd* means, in modern Welsh, "well full his entrails," but here clearly "belly."

A'i gostog o'i ymyl yw annos[1] pan fyno
I drosi 'r holl ddefaid i'r glasfryn crwn, cryno.
Tra fynno, &c.

3 Rhag gwres y Mehefin fo a tan y dail irion,
Rhag oerwynt y gwanwyn i dwlc[2] ne glawdd tirion.
O groen yr hen ddafad, ne 'r oen cynta a ryno,
Gwna ddyrnfil a bacsau dan lasfryn, crwn cryno.
Tra fynno, &c.

4 Ni cheir mono'n segur un munyd drwy 'r dydd,
Ond pwytho ne wau pleth-wellt yn wastad y bydd,
A hon drwy syberwyd i bawb ar i pryno
A werth wrth y gwryd tan lasfryn, crwn, cryno.
Tra fynno, &c.

5 Prynhawn pan ddel Mwynen[3] i'r fuches ne'r gorlan,
Rhaid eiste cyn cytio dan dwmpath ne dorlan,
A bwyta i prynhawn fwyd o'r bwyd [gore] a enllyno,[4]
Tan ffeirio cusanau ar lasfryn, crwn, cryno.
Tra fynno, &c.

6 Duw, falched yw'r bugail ar dirion fugeiles
Yn canu dyrie[5] bob yn ail, bob yn eilwes;
Ai napkin sidanog o'i phoced[6] pan dynno,
Hi a'i kipia, fo ai tripia[7] ar lasfryn crwn cryno.
Tra fynno, &c.

7 Ow sefwch, arefwch, y bugail drwg, diriaid!
Ffei kiliwch! Dyd, gwiliwch! i chwi ni allai ymddiriaid.
A'ch pibau o chwythwch fy nghodau yn llawn,
Fo eiff holl wlan ych defaid i dalu imi iawn.
Nid yw hon gylenig i bawb ai gofynno.
Na'mdynnwch, os mynwch, ar lasfryn crwn cryno.[8]
Tra fynno, &c.

To Mr. Davies I am further indebted for the translation that follows:

---

[1] *Annos* is the action of sending a dog after sheep or cattle.

[2] *Dwlc* (= *twlc*) is a word used to signify some shelter hastily put together.

[3] A girl's name, meaning "the dear one."

[4] *Enllyno* is usually butter and cheese; *i. e.*, something additional to bread.

[5] *Dyrie*, songs rather than ballads.

[6] *O'i phoced*, from *her* pocket, though in the printed ballad it is *oi bocket*, from *his* pocket.

[7] *Tripia*, judging from the following verses, must mean "to trip up."

[8] The translation of these last two lines is uncertain. They appear to be tacked on as a moral, apropos of the danger of shepherds' and shepherdesses' playing together on the green hill.

BYD Y BUGAIL

The Shepherd's World.

1. Care-free is the life of the shepherd, song-loving! With his bag and his flagon he makes him so happy. He strolls o'er the meadows whenever he wishes, with his new pipes, on the round and trim green hills. While he wills, while he wills, he sings when he tunes [literally *pulls*, *drags*] his new pipes on the round trim green hills.

2. With his sheep around him, feeding on the meadows; with bread, cheese, and ale right full his belly; and his dog by his side to send after [the sheep] whenever he wishes to drive all the sheep to the round trim green hill.

3. Against the heat of June he goes under the green leaves, against the cold winds of spring to a hovel or kindly hedge. From the skin of an old sheep or the first lamb that is frozen, he makes himself mittens and leggings 'neath the round trim green hill.

4. He is never found idle for a minute throughout the day; he spends all his time stitching or weaving straw, which he will generously sell by measure to any who wishes to buy on the round trim green hill.

5. In the afternoon when Mwynen comes to the milking-place or the sheepfold, they sit down, before driving the sheep into the fold, 'neath a mound or bank. They eat their afternoon meal of the best food with cheese, exchanging kisses on the round trim green hill.

6. God, how proud are the shepherd and the gentle shepherdess, singing songs in turn or alternate verses! His silk kerchief, when he draws it from her pocket, she snatches it, and he trips her on the round trim green hill.

7. O stop, go slow, you wicked, mischievous shepherd! O fie, go away! Lord, take care, for I cannot trust you! Should you with your pipes blow tight my bags, all the wool of your sheep will be required to compensate me! To every one who asks, this is no New Year's gift. Do not strive together, if you wish to, on the round trim green hill.

A. M. (Augustine Mathews) printed during the years from 1619 to 1635 (cf. No. 64), H. G. (Henry Gosson) from 1603 to 1640. The date of the printed ballad, then, can hardly be earlier than 1620.

For a ballad by Martin Parker which has a refrain partly in Welsh see my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 212–216. Compare also Joseph de Perott, "Welsh Bits in the Tudor and Stuart Drama," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXVI (1921), 352–354.

Byd Y bigail.

Being the same in Welch, to a daintie new tune.

1 DIofal iw bowydy bigail da I awen
Ai god ag ai gostrel I gwna fo mor llawen
Moe in, cael Y gwairgloddie oi hofain Pan fyno
Ai biban newyddion ar lasferyn crwn cryno,
Trafynno trafynno I can pan I tynno,
Ei biban newyddion ar lasfryn crwn cryno.

2 Ai ddefaid oi amgilch yn pori hyd doludd
Bara achaws, cwra da lonaid I goludd
Ai gostog oi ymyl yw anhos Pan fyno
I drosi yr holl defaid ir glasfryn crwn cryno,
Trafynno, &c.

3 Rhag gwres Y myhefyn fo a dan Y dail irion
Rhag oerwynt Y gwanwyn I dwlk ne glawdd tirion
O groen yr hen ddafad ne or oen cyna a rrynno
Gwna ddyrnill a baxe tan lasfryn crwn cryno
Trafynno, &c.

4 Ni cheir mhono yn segur vn munyd drwy, R, dydd
Ond pwytho ne wav pleth-wellt yn wastad Y bydd
A hon drwy syberwyd I bawb ar I pryno
A werth wrth Y gwrhyd tan lasfryn crwn cryno,
Trafynno, &c.

5 Pyrnhawn Pan ddel mwynen ir fuches ne ir gorlan
Rhaid eiste cyn kytio dan dwmpath ne dorlan
A bwyta I pyrnhawnfwyd or bwyd gore a enllyno
Tan ffeirio, cnsanau ar lasfryn crwn cryno,
Trafynno, &c.

6 Dnw falched iwr bigail ai dirion figeles
Yn canv dyrie bob yn ail, bob yn eilwes
Ai nabkin sidanog oi bocket Pan dynno
Hi ai kipia, fo ai tripia hi ar lasfryn crwn cryno,
Trafynno, &c.

Ow sefwch arefwch Y bigail drwgdiriaid
Fei kiliwch dyd gwiliwch, I chwi ni all[ai ymddiriaid.]
Ach piban O chwythwch I ynghodan I[n llawn,]
Fo eiff holl-wlan ych defaid chwi, I da[lu imi iawn.]
Nid iw hon gylenig I bawb ai gofynno.
Nam dynwch os mynwch ar lasfryn crwn cryno,
Trafynno trafynno I can Pan I tynno
I biban newyddion ar lasfryn crwn cr[yn]o.

Terfyn *R. H.*

Printed by A. M. for H. G.

33

The silver age

I, 154–155, black letter, five columns, four woodcuts.

"The silver Age" was licensed to Henry Gosson on November 16, 1621 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2446). On the same day (*ibid.*, No. 234) Gosson registered "the brasen age," a ballad now lost, and it may have been followed by an "Iron Age," since a ballad of that title is mentioned in John Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, II. ii. Other "Age" ballads, as "The Wiving Age," "The Cunning Age," and "The Cheating Age," are reprinted in my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 234–247, while "The Golden Age" follows the present ballad. For the tune (*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*) see the notes to No. 34.

In stanza 10 mention is made of the great frost of 1621. Had the ballad been written a month or two later, the stanza would have had more point. For as Stow's *Annals* (ed. Edmund Howes, 1631, p. 1034) remarks,

> The last weeke of Nouember, began a great Frost, which continued the first weeke of December, so as the *Thames* was frozen all ouer, so as the people went ouer the Riuer in diuers places, and then it thawed, and the weather continued very milde and gentle, vntill the 20. of Ianuary, and then it began to Freeze more extreamely then it did before, and continued vntill the 12. day of February, so as all sorts of people went ouer all places ouer the *Thames;* in which space, the people not onely passed ouer at London, aboue the Bridge, but also in most parts of the Riuer, westward. And also there was diuers Boothes that sold drinke and other things vpon the Ice, yea such was the greatnesse of the Frost, that people went ouer the Ice in diuers places the foureteenth day of February, which was two dayes after it began to Thaw.

John Chamberlain, in a letter of February 3, 1621, addressed to Sir Dudley Carleton (Birch, *The Court and Times of James I*, II, 217), stresses the first frost and comments, as does the ballad-writer, on the losses of the watermen:

> The Thames is now quite frozen over, so that people have passed over, to and fro, these four or five days; but not so freely as in the great frost; for the winds and high tides have so driven the ice in heaps in some places, that it lies like rocks and mountains, and hath a strange and hideous aspect. It hath been seldom seen that this river should be twice frozen over in one winter; and

the water-men are quite undone to lose the benefit of term and parliament both.

Further details are given in a broadside in the British Museum (C. 20. f. 2 [3]) called "The Colde Tearme: Or the Frozen Age: Or the Metamorphosis of the River of Thames. 1621."

My Lady Pecunia, whose powers are sung of in the ballad, may have been suggested by Richard Barnfield's *Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money* (1598), where appropriately enough she is called

> the fairest Faire *Pecunia*,
> The famous Queene of rich *America*.

She reappears in 1654 in Humphrey Crouch's "The Lady Pecunia's Journey unto Hell, with her Speech to Pluto," which may be read in my *Cavalier and Puritan* (1923), pp. 354–360.

The siluer Age, or, The World turned backward.

To a pleasant new Court tune.

1 MY Lady *Pecunia*
is a faire creature,
All cloathed in siluer,
according to nature:
She flieth most freely,
none doth await her,
To wash off her pinions
by counterfeit water.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a changing age.

2 The Lord and the Lady,
the Begger the Knight,
For Lady *Pecunia*
cares not a Doit:
Redeemed from prison,
she taketh delight,
To goe to the Prodigall
spender aright.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a wasting age.

3 Our lusty braue gallants
now walkes among clownes
With their full pockets
well stored with crownes,
To giue to poore people
the rents of their grounds,
where almes of brasse farthings
are changed to pounds.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a bountifull age.

4 The Merchant refuseth
to gaine by aduenture,
The Citizen leaueth
to lend by Indenture.
Young gallants grow carelesse
their titles to enter,
But put their whole liuings
to th'[1] stretch of the tenter.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a liberall age.

5 Rich mizers haue turned
their gold to good cheare,
And bids the poore begger
most kindly draw neare:
And with the fat gluttons,
they spend away sheere,
What greedinesse gained
by fraud in ten yeares.[2]
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a spending age.

6 He that hath riches
lockt vp in his chest,
With too many crosses
himselfe he hath blest.
To raise vp the diuell,
his mind to molest,
But coniur'd by conscience,
in quiet doth rest.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a mending age.

7 Young women grow weary
of walking the street,
They scarce in a Tauerne,
will set in their feet,

[1] *Text* to'th.

[2] *Read* year.

Their husbands they feare not,
with whom they doe meet,
And like to good Angels
they neuer doe fleet.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a vertuous age.

8 The bawd and the pander
are turned to grace,
And for a full pocket
they hold it but base.
A wench that is painted,
comes not into place,
For feare lest the beadle
her shoulders vncase.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this [is] [1] an honest age.

9 The Tapster still liuing
by foame and by froth,
The Broaker that eateth
most like to the moath,
Are now turned honest
and vertuous both:
One penny ill gotten
to take they are loath.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is an honest age.

The second part. To the same tune.

10 CArmen and Porters
are now no more dogged,
Nor the old watermen
rough and so hogged,

[1] *Text* omits.

The Thames lately frozen,
with want haue them clogged
Now money comes trouling,
for which they haue iogged.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a bettered age.

11 Baylifes and Serieants
all pittifull be,
And to the poore debtors
lends money most free.
And wait in the Tauerne,
vntill they agree,
Not taking one penny
in lieu of their fee.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a fauourable age.

12 The honest true Hostler
repenting his sins,
Now careth for money,
no more then for pins,
The size of his prouander
iustly begins,
To bring Lady conscience
to all our good Innes.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a mending age.

13 Old fraud and false dealing
haue changed their ditty,
At Aldermans houses
for Porter stands pitty:
With gentle charity,
smiling most pretty,
To giue to poore people,
the loue of the City.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a mercifull age.

14 The wife and the husband,
vnquiet before:
To win the old breeches,
will quarrell no more:
For feare of the Begger
that stands at the doore.
For quiet true concord,
brings plentifull store.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a friendly age.

15 Now Lady *Pecunia*,
growes out of regard,
And turn'd from the Chamber,
into the cold yard:
And from all true good men,
she well may be spar'd,
When such an age changed,
yet neuer was heard.
Oh this is a siluer age,
Oh this is a wondring age.

FINIS.

Printed at London by G. E.

34

The golden age

I, 152–153, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

As my discussion of "The Silver Age" (No. 33) indicates, John Trundle must have published "The Golden Age" at the end of 1621 or early in 1622. For the tune of *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*,[1] see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 208, II, 774. The music is also given in Additional MS. 38,783, fols. 2_7^v, 107^v, but the oldest copy is thought to be that in a manuscript in the Henry Watson Music Library in Manchester. In Additional MS. 15,891, fol. 245^v, there is "A proper new ballad to the tune of whoope do me no harme good man or the Cleane contrary way w^{ch} yo^u please, as your voyce and the tune Can best agree," beginning "There was an old lad Rode on an old Pad vnto an old lasse a wooing." A copy of it is printed in John Fry's *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, 1814, pp. 21–23.

John Chamberlain possibly had the Pepys ballad in mind when in a letter dated February 12, 1625 (Birch, *The Court and Times of James I*, II, 498), he remarked, "Young Hungerford is made a baron *en payant;* for this is the true Golden Age, no penny, no *pater noster*." The reference may, however, be to a proverb.

---

[1] Shakespeare quotes from the original ballad of this name in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 199–201.

The Golden Age: Or, An Age of plaine-dealing.

To a pleasant new Court tune: Or, *Whoope doe me no harme good man.*

1 COme grant me, come lend me
your listning eares:
The golden Age now againe
plainely appeares,
Carowse away sorrow,
and fling away feares,
Leaue your wife wealthy,
Shee'l neuer shead teares:
Oh this is a golden Age,
Oh this is a Iouiall Age.

2 The bountifull Lawyer
that neuer doth wrong,
To plead poore mens cases
for price of a song,

Who is by bright Angels
still guided along,
For twenty two shillings,
Hee'le lend you his tongue,
To plead in this golden Age,
Oh this is a Iouiall Age.

3 The Ladies haue put away
painting and pride,
The foolish French fashion
they cannot abide,
Without Maske or Caroches,
they ciuilly ride,
And to the poore people
Their purses ope wide:
Oh this is a bountifull Age,
Oh this is a liberall Age.

4 Base dealing is banisht,
and women growne chaste,
And by their owne Husbands
will scarce be imbrac'd,
And will not their times
in idlenesse waste,
For feare in their carriage
They should be disgrac'd:
Oh this is an honest Age,
Oh this is a hopefull Age.

5 Your Cittizens bounty
is growne now of late,
To raise a poore Gallants
decayed estate,
Hee'l vtter his wares
at a reasonable rate,
And vnto all commers
Keepe open his gate:
Oh this is a bountifull Age,
Oh this is a liberall Age.

6 The valourous Souldiers
stout manhood is spred,
With armes on his backe,
and Helmet on's head,
With Pike and with Musket,
to the field they tread,
While the base Coward
Lyes sleeping in bed:
Oh this is a valourous Age,
Oh this is a warlike Age.

7 The Courtier, his Taylor
doth pay with good will,
The Taylor he thinketh,
his payment is ill.
But yet if he yeerely,
doe cancell his Bill,
His onely desire is
To deale with him still:
Oh this is a ventering Age,
Oh this is a trusting Age.

8 The Vsurer that lent out
his money before,
Hath burned his Bonds,
and lendeth no more,
Because his broad conscience
oppresseth him sore,
The Diuell still for him,
Stood gaping at's doore:
Oh this is a mending Age,
Oh this is an honest Age.

The second Part. To the same Tune.

9 THe couetous aged,
doe sore bruise their braines,
To make their yong Gallants,
sole Lords of their gaines:

But being once buried,
full little remaines,
But idle consuming
The fruit of their paines:
Oh this is a wasting Age,
Oh this is a spending Age.

10 The prodigall spender
consumeth his wit,
With foolish deuices,
his humours to fit,
At Ale and Tobacco,
if he can sit,
Like to a braue Gallant,
Taketh he it:
Oh this is a smoking Age,
Oh this is a fiery Age.

11 Dull Drunkards sit drinking,
and neuer giue o're,
Till they haue runne freely
on the Vintners score,
Brasse farthings in charitie,
fly to the poore,
While many gold pieces
Are spent on a W——:[1]
Oh this is a dissembling Age,
Oh this is a wanton Age.

12 Old Robin Russet coat
walkes without Cloake,
Amongst our braue Gallants,
with pictures in 's poake,
And learnes the new fashion,
to feede vpon smoake,
A foode farre more fitting,
The Diuell to choake:
Oh this is a burning Age,
Oh this is a smoking Age.

[1] Text *sic.*

13 Grim the blacke Collier,
brings Coales to the towne,
In Sacks more then measure,
yet spends he his crowne,
From the broad Pillory,
to keepe himselfe downe,
Amongst the blue Beadles,
To purchase renowne,
Oh this is an honest Age,
Oh this is a mending Age.

14 The Baker, the Brewer,
doe both mend their size,
And with their plaine dealing,
base falshood defies,
Poore naked conscience,
well cloathed now lyes,
In their warme Bake-house,
Still held in great prize:
Oh this is a changing Age,
Oh this is a bettering Age.

15 The Weauer, Miller and Tailor
leaue off for to steale,
And with their worke-masters
more honestly deale,
In stead of dry browne-bread,
they make a good meale,
Or else to the Tapsters
We must here appeale:
Oh this is an eating Age,
Oh this is a drinking Age.

16 All Trades-men grow weary,
of liuing by wrong.
The Punke and the Cutpurse
haue thriued too long,

The Hangman hath haltred
these Raskals vp strong:
And so for one penny,
I sell you my Song.
Oh this is a tottring Age,
Oh this is a hanging Age.

At London printed for *I. T.*

35

The king and queen of Bohemia

1, 104, roman and italic letter, two columns, one woodcut. Only the second part of the ballad is preserved. Accordingly, the title and the woodcut, both of which stretched across the entire sheet, are mutilated beyond hope of restoration. In the remaining half of the woodcut, against a background of churches, houses, and a Dutch windmill, appears a supposed likeness of "Elizabeth, Regina," and of three of her children (numbered 6, 5, and 3), "Ludouica Hollandina," "Maurice," and "Elizabeth." At the top of the woodcut is the legend,

> Yea, thou shalt see thy Childrens Children, and Peace vpon Israell. *Psalm.* 128.

Elizabeth, daughter of James I, became the wife of the Elector Palatine, Frederick V, in 1613. Chosen King of Bohemia in August, 1619, Frederick was crowned on November 4, but was defeated and deposed by the imperial army under Count Tilly on November 8. Elizabeth, who is often called the Winter Queen or the Queen of Hearts, and who was celebrated in Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful lyric of "You meaner beauties of the night," was a favorite theme for ballad-writers, as a glance at the Index of Names in my *Analytical Index* (p. 290) will prove. They followed her misfortunes with genuine interest and tried to arouse a similar and more active interest in the readers of their songs. Frederick V died on November 29, 1632; Elizabeth, on February 13, 1662. She was buried in Westminster Abbey.

From its reference to Ludovica Hollandina, the Queen's sixth child, who was born in April, 1622, and to "Illustrious Mansfield" (Count Ernest of Mansfeld), the ballad may confidently be dated 1622 or 1623.

. . . . . **High and Illustrious King of Bohemia, . . . [wh]ich God hath bestowed vpon them in their Royall Issue, . . . [re]ioycing to all that wish their Happines.**

1 THen (*spight of all that doe their State molest*)
They in their Princely Children are much blest.
This King and Queene, who list's their Actions try,
Shall finde them paternes of true Constancy.

2 *And that they still with Noble fortitude,*
And courage, all Aduersities subdude.
Their Patience euery other vertue Crownes,
It hath made Fortune weary of her frownes.

3 *Shee sees their Courage can no way be shaken,*
And that her labour's lost, which she hath taken,
Shee therefore 'gins to turne her fickle wheele,
To make Bohemia's *foes her flatt'ry feele.*

4 *'Tis not great Armies, Cannons, Roring Drums,*
But a good Cause and Courage ouercomes.
The meanes to Victory, and faire Renowne,
Is to let Fortitude keepe Terrour downe:

5 *And patience in all Chances is a thing,*
Which noble Actions to perfection bring.
And how can they be any way dismay'd,
That still are guarded by th' Almighties Ayde?

6 *For those that will but note from first to last,*
The dangers and the perils they haue past,
And how they still haue bin preseru'd from those,
That to subuert them, round did them inclose:

7 *Note but these thinges, and men will vnderstand,*
They haue bin still protected with Gods hand.
Let no rash Censures, or sad Malecontents,
Measure mans worth according to th' euents,

8 *For he that Heau'n and earthly Kingdomes swayes,*
Doth measure mens proceedings otherwayes.
Illustrious Mansfield, *God still guide thy Sword,*
Against th' opposers of his Sacred word:

9 *Thou art approued and thy truth is seene,*
In seruing of this Royall King and Queene,
As thou hast done, braue Generall so proceed,
And God with Glory, then will Crowne thy meede.

10 *And stout Renown'd, belou'd, Right noble* Vere,
Thy Valour to the Heau'ns thy Fame shall reare:
Thou (with much danger) hast opposde the hate,
Of the fierce foes to the Palatinate.

11 *Tryumphant Victory sit on thy Helme,*
Which may thine Enemies all ouerwhelme;
Thy friends and foes Report where ere they goe,
Thou art a Constant friend, a Noble foe.

12 *Thus I commend to Gods Almighty Grace,*
The King, the Queene, and all their Princely Race:

Their faithfull Subiects, and their constant Friends,
Whose wishes or whose power their good intends.

Liue all belou'd, and whensoe're you dye,
Ascend and put on Immortality.

FINIS.

Printed at London by *Edw: All-de*, for *Henry Gosson*.

36

A scourge for the Pope

1, 60–61, black letter, five columns, three woodcuts. The margins are badly torn, and the gaps have been filled in, where necessary, by guess. This copy has been reprinted in my *Old English Ballads*, pp. 189–195.

"A Scourge for the Pope" appears to be the earliest extant ballad by Martin Parker (cf. No. 74). Though it is neither dated nor entered in the Stationers' Register, it was printed shortly after May 6, 1624. On that day James I issued *A Proclamation charging all Iesuites, Seminaries, &c., to depart the Land*, which recites that the King "doth by this his Proclamation strictly charge and command all Iesuites, Seminary Priests, and all others that haue taken Orders by any authority deriued from the Sea of *Rome*, now resident, or being within this His Maiesties Realme of *England*, or the Dominion of *Wales*, That they, and euery one of them, doe before the fourteenth day of Iune next ensuing the date hereof, make their repaire to some of His Maiesties Ports within the said Realme or Dominion, and from thence to Transport themselues out of the same, with the first opportunitie of Winde and Weather, into some forreine parts beyond the Sea, and neuer after to returne into this Realme." Those found in England or Wales after June 14 "shall vndergoe the vttermost seuerity and punishment, which by the Lawes, in that behalfe made, can bee inflicted vpon them."

On Parker, the most distinguished of English ballad-writers, see my comments in *Modern Philology*, XVI (1919), 449–474, XIX (1921), 77–81, in *Cavalier and Puritan* (1923), and in *The Pack of Autolycus* (1927). "A Scourge for the Pope" shows him as too bigoted for one's enjoyment; but nobody could expect him to be more tolerant than "the patterne of pietie," James I, whose actions he was commending.

John Trundle (cf. No. 12) was celebrated for his ballad-printing by 1598, as a reference in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (I. ii) proves. Edward Knowell (a rôle traditionally assigned to Shakespeare) there says, "Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality." For the tune of *Room for company* (or *Room for cuckolds*) see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 322–323, and the notes to No. 8.

A SCOURGE FOR THE POPE

A Scourge for the POPE,
Satyrically scourging the itching sides of his obstinate Brood, in *ENGLAND.*

To the tune of *Roome for &c.*

1 FAmous *Brittany*,
Giue thankes to God on high,
Who hath deliuered thee
from Popish fictions:
Thy Religion free,
With Gods Word doth agree,
While *Romes* false doctrine
imply contradictions:
With subtill intrusion,
They sought Truthes confusion,
I trust, the conclusion
will frustrate their hope.
Our King doth defy them,
Our Commons descry them,
'Tis fit they should hye them
away to the Pope.

2 Where are the Iesuites,
That late were so arrogant,
That they would needs
take vpon them to teach vs?
In euery corner
Seduceing the ignorant,
But now I hope they
no more shall ore-reach vs.
They are best be packing,
Their power is slacking,
Vnlesse they loue cracking
[t]heir necks in a rope.
[Now] Truth is manifested,
[Religion's unm]olested;
[For we have pro]tested,
[against thei]r Pope.

3 Long haue they looked
To get toleration,
But God kept the heart
of our King in his Hand.
That would haue wrought
Our Truth's extirpation,
If they had diuulged
their lyes through the Land:
But now 'tis otherwise,
All popish trumperies,
With faigned forgeries,
shall haue no scope.
Our Laws will preuent them,
And shrewdly torment them,
Theres none to content them,
so soone as the Pope.

4 You fond Papists,
That late were seduced,
In time be resolued
to make recantation,
That your poore soules may
Againe be reduced
Vnto his blest Gospell,
who bought your saluation.
Shake hands, and bid adue
To that deceitfull crue:
what pittie tis that you
in blindnesse grope!
Make haste, and come from thence,
Submit for your offen[ce,]
Put no more consider[ence,]
in the false Pope.

5 Now we shall haue
No secret Assemblies,
Nor meeting houses
to celebrate Masse:

Now the Iesuit
With feare made to tremble is,
To thinke what strange euents
will come to passe.
This great vexation,
Beyond expectation,
A strange alteration
hath bred in their hope:
They Arguments framed,
And priuiledge claimed,
But now they are tamed,
and fly to the Pope.

6 All Professors true,
Lately were sore afraid,
For feare the Papists would
get some permission,
To haue free vse of their
Seditious lying trade,
But now I hope
there's no cause of suspicio[n.]
Our Parliament Royall,
Will giue them deniall,
A meanes to destroy all
their causes of hope.
Our King will requit th[em,]
And worthily fit them
Their best waie's to [flit them,]
with speed to the [Pope.]

The second Part. To the same tune.

7 FArewell Masse-mongers,
With all your iuggling tricks,
Your puppet plaies will not
here be allow'd.
Haue me commended
Vnto your great Pontifex,
Tell him, Saint *Peter*
was neuer so proud:
And say, tis needfull,
That he should be heedfull
Lest Gods Iudgements dreadfull
do light on his Cope:
Dominic, nor *Francis*,
Whom *Rome* so aduances,
Cannot from mischances
secure the proud Pope.

8 Our good King is
The patterne of pietie,
And well deserueth
his Stile, Faiths Defender.
He, like a Shepheard
Ordained by the Deity,
His Flocks most safely
will nourish and tender:
The Pope he excludeth,
Though oft he intrudeth:
Yet like zealous *Iudeth*,
his head he will crop:
Like good *Hezekias*,
And feruent *Iosias*,
He serues the *Messias*,
and hateth the Pope.

9 Then, Professors true,
Plucke vp a courage good,
Feare the Lord truely,
[and] dread not your foes:
Keepe your faith still pure,
And doe not spare your bloud,
Let not the Papists
delude you with showes.
Giue no permission
To *Romes* superstition,
Vpon no condition,
of promise or hope.
Let due execution,
And stout resolution,
Expell all pollution,
that springs from the Pope.

10 That we may effect
What we desire to see,
Let vs to God direct
our supplications,

For our dread Soueraigne,
Vnder whose Maiestie,
We doe enioy the true
meanes of Saluation:
Giue him strength to subdue,
Antichrist and his crue,
With zeale Prince *Charles* endu[e,]
our second hope:
Good Lord, be thou present,
In our high Parliament,
That none may giue consent
to loue the Pope.

FINIS.

Per me Martin Parker.

London printed for *John Trun*[*dle*] and are to be sold at his Shop in *Smithfield.*

37

My mind to me a kingdom is

I, 339, black letter, two columns, one woodcut. Another copy, II, 7, was "Printed for M. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, VV. Thackeray, and T. Passenger," on the same sheet as "A proper new Ballad of a Dream of a Sinner" (cf. Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland*, pp. 176–178), and is dated about 1675. There are no variations of importance between the two copies, although the latter has many misprints. Two late broadside copies are in the Douce collection, II, 200ᵛ, 270ᵛ, in the Bodleian. As an old ballad "my minde to me a kingdom is" was entered in the Stationers' Register for transfer on December 14, 1624 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1853), and the Pepys copy reprinted below probably dates about 1624.

The ballad was written by Sir Edward Dyer († 1607), courtier, poet, friend of Sir Philip Sidney. It is now his best-known production, although in Geoffrey Whitney's *Choice of Emblems* (1586, pp. 196–197) he is ranked as a poet with Sidney, and in Francis Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598) is said to be among "the most passionate . . . to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of Loue." Apparently the earliest version is that of eight stanzas in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 85, fol. 17 (Bodleian Library), signed "E. Dier" and reprinted in J. Hannah's *Poems of Wotton, Raleigh, and Others*, 1845 (or *The Courtly Poets*, 1870), pp. 149–150, and F. I. Carpenter's *English Lyric Poetry*, pp. 48–50.

There are numerous other copies, partial or complete. Thus in William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie* (1588) Dyer's poem appears as two distinct songs: No. 11 is made up of stanzas 8–11, No. 14 of stanzas 1, 7, 3, 2, 4, 6. In both songs there are many readings that vary not only from those of the ballad but from all other texts. Byrd's text can be conveniently studied in the reprints of his *Psalmes* made by Wilhelm Bolle in 1903 (*Palaestra*, XXIX, 15–16) and E. H. Fellowes in 1920 (*English Madrigal Verse*, pp. 34, 36–37). Bolle points out that in the British Museum copy of the bass part of Byrd's *Psalmes* two stanzas are added in manu-

script. The first of these is identical with stanza 5 below, but the second is new. It runs thus:

> Some weigh their plesure by their lust,
> Their wisdom is their rage of wil;
> Their riches are their onely trust,
> and crooked craft their store of skill.
> But all the pleasure that I find
> Is to mayntayne a quiet mind.

With only two or three slight changes the stanza (12) reprinted above from Bolle appears also among the eight stanzas (1, 7, 3, 2, 5, 4, 12, 6) printed from a manuscript by S. W. Singer in *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, I, 355, and thence by Grosart in his edition of Dyer's work in the *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, IV (1872), 251–253. The Pepys ballad, it is important to note, contains only one stanza (the fifth) which was not actually printed by Byrd in 1588. It seems safe, then, to regard the entire ballad as the composition of Dyer.

For further texts see *The Shirburn Ballads*, ed. Andrew Clark, pp. 113–115 (11 stanzas, practically identical with the Pepys ballad); Additional MS. 15,225, fols. 43–43^{v} (8 stanzas, dating *ca.* 1616); MS. Egerton 2009, fols. 55^{v}–60 (6 stanzas with music); D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, IV (1719), 88–89 (6 stanzas with music); Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, ed. Wheatley, I, 294–298 (10 stanzas from Byrd, the fifth stanza from Pepys, and in all "some improvements . . . from two other ancient copies," so that the text is a hodge-podge).

To give complete collations of all the texts would be a waste of time and space. Accordingly, I have noted variant readings only of words that in the Pepys copy are unmistakably incorrect.

The popularity of the poem was helped by its appearance in Byrd's *Psalmes* and in broadside form. Thomas Deloney, ballad-writer and novelist, refers to it in *Jack of Newbury*, 1597 (*Works*, ed. Mann, p. 38): "Seeing then (said the King) that a mans minde is a Kingdome to himselfe, I will leaue thee to the riches of thy owne content." [1] About the same time Ben Jonson inserted this passage in *The Case is Altered*, I. i:

---

[1] Cf. Robert Greene's famous song (in his *Farewell to Folly*, 1591, ed. Grosart, *Huth Library*, IX, 279–280), which begins with the line "Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content," and ends with "A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

Onion. For mine own part, I am no gentleman born, I must confess; but *my mind to me a kingdom is.*

Antonio Balladino. Truly a very good saying.

Onion. 'Tis somewhat stale; but that's no matter.

Ant. O 'tis the better; such things ever are like bread, which the staler it is, the more wholesome.

In Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), I. i, Macilente professes to be not such a man as

> with a number of these patient fools,
> To sing: *My mind to me a kingdom is,*
> When the lank hungry belly barks for food.

In 1606 the author of *Choice, Chance and Change*, $G4^v$, I3 (ed. Grosart, 1881, pp. 52, 65), remarked that "if the content of the minde bee a kingdome in conceite, patience that knowes no pride, makes loue the happinesse of life," and that "Content is a kingdome." John Davies of Hereford, in *Wittes Pilgrimage, ca.* 1610 (*Complete Works*, ed. Grosart, II [1878], 12), writes:

> My Mind to me a mighty Kingdom is;
> Which I possesse, but not enioy in peace.

Nicholas Breton, *The Court and Country*, 1618 (Hazlitt's *Inedited Tracts*, 1868, p. 191), declares, "My minde to me a Kingdome is: so that the quiet of the minde is a greater matter then perhaps many great men possesse." One reads in George Wither's *Motto*, 1621, F^v (*Juvenilia*, Spenser Society reprint, III, 702),

> My Minde's my Kingdome; and I will permit
> No others *Will*, to haue the rule of it.

John Taylor, the Water Poet, refers to the ballad in *The Praise, Antiquity, and Commoditie of Beggerie*, 1621 (*Works*, 1630, $I6^v$, Spenser Society reprint, p. 106):

> He (in his owne Conceite) may haue this blisse,
> And sing, *My minde to me a Kingdome is.*
> But 'tis a Kingdome wanting forme or matter,
> Or substance, like the Mooneshine in the water.

Finally — not to be too tiresome in extending the list — Joshua Sylvester wrote the following imitation of Dyer's poem (*Posthumi.*

Or Sylvesters Remains, added to his *Du Bartas His Diuine Weekes and Workes*, 1633, p. 651):

A contented Minde.

I Waigh not fortunes frowne or smile,
I joy not much in earthly Joyes,
I seeke not state, I reake not stile,
I am not fond of fancies Toyes:
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the Thunders crack,
I tremble not at noise of warre,
I swound not at the newes of wrack,
I shrink not at a Blazing-Starre;
I feare not losse, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none disdaine.

I see Ambition never pleas'd,
I see some *Tantals* starv'd in store,
I see golds dropsie seldome eas'd,
I see even *Midas* gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a Feast, content is Crown'd.

I faine not friendship, where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in show),
I prize, I praise a meane estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conscience cleere.

The tune comes from the first line — "In Crete when Daedalus first began" — of a ballad (*ca.* 1568) on the exploits of Daedalus and Icarus, which I have reprinted from a sixteenth-century manuscript in *The Review of English Studies*, III (1927), 335–337.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

A sweet and pleasant Sonet, entituled: My minde to me a kingdome is.

To the tune of, *In Creet, &c.*

1 MY minde to me a Kingdome is,
such perfect ioyes therein I find,
It farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
that world affords, or growes by kind:
Though much I want that most men haue,
Yet doth my mind forbid me craue.

2 Content I liue, this is my stay,
I seeke no more then may suffice,
I presse to beare no haughty sway,
looke what I lacke my minde supplies:
Loe, thus I triumph like a King,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

3 I see how plenty surfets oft,
and hasty climbers oft doe fall,
I see how those that sit aloft,
mishap doth threaten most of all,
They get, they [1] toyle, they spend with care,
Such cares my mind could neuer beare.

4 I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine,
No worldly waue my minde can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane:
I feare no foe, I scorne no [2] friend,
I dread no death, I feare no end.

5 Some haue too much, yet still they craue,
I little haue, yet seeke no more,
They are but poore, though much they haue,
And I am rich with little store,
They poore, I rich, they beg, I giue,
They lacke, I lend, they pine, I liue.

[1] *Read* with *with Byrd and Shirburn.*
[2] I finde noe *Shirburn*, nor fawne on *Byrd.*

6 My wealth is health and perfect ease,
my conscience cleare, my chiefe defence:
I neuer seeke by bribes to please,
nor by desert to giue offence:
Loe thus I liue, thus will I die,
Would all did so as well as I.

7 No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
no force to get the victory,
No wily wit to salue a sore,
no shape to win a Louers eye,
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

8 I ioy not at an earthly blisse,
I weigh not *Cresus* wealth a straw,
For Care, I care not what it is,
I feare not Fortunes fatall law:
My mind is such as may not moue,
For beauty bright or force of loue:

9 I wish not[1] what I haue at will,
I wander not to seeke for more,
I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
in greatest storme I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toile in vaine,
To get that must be lost againe.

10 I kisse not where[2] I wish to kill,
I faine no loue where most I hate,
I breake no sleepe to winne my will,
I waite not at the mighties gate,
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich,
I feele no want, nor haue too much.

[1] *Read* but *with Byrd and Shirburn.*
[2] *Text* were.

The Court, ne Cart, I like, ne loath,
extreames are counted worst of all,
The golden meane betwixt them both,
doth surest sit, and feares no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *H. G.*

38

The countryman's chat

I, 184–185, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

This ballad gives a picture of seventeenth-century village life that has extraordinary interest — a picture of High Street and its shop-talk that appealed to Londoners, if it appealed at all, by its very remoteness from their own lives and interests. It deals only with the conversation of a group of Hertfordshire men, but from the last stanza it is obvious that the author wrote (or in any case intended to write) a sequel reproducing the women's talk. In stanzas 4 and 5 reference is made to hedge-breakers in such a way as to show that some time had passed since the enclosing of common fields in 1607 and the resultant Midland Revolt. Stanza 6 refers to the custom of granting pregnant women the privilege of eating meat during Lent: many instances of these dispensations will be found cited in J. C. Cox's *Parish Registers of England* (1910, pp. 224–225).

The date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1625. The tune is apparently unknown.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S CHAT

The Countrey mans chat,
Wherein you shall finde
How each man doth talke
To please his owne minde.

To the tune of, *Welcome to Towne.*

1 IN place where late I chanced to be at
a feast of friendly meetings,
Where men and women of each degree,
vs'd kinde and courteous greetings,
For their acquantance and their conference,
one had with another,
Well I noted as they sorted
all their speech in order,
Men by themselues, women likewise.
men they talkt of Tillage,
The prises of wheat, of sheep and Neat,
and orders of their Village.

2 First, qd. *Iohn Thake*, to the Goodman *Lake*,
what when doe y' gin sow Barly?
Masse quoth he not, this sennet yet
I thinke it's somewhat too early.

Quoth Goodman *Hare*, to another there,
how workes your land in *Brimly?*
Why, quoth old *Paine*, 'twants but a raine,
but I warn't twould worke euen trimly.
Then, quoth old *Iud*, I thinke twere good,
and if you sew't with Peason,
No, quoth *Iohn How*, were I as you,
it should lye another season.

3 Qd. Goodman *Ros*, how's your horse,
I heard he's sicke oth' stauers,
Oh hang him Iade, quoth old *Iohn Dade*,
its time he were at the Glouers.
Quoth Goodmā *Read*, to the Goodman *Pead*,
how sold you wheat at *Hertford?*
Faith, quoth old *Brown*, euen halfe a crown
and so twas sold at *Storford.*
I neuer knew, quoth old *Iohn Trew*,
the Markets to be slower.
Nay, quoth old *Snow*, tis very like so,
the prizes will be lower.

4 Marry, quoth old *Gue*, pray God be true,
then poore shall fare the better,
Now forth came *Mence*, with's eloquence,
yet he knew neuer a letter,
Wee are confused, and infused,
and our hedges broken.
I faith, quoth *Bars*, I tell you sirs,
my fields they lye all open,
Faith, quoth old *Neale*, the poore wil steale,
before they'l fall to working.
I and whoore for all they're poore,
they care not for a Ierking.

5 These hedgebreakers I thinke it fit,
that at next leete wee paine them,
And these inmates, quoth *Peter Gates*,
how should a man restraine them.

Faith Boyes and Girles, & knaues & truls,
their can be no diuiding,
They must be matcht, and will be pitcht,
somewhere to haue a biding.
Tush, quoth old *Rule*, man you're a foole,
don't those so that haue riches;
But now they'l preuent th' impediment,
for downe goes Cloackbag breeches.

The second part. To the same tune.

6 THen, qd. Goodman *Dent*, how shall we doe, this lent,
they say ther's no good Herring
There's no good white, qd. Goodman *Knight*,
nay, Ile stand to't, quoth old *Seering*,
And quoth *Tom Bush*, law's strait for flesh,
if that's true, quoth old *Kelly*.
Tush you may be excus'd, qd. Goodman *Hewes'd*
along of your wiues great belly.
You'r killing a calfe, quoth Goodman *Roffe*,
I catch this same at *Roston*,
Where I sold my hogs as cheap as any dogs,
that I bestow'd such cost on.

7 Quoth Goodman *Fip*, how standeth your sheep,
they say there dies aboundant,
Faith, quoth *Ned Scot*, they all haue the rot,
I hold a hundred pound ont,
Nay thats a Iest, quoth *Robin Feast*,
for I know heres good Mutton,
Theres little found in all this Towne,
Ile stand to't quoth old *Hutton*.
What is there then, quoth *Francis Wren*,
that is without some misflaw,
But stay your tale, quoth *Humfrey Sale*,
can ye spare vs a loade of Peas-straw?

8 What now *Iohn Dan*, how dost thou man?
me thinkes thou lookst but sickly,
I doubt, quoth *Ieames*, he hath raid his seames,
that makes him goe so featly,
Now here *Iohn Simmes*, to all our friends,
in City and in Country,
Doe let it come and Ile drinke round,
to *Dicke* and so to *Humfrey*.
man I was at *Stadds* with those old Lads,
and there we drunke full deeply,
Come, quoth *Tom Trap*, man take of your lap,
and lets be going quickly.

9 How doe's, quoth one, your neighbour *Ton*,
I doubt he thriues but slowly.
But there's *Ned Stitch* is growne vile rich,
which way the dewce is't know ye.
Thus much delating and much chatting,
is there at such meetings.
If ought I leaue you may it conceiue,
Ile now to the womens greeting
For they were neatly talking featly,
as they vse at Banquets:
Whose kindes I spide euen last Shrouetide,
when they were eating Pankakes.

FINIS.

London, printed for *H. G.*

39

Dice, wine, and women

1, 200–201, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. The main title is cut off, and here has been supplied by guess. Several ballads of a similar title were entered at Stationers' Hall; as, "a notable Dystruction [*or* instruction] for all men to be Ware the abuses of Dyce Wyne and Women &c." in 1565–66, and "Dice. wyne. and women" in September, 1578 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, Nos. 598, 1974, 1976).

The theme of the ballad is almost identical with that of "A Merry Progress" (No. 23). A Cornwall youth inherits his father's fortune, but dissipates it in London in an extremely lavish fashion. He spends five angels here, ten pounds there, on tobacco, wine, women, dice, and cards; at the Red Bull playhouse, where the roaring rhymer jeers him to his face, he loses his hat, cloak, and purse; he is stripped to the skin by an irate harlot who had entertained him, as she thought, for money; and, after wandering naked through the streets, he is arrested and sent to Bridewell, where he beats hemp in the company of some "fatal sisters" (on whom see "Whipping Cheer" in my *Pepysian Garland*, pp. 39–43) for a whole fortnight. Finally, a friend secures his release, and he returns, a poorer but a wiser man, to the simple life of Cornwall.

With the ballad one might compare *Mihil Mumchance*, 1597, which tells (sig. D3) how, when all the other tricks of London sharpers fail, they will "run to the last conclusion, and by a knot of lusty companions of the high Lawe, not onely shake the harmelesse body out of his cloathes, but also binde him, and leave him fleeced as bare as a newe shorne sheepe, and perchance so farre from his friends, that he shall be forced to trip on his ten toes homeward for lacke of a Hackney to ride on, and begge for his charges by the way."

Thomas Langley printed from 1615 to 1635, so that a date of about 1625 seems plausible for this broadside. On the tune see the notes to No. 9.

[Dice, Wine, and Women]
OR
The vnfortunate Gallant gull'd at London.

To the tune of *Shall I wrastle in despaire.*

1 FRom *Cornwal* mount to London faire,
to trie all fashions did I repaire,
Soone came I to a Cornish Chuffe,
Left by my father rich enough,
Yet riches could not me content,
Vntill at London all was spent.
The causes why I am so poore,
Are Dice, Strong-waters, and a whore.

2 First did I come to Charing-crosse,
Where was such smoking none could passe,
Braue Gallants there my sight opposes,
Fum'd hospitalitie from their noses:
To trie those fashions that were there,
Fiue angels cost that day was deere.
The causes, &c.

3 From thence vnto the new Exchange
My purse and I did freely range,
Whereas a new beginner sold
Strong waters new, and Tobacco old:
With him at Doublets did I play,
Till fiue more Angels flew away.
The causes, &c.

4 Then thinking London for to see,
within the Strand I chanc't to spie
Two louely lasses faire and bright,
whom I do guesse were painted white:
These did I court, and they gaue leaue,
But they at last did me deceiue.
The causes, &c.

5 At Temple-barre I chanc't to spie
Braue guilded glasses ỹ pleasd mine eye,
What 'twas, I askt the next I did meet,
Who told me it was strong waters sweet
All the varietie did I taste:
That day I full fiue pound did waste.
The causes, &c.

6 From thence next day to Fleet-street braue,
where I espied many a knaue:
One among the rest I spied than,
who swore he was my country man:
With him to Tauerne did I goe:
But dice & cards there wrought my woe.
The causes, &c.

7 Then the old Baily did I trace,
where I did meet full face to face
A Cheater pleading pouertie,
who askt, if a gold ring I would buy:
Fine siluer tagges, which I poore asse,
Bought that for good [1] w̃ prou'd but brasse.
The causes, &c.

8 Then thinking for to see a play,
I met a Pander by the way:
Who thinking I had money store,
Brought me to Turnboll to a whore:
Ere from that house I rid could be,
It cost ten pound my setting free.
The causes, &c.

9 Most of my money being spent,
To *S. Iohns* street to the *Bull* I went,
Where I the roaring Rimer saw,
And to my face was made a daw:
And pressing forth among the folke,
I lost my purse, my hat and cloke.
The causes, &c.

[1] *Read* gold.

The Second Part.

10 THen into Smithfield did I hie,
where I Strong-waters did espie:
From that same shop I could not part:
For I loued strong waters with my hart:
Going to pay, my purse was gone,
For which great shot my shirt's in pawn.
The causes, &c.

11 Then to Long-lane I went poore man,
And so from thence to Barbican:
Money was spent, and my credit scant,
And no body there would releeue my want,
Then did I trace to Whitecrosse street,
wondred at by all I meet.
The causes, &c.

12 Wandring along this lucklesse day,
In a noted house by chance I lay:
Where as a wench both faire and fine,
Lou'd me in hope I had store of coine:
But when she perceiu'd me poore,
She stript, and beat me out of doore.
The causes, &c.

13 Thus all along in piteous plight
walkt I along till twelue at night:
Each one did barre their churlish doore,
None would regard me being poore:
The watch being set, and I in sight,
was sent to new Bridewell that night.
The causes, &c.

14 There was I set to worke full hard:
From meat and drinke & pleasure bard:
I could haue no strong-waters there,
Nor scarce a draught of good small beere,
I wrought at mill by my fatall sisters,
Till both my hands were ful of blisters.
The causes, &c.

15 There lay I long in griefe and woe,
For by no meanes I thence could goe:
No friend would speake in this my plight,
Till I was there a full fortnight:
At length a friend I chanc't to see,
who wrought the meanes to set me free.
The causes, &c.

16 Now to my countrey doe I hie:
London and fashions I defie:
Farewell damd dice, & strong waters cleere:
Farewell all punkes and double beere:
I am for *Cornwall* freely bound:
For *London* doth my state confound:
There by these three I was made poore:
The Dice, Strong waters, and a whore.

FINIS.

Printed for T. L.

40

The scornful maid

I, 248–249, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The scornful maid had eighteen suitors — a Scot, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Turk, a Pole, even "a barbarian, a big-bellied man." To each of them, however, she finds some almost insuperable objection, and she ends her song by asking the advice of her hearers. Her situation is more enviable than that of Cicely, who (*Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, II, 44–45) begins her tale of woe,

> Ay: me, ay me, pore sisley, & vndone!
> I had 12 sutors, now I have but one!

namely, "one poore Scott who can doe nought but begg."

On the tune see the notes to No. 34. As a guess, the date may be assumed to be about 1625.

A merry Ballad of a rich Maid that had 18. seuerall Suitors of seuerall Countries: otherwise called the scornefull Maid.

To the tune of, *hoop do me no harme good man.*

1 I Am a young lasse, and my time doth so passe,
That of late I did long for to marry:
I haue for my deere fiue hundred a yeare,
And yet for all that I will tarry.

2 I had with a Scot, mickle mony I wot,
He strouted with Rapier and Poniard:
He is laid with fine lase, but I like not his face,
Ais feare he has lost his Whiniard.

3 Then came one from France who brauely could dance,
Hee is proper in euery ioynt:
Yet in his Country, he scapt well the Pee,[1]
So well he did cut the crosse poynt.

4 A Signiour Spaniore, is late come ore,
And he thinkes that he hath no fellow,
He is hot in the Reyne, and hath got a straine,
By dancing in a Bandello.

5 Then came a Duch-man can touse well the can,
Till his head be as light as a feather:
The Spaniard had's Punck, & the Dutch-man was drunk,
And so they went both together.

6 An Italian came post, and full well he can bost,
But I like no such fond fellowes:
If I were his wife he should lead an ill life,
For I doe like none so iealous.

7 From Rome one came to me, who daily did wo me
He fasted three dayes in the weeke,
But when prayer is done, if he spie a faire Nun,
His stomacke is wonderfull quick.

[1] *I. e.*, the P — (or pox).

8 A troublesome Turke, did make hasty worke,
But his suite it was quickly ended:
I scornd his beliefe, and so to be briefe,
He did returne home offended.

9 Then next a braue Dane, came marching amaine,
But I answered him as the rest,
That he could not preuaile, so he hoyst vp his saile,
For his nose could abide no iest.

10 From Ireland I had, a lusty braue lad,
Each Limbe was proportioned mighty:
Truth was he was poore) yet I gaue him o're,
Cause his breath stunke of Aquauity.

11 From Swethland resorted, a man well reported
And he made a proffer to woe me:
His neck was so bigge, and so small was his legge,
That since he would neuer come to me.

12 From Rushia likewise, in antick disguise,
One came which did thinke to obtaine me:
But his hayre & his hood, against my minde stood
Therefore he shall neuer gaine me.

The Second Part of the scornefull Maide. To the same tune.

13 A Grecian one day, my loue did assay,
(Who standeth at euery Church doore:)
I neuer respected though he me affected,
I had rather turne fidlers whore.

14 An Almaine Rut spide me, and presently tride me,
Who thought I would yeeld at the first:
But I could not abide he should lye by my side,
For some say they are diuelish and curst.

15 From Pol did come hither in Summers hot weather,
He strutted and stalk't with a grace:
So soone as I spide him I could not abide him,
His nose was frozen of on his face.

16 He had a great minde, and was willing inclind,
No Nation so willing as those,
He swore and protested I gibed and ieasted,
And bad him goe get a new nose.

17 A Barbarian, a bigge bellied man,
Did profer to win me for's wife:
But I told him this, he should surely misse,
For I likt not his course of life.

18 From Amsterdame a vile Athiest came,
He was neither true Dutchman nor Pole:
But I doe reiect all that are of that sect,
For I doubt me that hell hath his soule.

19 This baseminded Creature doth thinke that by nature,
Both heauen and earth is made:
He thinkes there's no hell, where Athiests must [dwell,] [1]
But my minde he shall not perswade.

20 A Gentleman of wales did tell her fine tales,
That her had a house built on a hill,
Had Pig and had Goat, and greene leek in the pot,
And could eat good Couse bobby her fill.

21 He would keepe me so braue, if I would him haue,
He would buy me a hood and a hat:
He would buy me fine hose, with garters and rose,
And sweetheart how like you of that.

22 A Englishman came, but I know not his name,
And he brauely could quaffe it an quarrell:
Hee'le drinke till he dye, some sayes, but not I,
And sell all his lands for apparrell.

23 If I would be his wife, he swore by his life,
Ere long he would make me a Lady:
He would sell his ould manners to buy him new honors,
And thats but the trick of a baby.

[1] Text omits.

Now which should I haue, your councels I craue
If you can but finde one will fit me:
The best I will take, and amends Ile you make,
If *Cupid* ere then doe not hit me.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson.

41

Good sir, you wrong your breeches

1, 280–281, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Once again (cf. Nos. 25, 58, 84) we have a wooing scene in which, after repulsing her lover in coarse language, the woman finally consents to marry him. It is a long distance indeed from such courtships to the "this is so sudden" attitude popularized in nineteenth-century fiction.

The proverb "You wrong your breeches" occurs in Samuel Rowlands's *A Pair of Spy-Knaves*, *ca.* 1620, D3; in Richard Brathwaite's *Barnabae Itinerarium*, 1638, L2; in Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, 1869, p. 490; and in many other places. Its meaning is indelicate and obvious.

For the tunes, which are used also for No. 49, see Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1, 378–380. Since John Trundle published the ballad, it must have appeared before July, 1626, and a date of 1625 is a good-enough guess.

Good Sir, you wrong your Britches,
Pleasantly discoursed by a witty Youth, and a wily Wench.

To the tune of *Oh no, no, no, not yet:* Or, *I'le neuer loue thee more.*

1 A Yong man and a Lasse of late,
within a Garden Ally,
As *Cupid* had commanded him,
began to court and dally:
She bade him haue a speciall care,
he fell into no Ditches,
For so, (quoth she) the prouerbe sayes,
good Sir, you'le wrong your Britches.

2 Thou art my onely dearest loue,
the Yongman then replide:
I will buy thee a silken gowne,
a Petticoate beside,
A Kirtle laid with siluer Lace,
with gallant golden stitches.
In doing so, good Sir, (quoth she)
you well may wrong your Britches.

3 Wee'le walk about the Meddowes greene,
each Summer morning early.
Forbeare (quoth she) 'tis better farre,
amongst greene Pease and Barly.
Where if you will a peazing goe,
you must take vp no Fitches:
Lest those that owe the Pescod field,
doe say you wrong your Britches.

4 Ile giue thee all my Ewes and Lambs,
and Kine vnto thy Dary.
To keepe the hornes your selfe (quoth she)
I hope you will be warie.
For they will serue you passing fit,
to be your hous-hold riches,
Where if you goe to borrow hornes,
you'le greatly wrong your Britches.

5 The Minstrell of our towne shall play
thee still thy mornings Dittie.
Good Sir (quoth she) I want rewards,
for one that is so wittie.
For when I heare your musicke sound,
my fingers alwaies itches,
To crowne you with a Fidlers fee:
you wrong (good Sir) your Britches.

6 Wee'le feede no more on Barly broth,
the Grape's a sweeter dyet.
Too deepe a taste (quoth she) will bring,
your bodie out of quiet,
And vex you with tormenting gripes,
of many rumbling stitches:
That you will be constrain'd (good Sir)
at last to wrong your Britches.

The Second part. To the same tune.

7 I'le fight, my Loue, in thy defence,
my weapons at thy pleasure,
Whereat the wilie Wench repli'de,
I doubt you'le haue no leasure.
And so you will a dastard proue,
when as the field he pitches:
And coming thence for feare away,
you much may wrong your Britches.

8 I am a liuely Iouiall Lad,
and for thy sake will swagger:
Vntill the ground looke blue (my Wench)
my wit shall neuer stagger.
Take heed (quoth she) lest *Midas* Asse
your drowsie pate bewitches:
For being drunke, then with your Punke,
good Sir, you'le wrong your Britches.

9 A Pot and Pipe is all my life,
for this becomes a wooer:
Come, bonny Besse, let's coll and kisse,
I am no other dooer.
Hold off (quoth she) your hands are foule,
and all my cloathes bepitches;
For if you thus bemoyle your selfe,
you'le greatly wrong your Britches.

10 My dapple gray to beare thee hence,
shall soone be saddled finely:
To ride and runne for thee, my Loue,
so thou wilt vse me kindely.
But if you ride too fast (quoth she)
hee'le throw vs into ditches:
And so shall I bemyer my selfe,
and you much wrong your Britches.

11 The Yongman at these wilely words,
in friendly manner smiled:
In that she had so cunningly,
his proffered loue beguiled.
But yet at last she tooke of him,
himselfe and all his riches:
And would no more then scoffing say,
(Good Sir) you wrong your Britches.

12 Thus *Cupid* is a wilely Lad,
and well his Bow can handle:
To make yong Wenches light their lamps,
to burne by *Venus* Candle.
For I am now in loue (quoth she)
this yong man me bewitches:
And I am vext that ere I said,
(Good Sir) you wrong your Britches.

FINIS.

At London printed for *I. T.*

42

A very pleasant new ditty

1, 282–283, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts, slightly torn.

This is a roisterer's song which points out the comparative honesty and plain-dealing of "good-fellows" in contrast with the duplicity and dishonesty of lawyers, courtiers, tradesmen, and the like. For the tune (used also for No. 43) see Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1, 365. The ballad from which it was named appears to be non-existent, but had a proverbial title. So Thomas Draxe included "Stand to thy ground old Henry" in his *Treasurie of Ancient Adagies*, 1616 (*Anglia*, XLII [1918], 401); while Samuel Rowlands, in his *Good News and Bad News*, 1622, sig. E^{v}, remarked, "I like old *Harry*, meane to stand my ground." It is perhaps superfluous to add that "old Harry" is a slang name for Satan — a corruption (so the usual explanation has it) of "old Hairy."

A plausible date for the ballad is about 1625.

A very pleasant new Ditty.

To the Tune of *Stand thy ground old Harry.*

1 COme Hostesse fill the pot,
for a penny will neuer vndo mee.
If thou hast no money to pay the shot,
my Guest thou art welcome to me.
Come fill vs a dozen of Cannes,
though they be but a pint a peece,
We sweare weele drinke 'em off euery man,
and then weele the Tapster fleece.
For after a while we are here,
And after a while we are gone:
And after a while we haue money,
And after a while we haue none.

2 Suppose a young man spend,
and then haue no money to pay,
He hath no credit, nor none youll lend,
but you will his Castor stay.
Yet stiil he will call for Beere,
with a full couragious note:
But when the reckoning he doth heare,
now marry he hath neuer a grote.
For after a while we are here, &c.

3 Good fellowes inrich the house,
where they doe daily vse:
So long as they deale in honest sort,
and doe not the man abuse.
But we are such fellowes growne,
as day [1] may appeare:
That a Fleming of the female kinde
is [b]etter then English Beere.
[*For after*] *a while, &c.*

[1] *Read* daily.

4 We loue good liquour well,
and will not a Canne refuse:
But when the reckoning comes to pay,
we had rather gaine then loose.
Yet for to gull the Tapster
we are exceeding loath,
But the chiefest fault in him we finde,
he doth fill his cans with froth.
For after a while, &c.

5 The Butcher with his winde,
doth loue to puffe his meate:
The Cooke doth in his kinde
delight the world to cheate.
The Taylor with his sheares
will shread a garment small,
But an honest drunkard still
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

6 The high-lawyer brauely goes,
on high-wayes taking rent:
But often he pawnes his cloths,
his money being spent.
Many a man doth cheate,
till to the Stocks he fall:
But your honest drunkard still,
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while we are here,
And after a while we are gone:
And after a while we haue money,
And after a while we haue none.

The Second Part. To the same tune.

7 FVll many that seeme precise,
will now and then be drunke:
And others thought full wise,
will spend till they be sunke,

But tis so closely done,
the fault doth seeme but small,
But your honest drunkard still,
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while we are here,
And after a while we are gone:
And after a while we haue money,
And after a while we haue none.

8 The Malt-man with his meale
doth oft times hoyst the prise,
With mingled stuffe heele deale,
yet still his graine must rise
Though the Country sell it cheape,
his rate shall neuer fall,
But yet your honest drunkard still
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

9 The Courtier will intrude
to the company of a maid,
And will her with words deceiue,
if she trust all that's said:
But let the shot be paid,
his expences is but small,
But your honest drunkard still,
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

10 Some Trades-man if you please,
his humour for to try,
His gaine shall still increase,
or else he will sweare and lye.
But if you nought will buy,
inrag'd he then will fall:
But your honest drunkard still,
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

11 Your vnder-Officers,
that so lately were allow'd,
Will in their offices
be damnably diuellish proud,
For they will abate no fee,
although the fault be small:
But your honest drunkard still
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

12 Some Bakers pure doe show,
although they vse false weights:
And Chandlors well I know,
haue pretty cunning sleights.
Your cruell Sergeants will
no pitty take at all:
But your honest drunkard still
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

13 Your Panders will be proud,
good fellowes not precise:
Your officers turne wood-peckers,
when they be stiled wise.
Good-fellowship will stand,
when as the rest will fall:
For your honest drunkard still
is the chiefest fellow of all.
For after a while, &c.

14 Come fill vs each man a quart,
and giue vs a bottle of Ale:
Ile pledge thee with all my heart,
if our liquour be but stale.
Let vs haue thy Tester and mine,
and so it shall flye all day:
Weele call and alwayes ioyne,
though we haue no money to pay.

For after a while we are here,
And after a while wee are gone:
And after a while we haue money,
And after a while wee haue none.

FINIS.

Printed at *London* for *H. Gosso*[*n.*]

43

A rich widow's wooing

I, 284–285, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts, slightly torn. Perhaps there is more truth than poetry in this ballad. A roaring young man makes violent love to a wealthy widow and weds her. Then he treats her vilely, spends her money riotously, and within two months she dies. This warning to widows was no doubt considered necessary because of the numerous ballads that advised them to remarry or counseled young men to prefer them to maids. In *A Discourse of Marriage and Wiving*, 1615, sig. D^{v} (reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*, II [1809], 156–182; for the following passage see p. 165), Alex. Niccholes tells a similar story:[1]

An Aldermans wife, sometimes of London, her husband deceased, and shee a rich widdow left, but as old in yeares, as rich in substance (more for desire of portion then person) was solicited to an vnequall banes and marriage, by a yong and courttly Gentlemen [*sic*] (and which afterwards ended her bane) whose desire being obtained, and hee maister of her substance, most leudly lauished it away vpon royotous and euill company, grew carelesse of her regard, and vtterly abandoned her society, both bed and boord, which when with sorrow shee perceiued, with her too late repentance, her selfe thus rifled of her goods, vpbraided of her friends, forsaken of her husband, destitute of all comfort, shee tooke the euening to her mourning, went into a Spring neere Shore ditche . . . and there ended her daies, and sorrowes by drowning, which Fount to this day is christned by her name, a remembrance of her misery, and warning to aftertimes, and called (by her name) *Dame Annis a Clere.*

Thomas Langley printed from 1615 to 1635. As a guess, 1625 may be assumed to be the date of this ballad. For the tune (which is used also for No. 42) see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 365–366. The refrain is proverbial, and Chappell notes other instances of the proverb.

---

[1] He cites as his authority "Stowe's Survey," but I have been unable to find the story there. In the 1633 edition of Stow's *Survey of London*, pp. 469–470, there is an account of how in 1428 a rich widow was murdered in her bed by a Frenchman whom she had "long time cherished and brought up, of Almes," and who then fled with her jewels and "other stuffe of hers." Possibly Niccholes had this passage in mind.

A merry new Song of a rich Widdowes wooing, That married a young man to her owne bndooing.

To the tune of, *Stand thy ground old Harry.*

1 I Am so sicke for loue,
as like was neuer no man,
Which makes me cry,
With a loue-sicke eye,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Heere and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

2 I may haue maidens young,
and lusty gallants plenty:
Yet will I be
As true to thee,
as if thou wert but twenty.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

3 Ile till thy pasture ground,
and mow thy pleasant meddow:
My mother me told,
I must be bold,
in wooing of a Widdow.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

4 Ile giue thee all those ioyes
a young man may afford thee:
And ride each day
With thee any way,
and brauely will maintaine thee,
[*Ha*]*ue at thy coat, &c.*

5 This pleas'd the widdow well,
and her old bloud reuiued,
To heare his noate,
Still haue at thy coat,
'twould make an [1] old wench long-liued.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

6 Old Rat she lou'd good cheese,
and thereupon would nibble,
And dance a round
To heare the sound
and musicke of his fiddle.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

7 To an old womans heart
no greater comfort may be,
Then to liue in delight,
And marry a Knight,
and so be made a Lady.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

8 The Moone scarce changed thrice,
ere this old Lasse did marry:
But all her sport
Was quicke and short,
and did full soone miscarry.
Haue at thy coat, &c.

[1] *Text* at.

The Second part. To the same Tune.

9 IN Gold and Siluer-lace,
and pipes of smoaking *Fogus*,[1]
Then euery day
He spent her away
in gold a braue *Iacobus*.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

10 He made her Reddockes flye,
and her old bags to rattle:
It was charge to keepe
So many sheepe,
and heards of horned Cattle.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

11 An hundred of good Oakes
he sold to buy a Hobby,
Abroad for to ride
In pompe and pride,
while she sate like a noddy.
Haue at thy coat, &c.

12 Her comly coat of woollen,
he chang'd into fine Satten:
Yet in a weeke
She was to seeke,
and beg her bread by Patten.
Haue at thy coat, &c.

[1] The earliest example in the *New English Dictionary* of this slang word for tobacco is dated 1673.

13 Her house most richly stored
whereof he made not dainty:
But in a day
He consum'd away
what she had got in twenty.
Haue at thy coat, &c.

14 He cherisht her mumbling gums,
with food as they had neede on,
For want of her teeth,
He gaue her Bull-beefe,
but once a weeke to feede on.
Haue at thy coat, &c.

15 When she had liued two moneths,
this lusty youngmans purchase,
With kindnesse thus kild,
Her coffin he fild
with her consumed carkasse.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Heere and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

16 ¶Old women take good heede,
and trust your selues with no man:
For as you doe heare,
She hath paid full deare,
for Haue at thy coat old woman.
Haue at thy coat old woman,
Haue at thy coat old woman:
Here and there, and euery where,
Haue at thy coat old woman.

FINIS.

Printed at London for T. Langley.

44

A warning for all good fellows

I, 288–289, black letter, five columns, three woodcuts.

T. P. may have been Thomas Pavier or Thomas Purfoot, whose printing-dates were 1600–1625 and 1591–1640 respectively. Robert Guy can hardly have begun ballad-writing before 1620, but the ornaments used and the form of the colophon suggest a comparatively early date. Perhaps 1625 is a close-enough guess. For facts about Guy, who also wrote Nos. 57 and 71, see my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 393, where reference is made to other ballads by him and where evidence tending to show that he lived until 1657 is produced. His "Warning for All Good Fellows" no doubt had a distinct moral purpose; for he points out the evils of associating with harlots, rejoicing at misfortunes which several of them had experienced at Stourbridge Fair, Cambridgeshire, "last September." "A warning for good fellowes," which was registered on March 1, 1675 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2865), was perhaps a re-issue of this ballad.

The tune is also used by a Manchester Free Reference Library ballad (II, 24) called "The two Scornfull Louers Or I care not whether I haue her or no. To the tune of *I'le goe no more a wooing by night*" (beginning "I scorn the conceit of a lover's condition"), which was printed by John Trundle before 1626.

¶A warning for all good fellowes to take heede of Punckes inticements.

To a new tune, called *Ile goe noe more a Wooing by night.*

1 ASist me kinde Muses,
that I may expresse:
The fashions of Whoores and Punckes,
in their progresse:
That they doe intend to take,
this present yeare,
For sweete recreation sake,
to take the ayre.
Oh come no more there boyes,
nor goe not thither:
But let them goe as they are,
like whores together.

2 For first at Saint *Iames* tide,
they meane to begin:
Their bawdy Boothes to erect,
for to catch in:
All such simple woodcockes,
as will not beware
To hate them, and sing with me,
come noe more there.
Oh come no more there, &c.

3 Bagpipers and Fidlers,
with Phife playing Drummers:
With Musike will mery be,
to welcome all commers:
That vnto such places lewde,
often repaire:
Yet hate them and sing with me,
come noe more there.
Oh come no more there, &c.

4 For Whoores & Punckes you shall haue
there, of all sortes:
The which will alure you to
vaine wanton sports,

If that you will foolishly,
be caught in their snare:
Theyle make you sing wofully,
come noe more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

5 Ther's naught can be lacking there,
which may you alure:
For on all sorts of daintyes,
you there may be sure:
Yet take heed, least for the Sawce,
you pay too deare,
Then after be driuen to sing,
come no more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

6 For when as Saint *Iameses* faire,
is done and past,
Then next vnto Smithfield,
they meane for to hast:
And there take their standings,
at Bartholomew faire,
Yet hate them still, least you sing,
come no more there.
Then come no more there &c.

7 You honest poore Chapmen,
that comes to this faire:
On these filthy sharcking Punckes,
still haue a care,
Least that they deceiue you,
of some of your ware:
And make you sing mournefully
come no more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

8 For ciuell Punckes you shall haue,
brauely will sharcke it:
When they come to a faire,
or any market,

Yet in their habite goe, as though
noe such they were,
Which causeth many sing,
come noe more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

9 Besides I haue seene to my griefe,
many good fellowes
By their base wicked meanes,
brought to the Gallowes,
And they themselues cunningly,
has scaped cleare:
Then hate their base company,
and come noe more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

10 I gladly could wish that,
all Youthes would refraine,
Bouling Allayes and Pidging-holes,
places most vaine.
Where there they shall nothing learne
but curse and sweare,
Then kindely I would them wish,
not to come there.
Then come no more there, &c.

11 Thus hoping the better sort,
are not offended.
My simple vnlearned song,
heare shall be ended.
And I in a second part,
straight will declare,
What Ill successe Punckes had of late,
at Sturbridge fayre.
Then come no more there Boyes,
nor goe not thither:
But let them goe as they are,
like Whoores together.

FINIS.

At London printed for T. P.

The Second part, to the same tune.

12 ALL you wanton wenches,
which in *Venus* delight
A little come listen,
what I shall recite:
And let this same Dittie,
cause you to beware:
How that you come any more,
at Sturbridge faire.
Then come no more there Boyes,
nor goe not thither:
But let them goe as they are,
like Whoores togither.

13 What happened vnto you,
I hope you remember:
When you were at Sturbridge faire,
in last September:
Where there you had store of such,
vilde whipping cheare:
As that I thinke, you will sing,
come no more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

14 A Pander in Turnbole streete,
which shall be nameles:
Who kept a Rande-vouse,
of persons shameles
Was put to such a fright:
as I did heare,
As that I thinke he will sing,
come no more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

15 Ther's few of his fellowship,
that euer thriues:
Because that they carelesly,
lead wicked liues:

Soe that they can pleasure haue,
they neuer care:
Till they be inforct to sing,
come noe more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

16 The Diuell which Author is
of their darke deedes:
When their shame it is brought to light,
with ioy it him feedes:
And he doth seeke day and night,
their soules to ensnare:
Then thrice happy is that wight,
which God doth feare.
Then come no more there, &c.

17 Againe most happy is he,
has a chast Wife:
And can contentedly
so lead his life:
As that he may Whores detest,
and of them be ware,
And likewise sweetely sing,
come noe more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

18 Like vnto Crockadills,
some Whores you shall haue:
The which with their fained teares,
will you deceiue:
And yet as common be,
as a Barbers chaire,
Then hate their society,
and come noe more there.
Then come no more there, &c.

19 Least being to tedious,
heere briefely Ile end:
Wishing all wicked Whores,
their liues may amend:

That if ere they chaunce to come,
to any faire,
They nere may neede for to sing,
come noe more there.
Then come no more there Boyes,
nor goe not thither:
But let them goe as they are,
like Whores together.

FINIS.

Robert Guy.

At London printed for T. P.

45

Hockley in the hole

I, 294–295, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Printed for Thomas Langley, this ballad appeared between the dates 1615 and 1635. It may be assumed to date about 1625. I have not found the tune of *The fiddler in the stocks*, although a woodcut showing a fiddler in the stocks that must have belonged to the original ballad of that title is well known and is reproduced, among other places, in my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 193.

A rich usurer who lived in London had a daughter. Many suitors — five of them "old pieces of health" and toothless — he brought to see her, but she had secretly pledged her love to a poor scholar of Hockley in the Hole,[1] a town (Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire) mentioned in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV. iv, along with Newmarket, Salisbury Plain, Gadshill, "and all the high places of any request." When that fact was discovered, the usurer locked his daughter in the house, admitting to her company only the suitors of his own choosing. But love laughs at bars. In an engagingly open manner the daughter escapes from the house, and runs away to Hockley with the scholar, who helps her carry "crammed bags" containing £5000 in gold. The loss of the money, rather than of the girl, drives the usurer as mad (stanza 9) as Jeronimo of Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and he hangs himself. The lovers are married and within due course produce "a fair boy," living happy and contented lives as in ballads rich people (however ill-gotten their gains) should.

W. H., the author, claims to be writing from Hockley. He was perhaps the William Hockom, or Hockham, who is discussed in the notes to No. 62.

---

[1] A coarse song of "Hockley-i'th'-hole" appears in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, I, 14–16 (ed. Ebsworth, in *Choyce Drollery*, 1876, pp. 200–201).

Hockley in the hole:

To the tune of *the Fidler in the Stockes.*

1 THere was a poore Scholler who loued a Lasse,
Whose father in *London* an Vserer was,
The Schollers father in *Hockley* did dwell,
The Lasses [1] in London as many knowes well:
the Scholler he loued her,
and often proued her,
At last with good wordes he obtained the goale:
with promises sed,[2]
a plot he hath laide,
To carry the mayd to *Hockley* the hole.

2 Many good bargaines her father did bring her,
But serpent-like golde had no power to sting her,
She scorn'd such olde reffuge [3] for all they were rich,
The Scholler though poore did content her much:
olde peeces of health,
did woo with there wealth,
But she did reiect them, because they were olde:
the Scholler did woo her,
and closly came to her,
And at the last carryed her the [4] *Hockley* the hole.

3 Her father perceiuing she did not regard,
Such olde wealthy Husbands that he had prepar'd,
But seeing her loue, set all on a Scholler,
Whose whole reuenues were scarce worth a doller:
hee sought to change her,
and banish the stranger,
And so lockt her vp, cause she should not be stole:
but he was deceiued,
and of her bereaued.
The Scholler her carryed to *Hockley* the hole.

[1] *I. e.*, lassie 's. [2] *Text perhaps* fed. [3] *Read* refuse. [4] *Read* to.

4 No man was admitted this Mayden to see,
But such as were rich and of worthy degree,
Fiue olde toothlesse suiters each day did come to her
In fine mumping manner with money to woo her:
she could not loue them,
but did reproue them,
Her sinister fortune, she did condole:
another she loued,
as after proued,
By him she was carryed to *Hockley* the hole.

5 The Scholler at last did deuise a fine slight,
To steale her away in the dead of the night,
And boldly to doore he doth come in great hast,
And being come thither he knocketh a pace:
the Vsurer wise,
loath for to rise,
Commanded his daughter to see who did call:
and being come downe,
her true loue she found,
Ready to carry her to *Hockley* the hole.

6 Which when she espyed full merry was she,
For now she was certaine she should be set free,
From fiue doting suiters, and from a curst father,
Before she would stay she would run away rather:
so getting her clothes,
to be rid from her foes,
Her fathers cramd bags she away with her stole,
who little thought all this while,
that they did him beguile,
And carry it away to *Hockley* the hole.

Hockley in the hole: The second part, To the same tune.

7 THus was he deceiued of much by his childe,
The Scholler the Vsurer thus did beguile,
He wiped the noses of all the Rich fiue,
And by this aduenture is likely to thriue:

onward hees going,
in riches flowing.
In euery towne for Wine hee doth call,
thus being wise,
he got a prize,
The best that was brought to *Hockley* the hole.

8 Through *Barnet* he rides with this beautious lasse,
And thorow *Saint Albons* he freely doth passe,
A long vnto *Dunstable* swiftly he goes,
Where hee is made welcome of all he knowes:
he did not delay,
nor long did stay,
But onward to *Hockley* without controle:
where hauing [stayd her][1]
his wife he made her,
And they were maryed at *Hockley* the hole.

9 Her father hauing mist her, grew heauy and sad,
But the losse of his money did make him stark mad
Like to *Ieronimo*, raging he goes,
The losse of his golde was the cause of his woes:
that wrapped in care,
and vrgd to dispaire,
vp to his garret secretly he stole:
and for losse of his pelfe,
he hanged him selfe,
his daughter being maryed at *Hockley* the hole.

10 The mony these couple beare with them away,
was fiue thousand pounds, as the Country doth say
Wherewith he did liue contentedly,
And with a part, a great farme did buy.
he helped the poore
with a part of his store,
And gaue at his doore full many a dole:
thus liu'd they in ioy,
and had a faire boy,
which prooued a rich man at *Hockley* the hole.

[1] Text blurred.

You Vserers all be warnd by this thing,
End not your fortunes nor life in a string.
Dispayre not for golde, for that cannot saue yee,
And if you dispayre, the deuil's ready to haue yee.
giue women their minde,
for *Cupid* is blinde,
And then you shall finde, contentment in all:
thus doe I end,
and to you commend,
this song that I haue pend, from *Hockley* the hole.

Finis.

W. H.

Imprinted at London for *T. L.*

PR 1181.
LESLEY COLLEGE
PR1181 .P4
000
The Pepys ballads, edited by H
080101
0 1139 0034395 6

Date Due

v.1

BRODART PRINTED IN U.S.A.

23-521-001